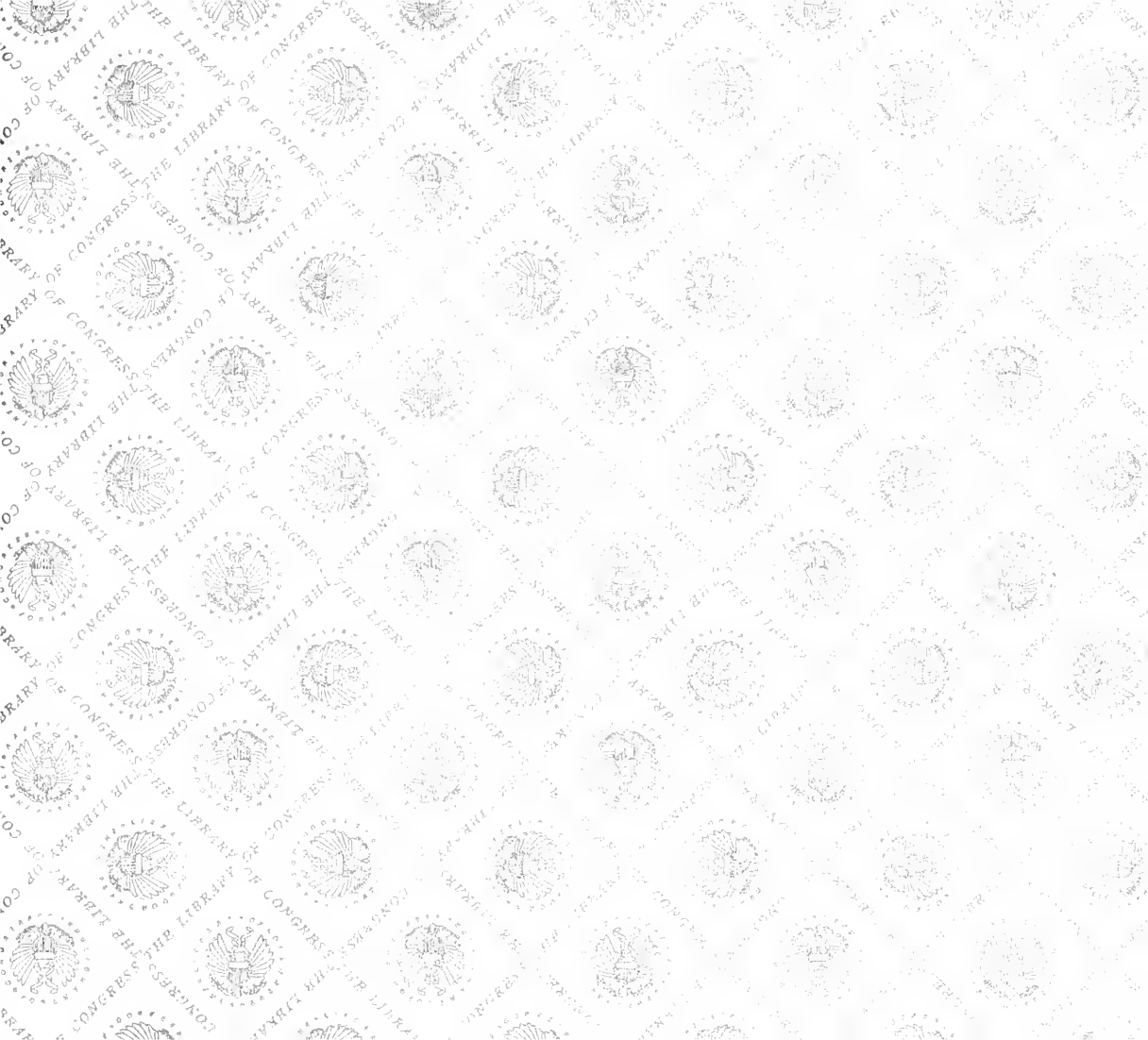
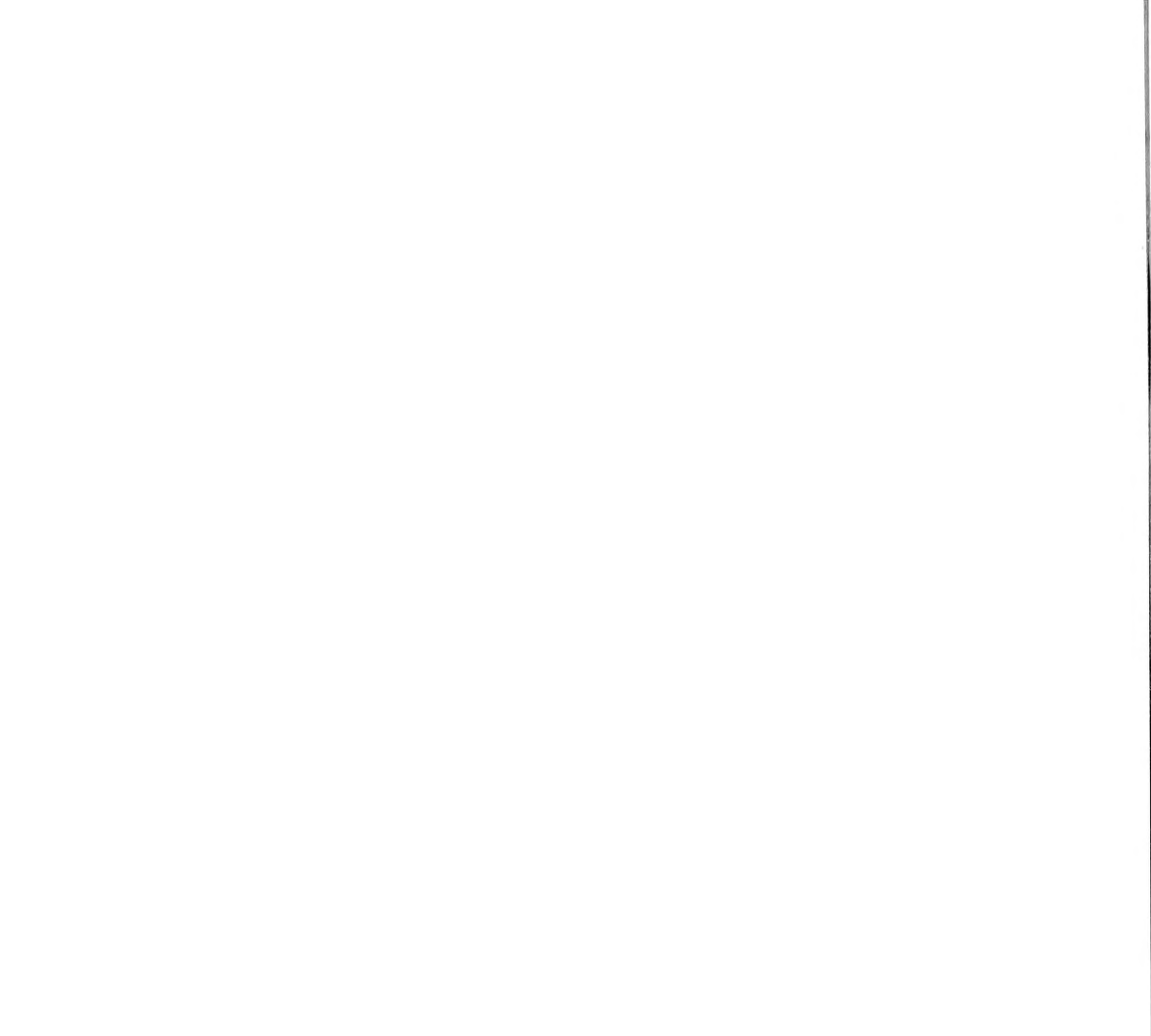


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By

AMBULANCE Co. 33 ASSOCIATION

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AUG 31 1920

WARNING



In submitting *La Trine Rumor* for the perusal of the friends of the members of Ambulance Company 33, it is thought that a word or two of explanation will not be amiss.

In its incipency, the magazine, if we may dignify it by that title, was made solely for circulation among the members themselves; and the possibility of publishing it was not foreseen. Therefore, though perfectly artless and with no intention on the part of the Committee or the Editors to be offensive in any way, much of the material in the book is of an extremely private nature, which might occasion considerable embarrassment to the uninitiated, not to mention the enlightened, if a too complete elucidation of the matter involved were to be insisted upon by persons examining this book.

But as *La Trine Rumor*, divested of its humor, would out-hered Doccacchio expurgated, it was thought that the most sensible mode of procedure would be to publish the work in its entirety, leaving it to the good judgment of the readers to realize that there is no malice in the book at all, but only an appeal to the humor of the men, to help them pass an idle or an anxious hour during the time when they were enlisted in the Army.

We therefore beg the reader to take *La Trine Rumor* for what it is, not weighing its merits, but pardoning its offenses, and remembering,

that:

"We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
Why; single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints."

Yours in "33"

The Staff

Wilbur M. Walden

Editor in Chief

Frank Tracy

Literary Editor

Edgar R. Williams

Art Editor

Winston B. Stephens

Art Editor

Frank Wadsworth Jr.

Art Editor

Thomas Potter -

Art Editor

Oscar H. Johnston

Art Editor

Roger S. Fitzhugh

"Advertisements"

Robert Sneath

Editor La Trine Gossip

Frederick H. Wilke

Contributor

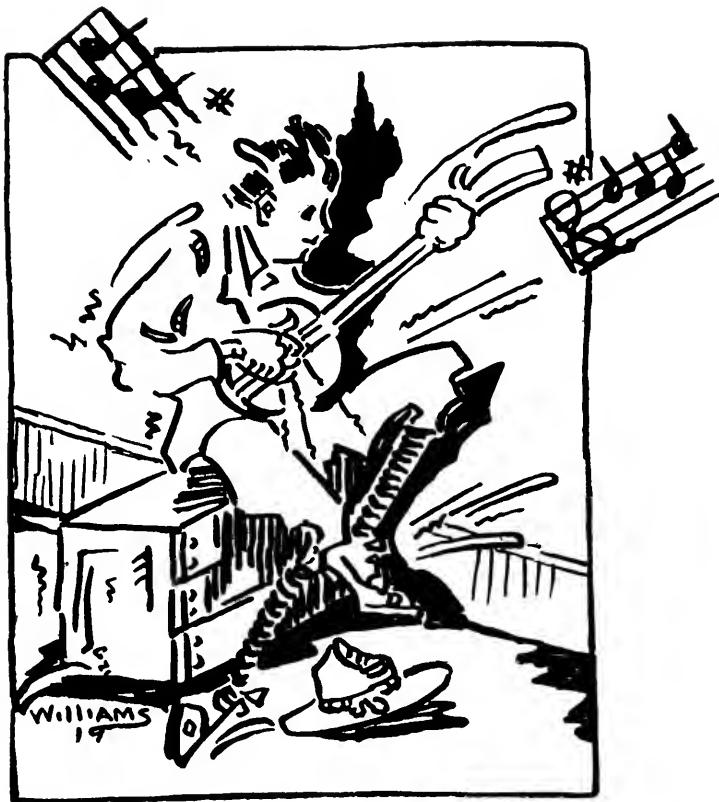
Robert M. Gow, Jr.

Business Manager





La Trine Rumor



E. St. Vitus Gumaer executing his famous rhapsody,
"Its the Wiggles not the "GIGGIES" etc."

IS THIS THE ARMY ?

Sgt. Tracy - "Good morming, Captain.Tolson, do we need anything at the Q. M.'s to-day ? "

Capt. Tolson - "Let me see, is 33 running a dance this week ? "

gt. Tracy - " Yes sir, and besides, Private Remig needs a new erge suit. "



SCENE IN CAMP GREENE IN THE YEAR ??????

Pvt. Lloyd - "When do you think we are apt to move, Forrest ? "

A HARD DAY'S WORK FOR PRIVATE LOOMIS

6:45 A.M. Reveille

7:00 " Mess (with Pvt. Wilke)

7:30 " Conference with Pvt. Wilke about coming dance

8:30 " Recall from Conference

8:45 " First Call for Physical Drill

9:00 " Physical Drill

 (a) Printing Invitations

 (b) Designing Candlesticks

 (c) Worrying

10:45 " Recall from Physical Drill

11:00 " Rest Period (more worry)

12:45 M. Mess (with Pvt. Wilke)

Afternoon --- Repeat morning's program.



Now, gentle reader, is Sneath getting married, "ORR"
is he merely coming from one of those "BONNIE" Satur-
day night dances ?

A PROBLEM IN FINANCE

Cost of Selwyn Dance	\$6.00
Cost of Thé Dansant	1.00

What did we get for that	\$5.00 ??????
--------------------------	---------------

La Trine Rumor

Entered at the Post Office at Charlotte, N.C. as pretty punk matter.

EDITOR IN CHIEF - A. Little Bull

SOCIAL EDITOR - Choice of Gumaer, Remig,
Wilke or Loomis

ARTISTIC EDITOR - Anyone who
can draw something besides flies.

VOL I.

NO. I

EDITORIAL

A need being felt for some means of recording the misinformation emanating from the imagination of the members of "Thirty-three", three daring spirits privately have contrived to compile this, the first attempt at such a work.

"Thirty-three" is unique. Therefore, anything that is done by its members is original. Review the history of the Company since Butler, and this originality is apparent. Never before in the annals of the U.S. Army has such a Company been organized, and it devoutly is to be wished that never again will such a one be formed. Spoiled child of many families, pet of the ladies of several cities, irresponsible, shameless, imperturbable "Thirty-three". May the Gods some day give you sense, as the Devil has given you wit craftily to avoid all that does not please you of work and responsibility; and may that day find you where you belong - doing man's work on a man's job. You can do it, and you will. Meantime, you will let the social whirl go on. Forget your ideal, fool yourself, cheat your Government, lie to your family and dance, Dance, DANCE. Yes, dance while the dancing is good. But remember that, when it is over and you regain your lost heads, the orchestra must be paid.

Let this suffice for Editorial. Here is La Trine Rumor - your paper. Pass it.

CURTAIN

SOME IMMORTAL PHRASES

"We have every assurance."

"Hot Dog."

"Now Men."

"What'll I do ?"

"Canteeeeeeeen is opunnnnnnnnnnn." (Voice in the distance - "Canteeeeeeeen is closssssssssssed.")

"You dont know what pain is!"

"Pass de brad."

"Got any money to-day, Frank ?"

"You'll have to see the Major."

"I'd love to give you a pass but Headquarters will not stand for it."

"A. D."



POSITION OF A SOLDIER

Eyes front -- chin well up ---
hands by the side -- feet well
on the ground -- no talking
when at attention.

METZ'S "LADIES"
with apologies to Rud. Kipling.

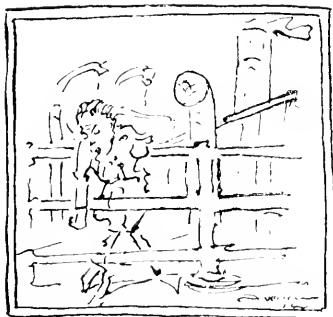
I was a rookie at Butler,
Timorous, diffident, prim;
Arabelle Bloomingdale met me,
(Arabelle's Papa sold gin)
Older than I; but so comley;
Venus de Milo, as 'twere.
But I didn't like beer, so she said I was queer;
And I learned about women from her.

When I went up to Syracuse,
'Long with A. C. Thirty-three,
Sunday school girl wanted soldiers
Out at her home to take tea.
Nearby the church was our meeting;
(Lord; but I felt like a cur)
I was left in the lurch as I stood at the church
And I learned about women from her.

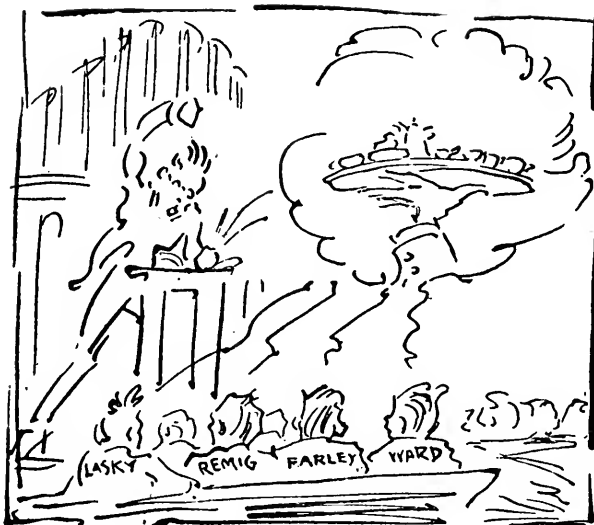
Next a young lady at Allen-
Town was so horribly rough;
She didn't speak the same language;
Called all my sentiment "guff".
Told me, "If you was a feller,
Same as de odder vuns vere,
You would treat me so nice; but you're chust coldt as ice"
And I learned about women from her.

Charlotte, the Queen of the Southland,
Treats me the same as the rest.
But - I've discovered the trouble.
I like old ladies the best.
They do not drag you to parties;
Frolics they flatly condemn.
And they hark while I talk, when they take me to walk,
And I'm learning of women from them.

PLEASE do not confiscate or destroy
this number, as you will have your chance to
get square, next time.



LA TRINE RMOR



THE PEW LIZZARDS

Their favorite text - "Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow you get no hand-out?"



The latest song hit, entitled,

"THE OZEN PORT HOLE"

by

Pvts. Gilbert & Nixdorff

OUTWARD BOUND

Now men, work hard and faithful,
Spare neither muscle, sight nor bone,
And when we get to Merritt,
You'll get passes to go home.

That's what the old boy told us
Before we started North;
But now we're on a British ship
And kicking up the froth.

At last we've left the homeland's shore,
And I will try to tell
The way our gallant crew of lads
Started on the good ship "HELL"

Her name's the HORORATA
Down Australia's sunny way;
Our life aboard is fully that,
With orders changing every day.

We all now look like sandwich-men,
Lugging life-preservers round;
And the decks come up to meet you
'Till your head goes round and round.

We live down near the bilge hold,
And sleep in hammocks white;
To try to stick inside of same
Is like riding on a kite.

We have nineteen inspections now
And sometimes sixty-three,

I'd like to tell you what they seek,
But then I'd be A.D.

They wash us with a fire hose
Like a lot of lousey sheep;
The M.P.'s chase you all day long
In case you try to sleep.

You cant hang things upon the wall,
Or put them on the floor;
To smoke right after sunset
Means punishment galore.

Our gallant hero, "Smitty Lane"
He met his doom to-day;
He got his handsome face mussed up
In a fisticuff affray.

The order that we hear all day,
Amidst the roar and din,
Is, "Get down in the hold there, men,
And put it in the bin."

Everything that we possess,
From pack to corn-beef tins,
Have got to go down where we sleep,
And be put in the bins.

There's lots of ships around us,
Steamers large and small;
But if this boat gets sunk, by gosh,
We'll get an awful fall.



It must be twenty thousand leagues
To the bottom of the sea;
But if the boys get over safe,
We'll have an awful spree.

I guess this is all there is to tell,
Till we get to sunny France,
Except by sailing on this tub,
We took an awful chance.

If we survive the fire-hose baths,
And life among the bins,
I hope the Lord will spare our lives
And forgive us all our sins.

And when the Christmas chimes ring out,
Across the sea back home;
I hope I'll be there with the folks,
And never more I'll roam.

So outward bound we sail away;
A merry crew are we;
But if its all the same to you,
Its homeward bound we'd be.

METZ TO FITZHUGH

"Let me see, they call the front of the boat
the stern, dont they ?"



Instructions - ALL Equipment in the bin



AT THE BOXING BOUT

D. Smith to Opponent - "Lets dont hit hard, my mouth hurts.

SCENE:- Troopdeck of the Transport _____ somewhere on the Atlantic.

DISCOVERED, Private John Russell, conducting a personal tour of the ship. (His manner is nautical and his appearance illious.

"First we have the troop deck, where the men are quartered, in bins. Ascending through the booby hatch to the deck, we find ourselves contiguous to the after galley. The galley slaves are after chow; hence the name.

"Up the companionway to the poop-deck, so called because the latrines are located here. Beyond is the saloon deck, where the Officers mess, to the moaning of a chorus of Yo Hos and Heave Tos.

"Chow-chow, the ship's cat, is toying with a kippered starfish two points off the starboard bow--" (and so on, until a tidal wave sweeps the deck, and catches him abaft the binnacle, washing him into the scuppers.)

LA · TRINE · RUMOR

VOL. I.

EDITORIAL

№ 2

On the Atlantic, headed approximately Eastward, we are entering on another phase of the Company's existence.

We are going to the War. Do you realize what that means? It means that Butler is a myth, Syracuse a pleasant memory, Allentown a bad dream and Charlotte only an incident. It means that the dancing is finished and our personality is lost. We have been thrown into the machine and we are nothing but a tiny part of the Great Game which is going to be played to the end without regard for our opinions or preferences. No matter what happens, from now on, the man who indulges in complaint or criticism is a quitter. He may not be one in the usual sense, but if he is doing anything at all to obstruct the discipline of his Company, he is obstructing the Government and retarding the Game.

Play the Game. Play it fairly and squarely. Take your medicine as you get it and don't cry for sugar in the spoon. Prove that you have the guts to do dogs' work and to do it so that, when it is over, whether your reward be a place in a ditch in Flanders, or glory and honor and a safe home-coming, the verdict of your fellows will be "They did it well".

Thirty-three, it is up to you. Go to it.



The First Round - 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

IN THE BIN

When your C.O. comes around
He will trail you like a hound
Just to see if you're obeying to the letter;
He certainly will snatch you
If his wary eye should catch you
When you, thinking you know all things somewhat better,
Place a hammock in the aisle,
Ot your blouse upon a pile,
Thus shutting all the filthy, foul air in;
So you must put equipment
For this overcrowded shipment
In a totally inadequate, wood bin.

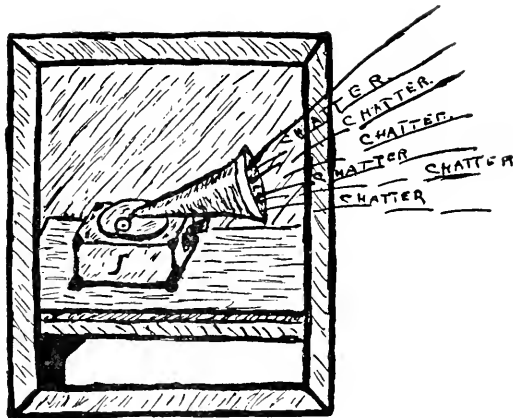
For the bin, bin, bin
Is the only place you have to put things in.
You may whine, or howl, or chatter;
But it really doesn't matter,
For you'll pack your little clatter
In the bin.

If you toss your pack out here
And your coat and toilet gear,
You will never, never know what blighter's got it.
But, if you deftly throw it
In the bin, you'll always know it
Is as safe as if a bally sub. had shot it.
'Cause they'll walk on it and drag
Everything from your kit bag
And you needn't raise the deck off with your din.
For the order is explicit
And you surely cannot miss it
If you put all "C" Equipment
In the Bin.

In the bin, bin, bin
Your sacredest possessions in the bin.
When the fellow next you sickens
You will bellow like the dickens
As he staggers toward the hatchway
And the Bin.

When you mount the Golden Stairs
While the latest trumpet blares
And Saint Peter takes his latch-key from the ring,
You probably will hear him,
As your falt'ring footsteps near him,
Murmur once again the ditty that I sing.
(For the final, Holy Show
Will be not for you, you know,
If you cannot get your C.O. bars "en fin")
It won't do to get in line,
He'll not ask you in to dine,
But just whisper, with a knowing little grin,

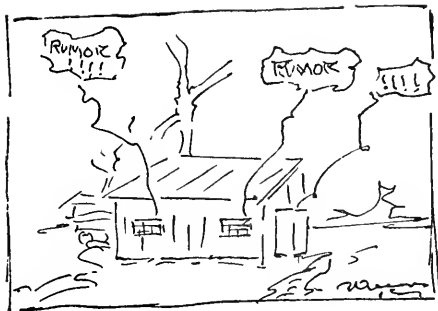
"Bin, bin, bin;
Lord; I haven't one to put this mortal in.
'Bout face! Forward march to Hell there!"
And you'll hear the Devil tell, there
Isn't any place to put you,,
Cept a Bin.



The latest portrait
of
ISAIAH B. HOPWOOD

ISN'T THIS DIGGIN' 'EM UP ?
Someone had the nerve to say that the life preservers were corking good affairs.

HEARD IN SYRACUSE OR CHARLOTTE
"Red" Stephons - "Say Metz, where are you going to spend the week-end ?"
Metz: - "Oh I have a choice of four beds down town."



THE ORACLE

Gentile (first day aboard) "Say Franzie, where is the latrine?"

Franzie - "You'll find it up on the poop deck."

- - - - -

"Pep" Moore to Milsky, who is leaning over the rail feeding the fishes,

"Cheer up, old man, everything will come out all right."



JUNE • 1918

LA • TRINE • RUMOR



"Bon Jour, Monsieur



6:30 A.M.



6:40 A.M.

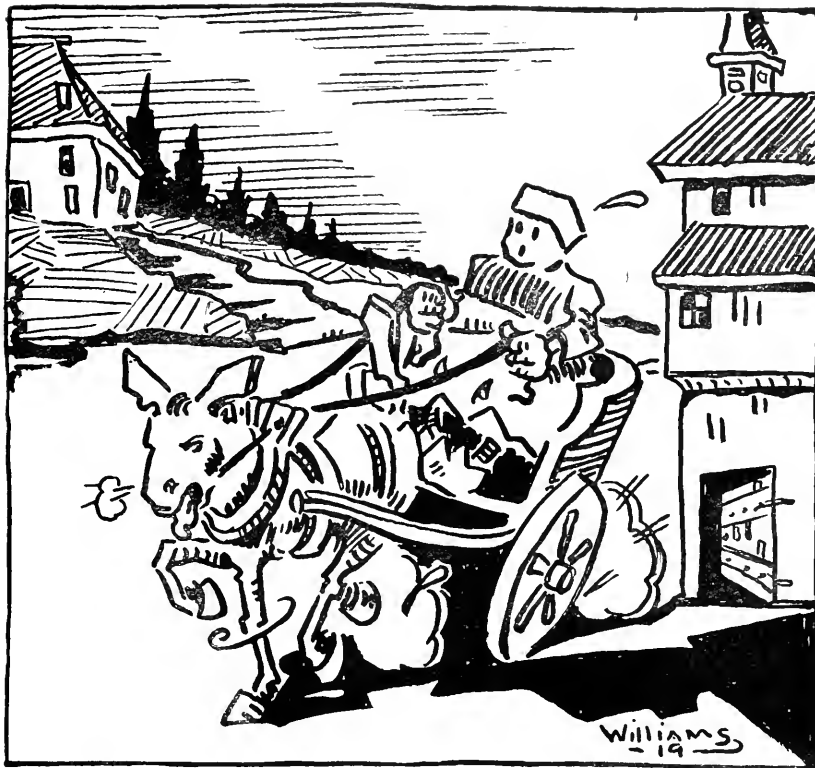


6:46 A.M.



7:00 A.M.

A SERGEANT
"The last shall be first"



SO THIS IS PARIS

Pvt. Woods -- "Where is Bobbie Lyon ?"

Pvt. Mason -- "He's over eating at mess."

Pvt. Woods -- "That's impossible."

LA•TRINE•RUMOR

VOL. I

EDITORIAL

NO. 3

"Regulations for the Army of the United States"

Article on

"Military Discipline"

1. All persons in the military service are required to obey strictly and to execute promptly the lawful orders of their superiors.
2. Military authority will be exercised with firmness, kindness and justice. Punishment must conform to law, and follow offenses as promptly as circumstances will permit.
3. - - - Officers will keep in as close touch as possible with the men under their command and will strive to build up such relations of confidence and sympathy as will insure the free approach of their men to them for counsel and assistance. This relationship may be gained and maintained without relaxation of the bonds of discipline and with great benefit to the service as a whole.
4. Courtesy among military men is indispensable to discipline; respect to superiors will not be confined to obedience to duty, but will be extended on all occasions.

The foregoing is quoted verbatim from "Army Regulations". Elucidation on our part would be superfluous and presumptuous. But isn't it worth thinking about ?

- - - - -

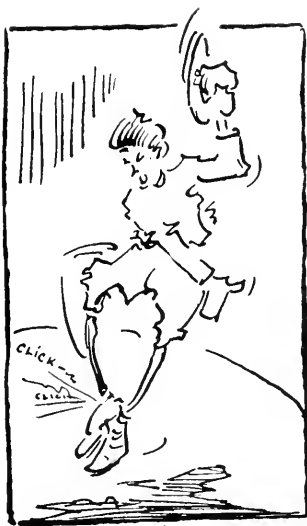


"Ooh-la-la"





1st



2nd



3rd Round

Ed Haskew doing a "Jig-a-jig"

Huey -- "I was just talking to a French lady."

Sorg -- "I did not know you could talk French."

Huey -- "I cant, we had an INTERPENTER"

Sneath -- (Trying to ask the French lady if she is tired)

"Madam, je suis fatigué???????"



" ZIG-ZAG "

Mikulski -- "How do you tell an officer ?"
Scicohatano -- "By his Sam Kohn belt."

(Knock - knock - knock)

Pvt. -- "Come in."
Voice outside -- "Does Sgt. Dorgeval live here ?"
Pvt. -- "Yes, bring him in."

THE PURPOSE

America sounded the bugle call.
Enthusiasm ! Youth ! Adventure ! came.
We must not let our courage fall
But end this great and glorious task.

Out here secluded somewhere-in-france
Watching approaching eventful days -
Days to be our country's chance
We wait to do our bit for Right.

It's quiet here; you'd never guess
That on beyond the wooded hills
Is Hell itself - the world a mess
Where man kills man in heated fury.

Ah France ! You have shown the way.
It is your spirit that inspires.
It awakens our conscience on each day
To fight - that man be justly free.

The world in future seasons
Will know our service rendered,
We had no selfish reasons
But a purpose that will ever triumph.

- - - - - R.S.F.

Private "A" - "What was the court martial on the square the other day ?"

Private "B" - "Sergeant Betts reported Private Broughton."

Private "A" - "Why ?"

Private "A" - "He was drunk."

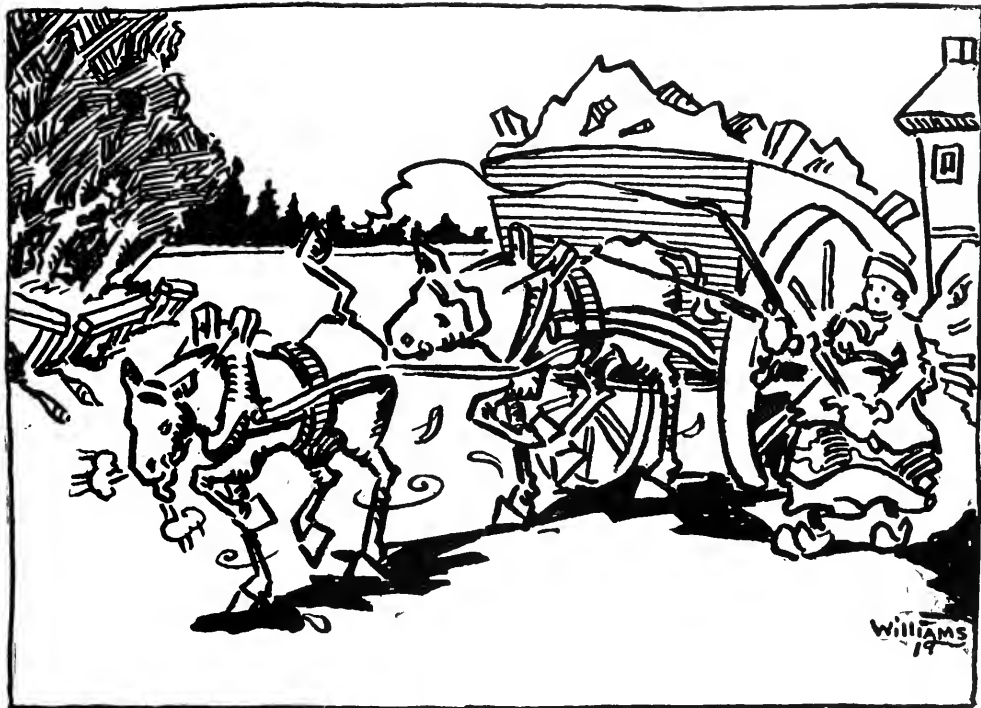
Private "B" - "Who, Sergeant Betts ?"

- - - - -

Allen Meyer, the Only Original Human French Dictionary -- he says the French word for pint is "peente". (There aint no such a thing in France as a pint)



"To Your Health"



"Wee - wee - Manure"

Headquarters -- the Night of the
Gas Attack

The Major to Milski -- "Sch -- dont talk so loud, the Bosh will drop
an oyster on you."



The "C-C" Twins - Reeve and Dalton

Capt. to 33 - "All those who think they would make a better top sergeant than our present one, three paces forward"
"Company, halt."

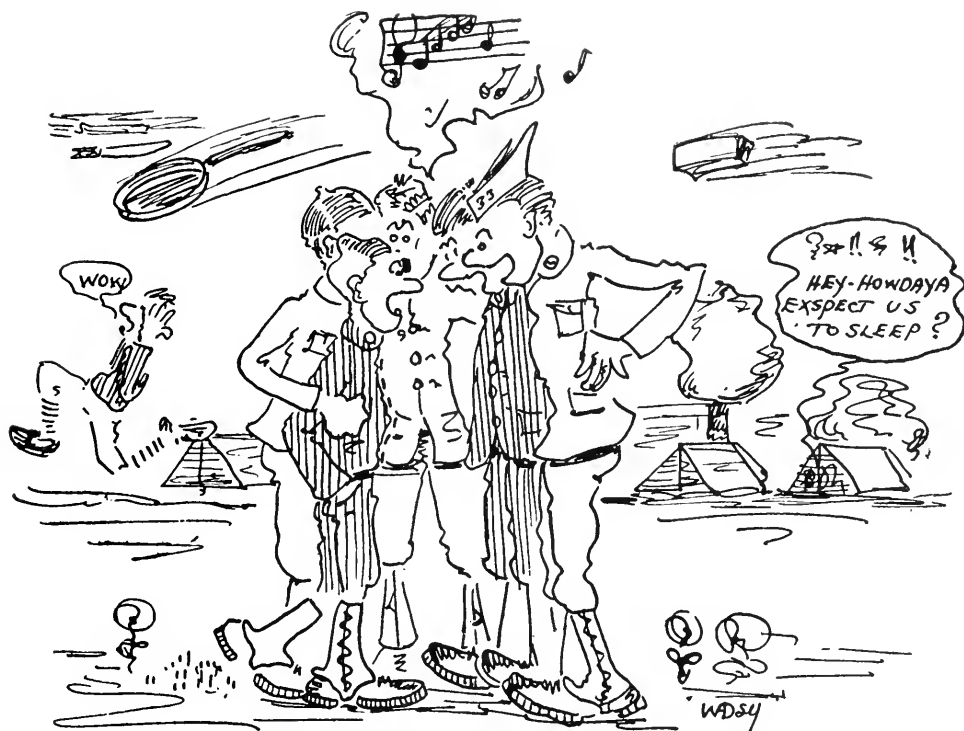
"R.A."

There are scant inscribed traditions on your tiny muster roll,
For you fight as did the Redskin in the West;
And the only time you're mentioned is in counting battle's toll,
When the Nation cheers your torn remains to rest.
But a man who don't make virtue of each secret little fault,
And whose gen'ral reputation is not good,
Yet whose C. O. always grumbles 'cause his Devils don't know "Halt!"
Is as fine a fighting man as ever stood.

The entire world is watching, as you enter in the fray,
For your country's reputation is at stake.
All America is judged by everything you do and say
And by every little error that you make.
You must play the Great Game fairly -- act the Man, and shun the Fool,
You must purge your soul with fire and the sword.
For the man who shirks plain Duty is the Enemy's foul tool --
He is beating down the Buckler of the Lord.

You will not receive the credit, when we've whipped the rabid Hun,
For you've just arrived in time for mopping up,
And its not polite to crow about the work you know you've done
Though in doing it you smash the House of Krupp.
For, from woe of devastated, looted homes you are secure,
And from rapine 'mongst your daughters and your wives
(But for France, their own salvation were by no means quite so sure)
And the debt is yours, though't cost a million lives.

So, when fatal gas cloud thickens, or the dread bombardment roars,
Or the naked steel goes groping for your guts,
Though you spend your blood like water at the flood-gate's gaping doors
And you're buried 'neath a million mud-walled huts;
You'll be paying full redemption, at the topmost price you can,
Just as potently as He, the Crucified,
Though your Epitaph, you nameless, shameless, fameless R.A. man,
Is the simple caption, "Line o' Duty -- Died."



The Nightingales

There is a consistant rumor that Sgt. Peterson is out for a Zone-Majorship.



IS THIS LOVE ?

Lundo
Howie

- Is the man in yet, George ?
- Yes, my love. (absent minded)

La Trine Rumor

Vol. I.

Editorial

No 4

This issue of La Trine Rumor finds us at the war. We are rookies no longer; we have seen and are seeing action every day. One of us has been killed -- suddenly, horribly and after only a little service. One of our old mates has been wounded and we do not know his fate. But we do know that when Jack Dean and Fred Arnott were hit, they were doing their full duty, and doing it right. They have shown the way -- we follow.

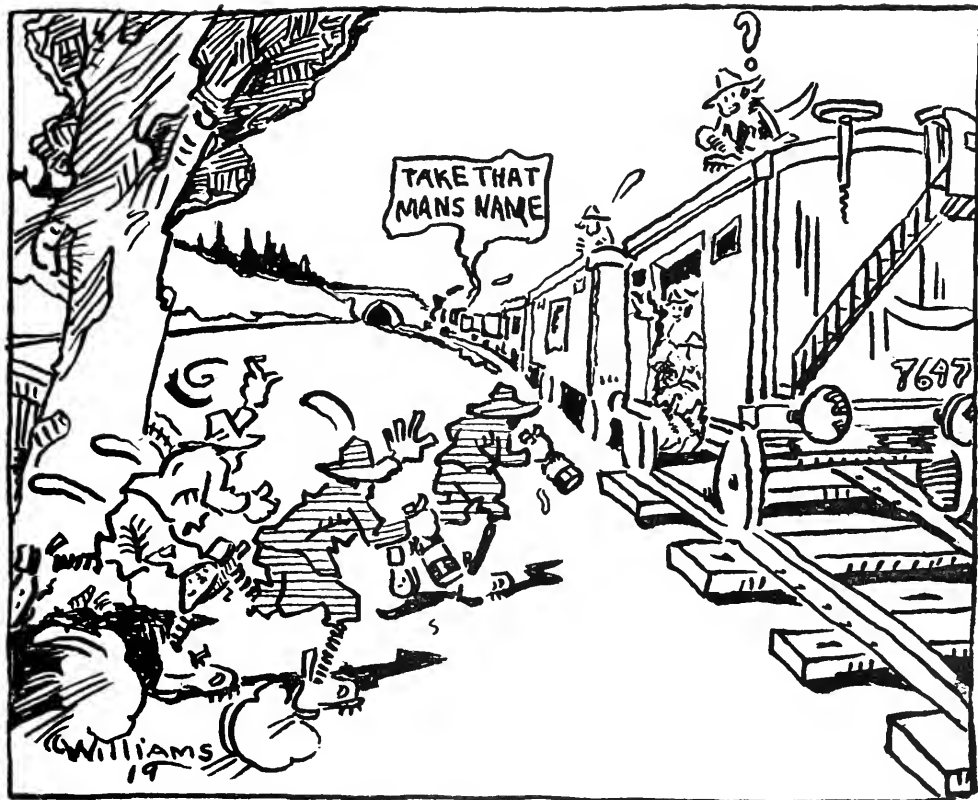
We have seen the wake of the fighting armies and we know how frail and futile a thing is man. We have seen the corpses of Ally and Hun, stinking and crawling in the sun. We have seen shattered villages, ruined farms, looted homes and destitute people; and the sights have been beneficial, albeit shocking, to our eyes.

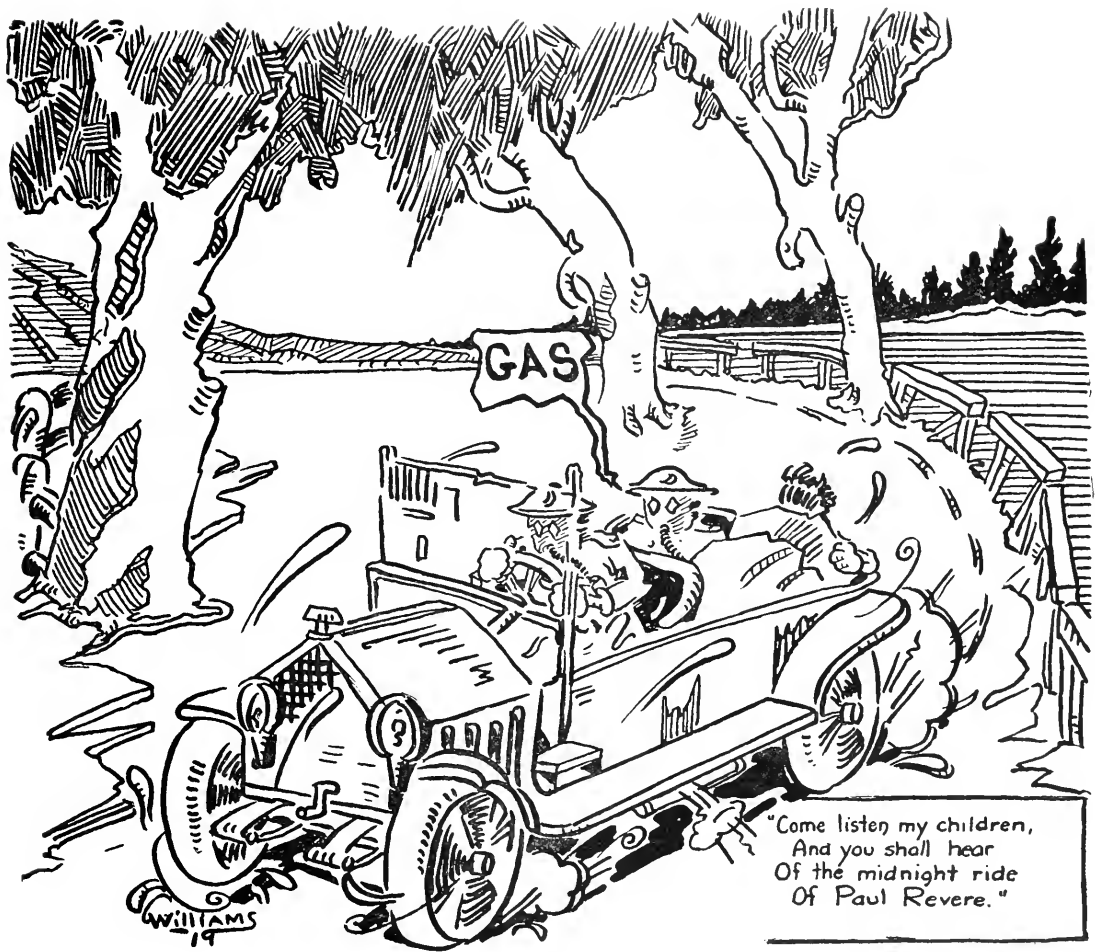
The true perspective, so much reviewed and so little heeded in those far off days at Butler, is dawning in all its splendid significance, and though our job be hacking kindling for a kitchen range, or lugging a litter at the front lines and beyond, we are going to do that job with every ounce of energy and determination that we possess. And we are going to be supremely happy when it is over and we review our work.

Meantime, Thirty-three, your reputation for efficiency, snap and judgement is waxing wider up and down the line.

Keep it going.

- - - - -





"Come listen my children,
And you shall hear
Of the midnight ride
Of Paul Revere."

Austin is a lazy cuss, at least I'm told tis said
He's always on the sick report so he may lie in bed.

"Bally" blows the bugle, the notes do surely soar,
We would appreciate it, if he would practice more.

Bennett is a nice young ^{man} about his work he blows,
He washes dishes, carts the chow, and then to bed he goes.

"Bill" Betts is such a high-brow, in giving a command,
When he talks about "apendages", how can we understand?

Allen Betts just took a trip to get some brand new cars,
He met a girl and stayed out late, and went behind the bars

SOME MORE IMMORTAL PHRASES

"How come?"

"1-2-3-4"

"Hup tha with that — — lirie."

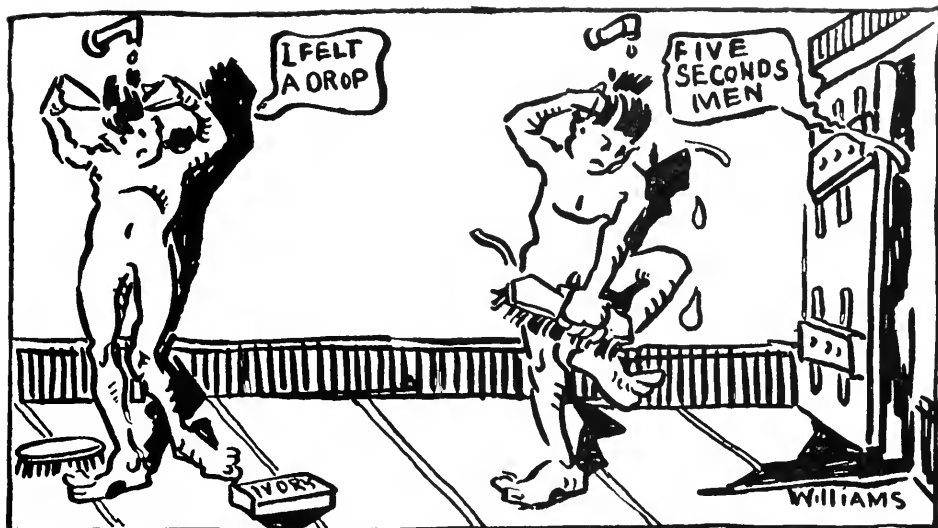
"Report"

"Pec Kan!"

"Wee!"

"How d'ya git that way?"

"How's Trix?"



THE
AFTERMATH
OF
A
GOVERNMENT
ISSUED
BATH





"MAIL"

BECOME A STALLER

LEARN BY THE **METZ** METHOD

Become an expert through his amazing efforts. There is nothing like it **METZ** himself sent on approval. Learn by observation. Pay on installments in advance.

STOP!!!

1. ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?
2. IS YOUR WIFE MURDERED?
3. CAN YOU FIND THE MURDERER?



The Oklahoma Detective Agency will send its alert representative *Quick step* Broughton. The mysteries of your dilemma executed.

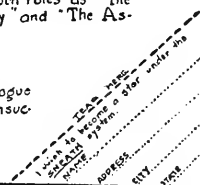
HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR

LEARN BY THE CORRESPONDENCE METHOD

The preposterous **ROBERT SNEATH** will teach you by mail.

SNEATH has essayed such roles as "The Contented Lad", "The Office Boy" and "The Assembly Dodger".

Send for illustrative catalogue showing **SNEATH** as "The Unsuccessful Postman".



HAVE YOU ANY CHILDREN IN YOUR HOME?

ASK THE
Russell Bros.
THEY KNOW

WE { hang around
TEACH { get in your way
THEM { become conspicuous
TO { get fresh

ADOPT - A - DROVE

SAMPLES ON HAND
REFERENCES
MESSRS LLOYD & RIVELEY

ADDRESS
RUSSELL BROS. ORPHANAGE
13 RUE DE PIED PIPER
HAMLIN

FOR RENT

One suit of underwear.
Bound to tickle you.
Seasonable terms.
Pay as you enter.
Apply to **H. GENTILE**

FOR SALE

Fifteen empty vin bottles
Temperate rate
See **C.P.W.H. Rex** any
time after dark. Mums
the word — sch —

The Latest Popular Books

- "DEODORIZERS" by Thebaud
- "THE USE OF A REVOLVER" by Stearns
- "HOW TO BLOW A BUGLE" by Ballantine
- "HOW I LEARN YOU ENGLISH" by Domiano
- "SHOOTING CRAP" by Hopwood

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SMITH LANE COMPANY

HE PUBLISHES EVERYTHING
By "GEORGE HOWIE" sells them

FOR SALE AT
MANGER'S SHOP



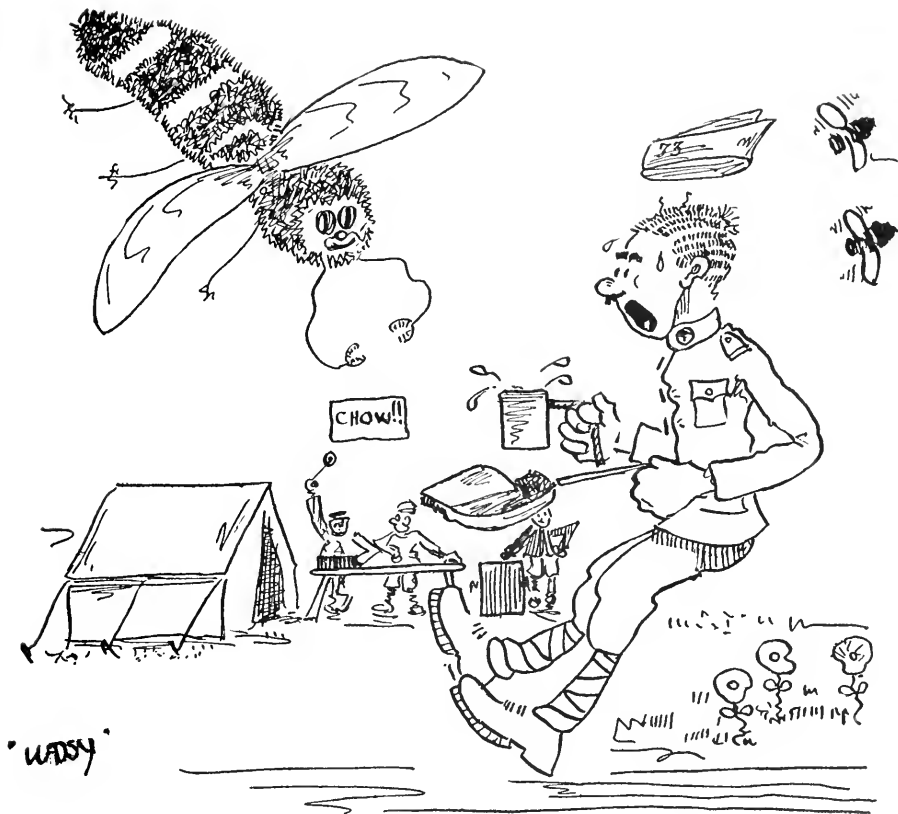
*La
Trine -
Rumor.*

*August
1918*





Reaction



AIN'T IT TRUE!!
WHEN YOU GET THERE EARLY TO EAT IN PEACE!!

"BIG SMITTY" on his first job of aide:

"Captain, are they sitting down or standing up patients?"

A. HOSPITAL DANCE EVERY NIGHT

Three Romeos -- Dorgeval, Butterworth and Ward, with canes, and bland but war-like expressions.

Old nurse in wheel chair, asked by Ed Ward how she had enjoyed their dances,

"Fine, thank you, will you please hand me my crutches?"

Bobbie Lyons trying to make the Monsieur of the Cafe open the door after nine o'clock,

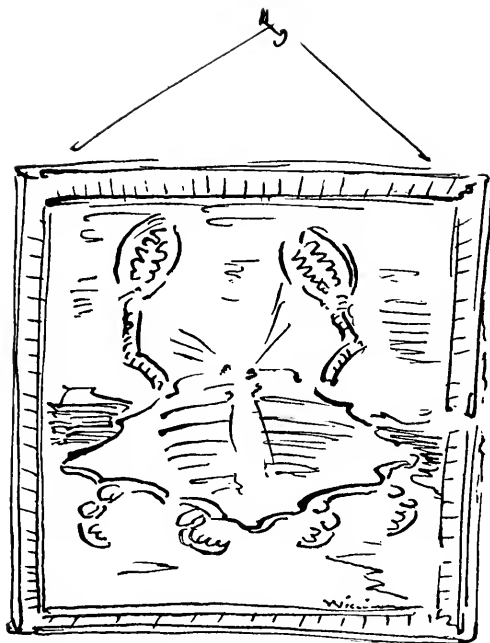
"Fermez la bouche, Monsieur." (Shut your mouth)

Sergeant Fransioli, at Mureuil, during the gas attack, the air raid and shelling, looking for Tracy's billet, in a plaintive voice,

"Frank, where are you ?"

"Here, what do you want ?"

"For God's sake, is there room in there for me, they're raisin' hell out here."



RAY DAHRING
COOKING

THEY TELL ME THAT:

Tom Dalton is running a close second to "Smitty" Lane.

Eisenberg gave up short pants to come with the Army.

Corporal Wade will soon be a Lieutenant in Aviation. He sure can go up in the air.

They are running daily excursions to Neufchateau. Wine, women and song, and I can't sing a note.

Tony Ross is the author of, "Some Day that little Bug will get You."

Van Jewett wasned his neck last night.

Eddie Inepaud nas accepted the postmastership of Brookside, N.J. He will assume his duties after the war.

Stahl is still living up to his name.

This entry appeared on the Daily Sick Report: "Sick in Quarters, 2. Diagnosis:- Starvation, result of waiting for the mess whistle."

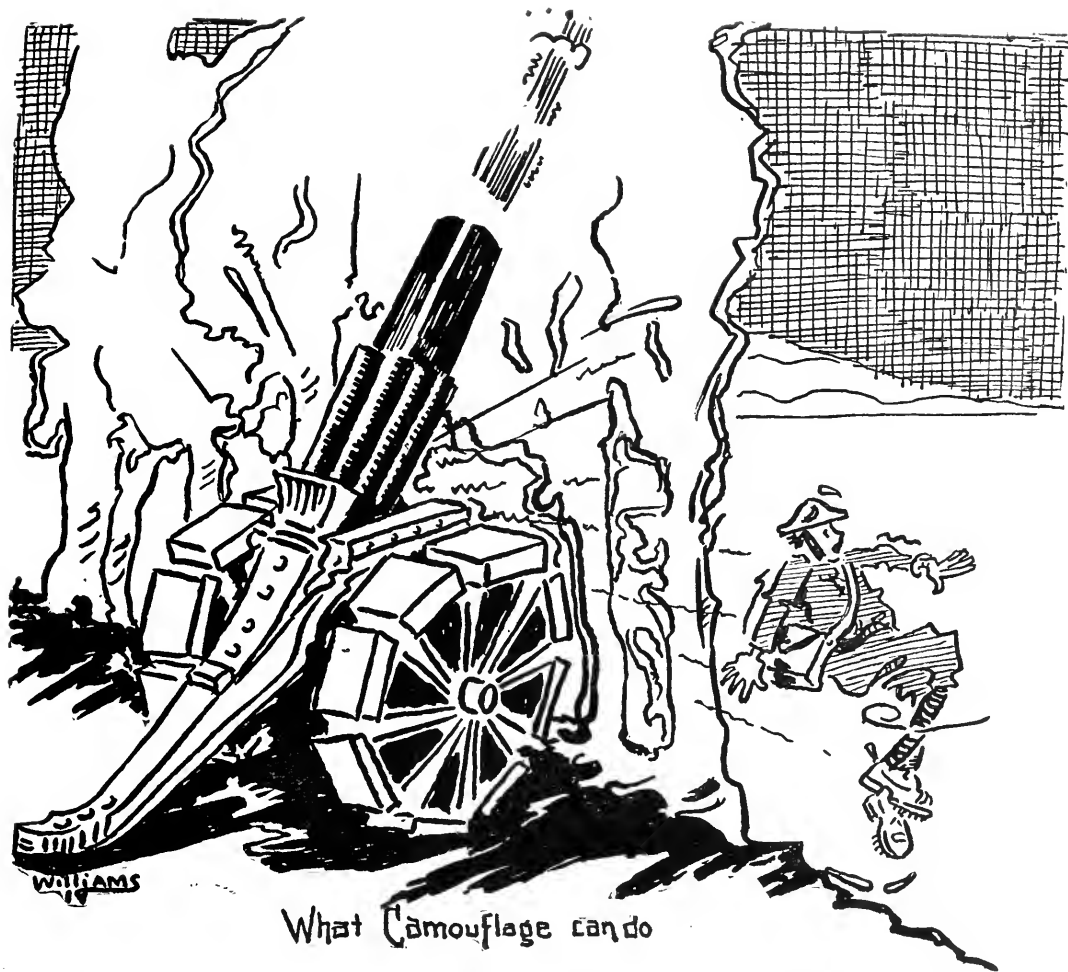
Sergeant Johnston wants it thoroughly understood that his name must not appear in the RUMOR.

"Spook" Parker says that putting A.C. #33 on bounds is like taking a postman for a walk.

"Talkative" Garlock is still publishing news in loud volumes.



"POPULAR
MECHANICS"



What Camouflage can do

La Trine Rumor

VOL. I

EDITORIAL

NO. 5

The first period of our active service is over. Let us sit down and sum it up.

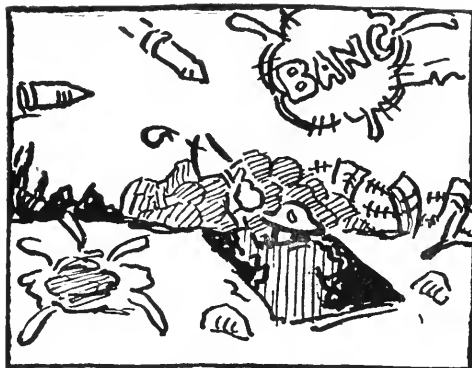
First, consider the gains. We have gained experience which is of inestimable value. We have seen Life and Death, Heaven and Hell, worked out in tremendous reality before our eyes. We have acquired a certain amount of wholesome respect for our fellows and an equal amount of contempt for the petty worries of our former life. We know hardship, and we have seen misery, stalking gaunt and deathly over a stricken land. We know also that modern miracle, of how France - impetuous, virile, noble France, staggering under the weight of her awful burden, finds comfort in her all-embracing phrase, "C'est la Guerre". This we have gained and cannot lose.

Our losses? One comrade, killed in action and therefore honored above all. Quantities of equipment, personal and otherwise. But, greater than these, we have lost our perspective. We have become little, peevish, whining men; complaining over short rations, squabbling over the choice of billets, cheating, dodging and laughing in the face of lawful authority.

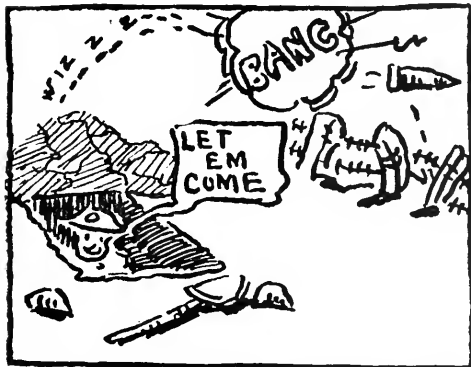
Lofty and memorable gains; shameful and terrible losses. Balance the two and let us shut our foul mouths and settle down to wipe out the damage we have done.



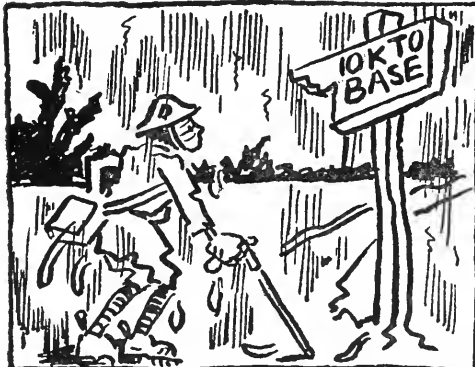
THE FIRST MINUTE



THE SECOND MINUTE

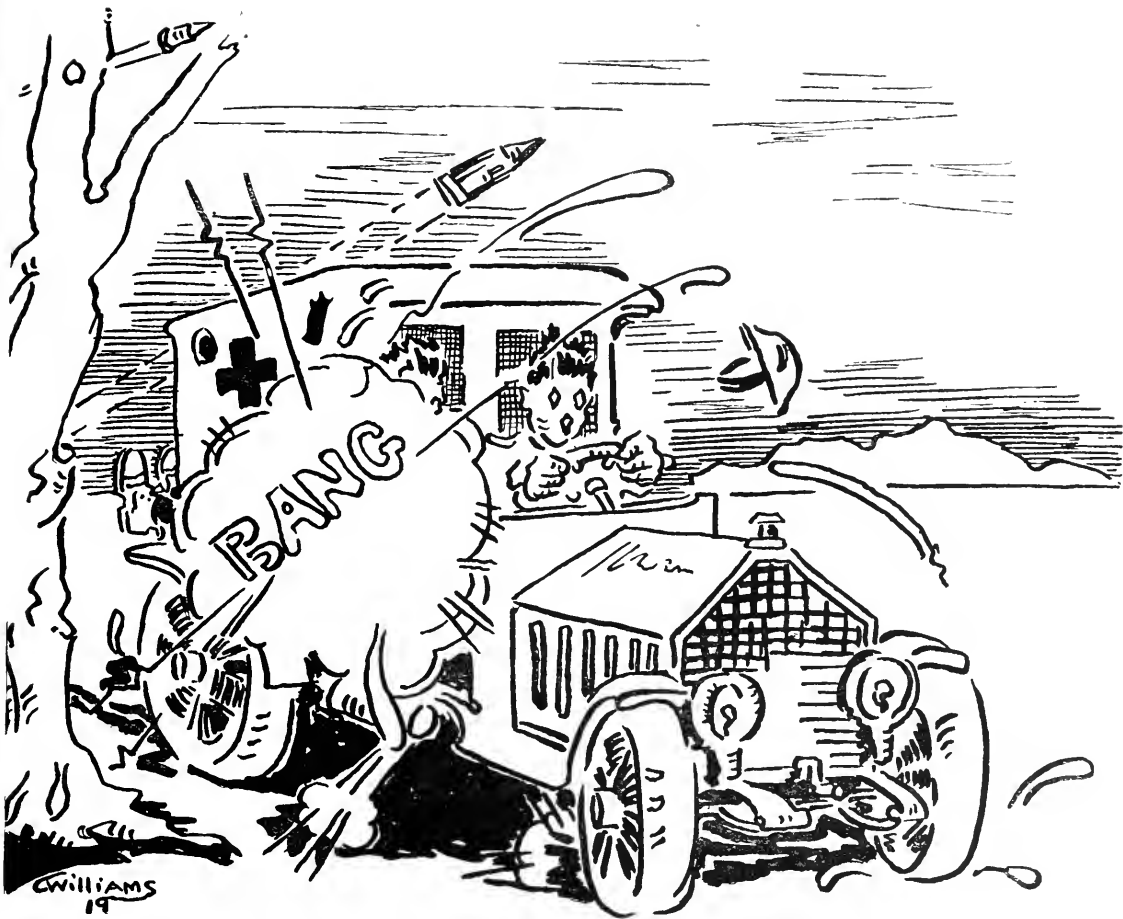


THE THIRD MINUTE



THE DAY AFTER WILLIAMS

THE WAY THE BEARER TELLS IT



THE WAY THE DRIVER TELLS IT

THE GOLD BRICK

CONEY ISLAND'S LAST RESORT

SAM KOHN - MANAGER

MOVING PICTURES DELUXE



TO-DAY

Marion Mikulsky presents
EDWARD GUMAER
in
"JAZZ 'EM UP"

This picture shows our matinee
idol at his best. He dances and
jazzes and jazzes and dances.
Girls be sure to see this picture



TO-MORROW

SPECIAL CHILDREN'S DAY

**WILD ANIMALS I
HAVE KNOWN-
THE DOMIANO**

See this wild creature at his
noon day mess. Hear him
roar "SIXO" as he plays
with the bones



WEDNESDAY

John Lloyd presents the finished
artist
FREDERICK WILKE

in
"CONVICT 999"

A life-like picture of a tragic night
after an evening of gayety. See
him in a Paris cell, enduring the
just punishment of a guilty man.
"Wilke at the height of his career."
- says Charlotte Observer



THURSDAY

Walter Buist presents
LOUIS CORRADO
in

"LOUIE DRIVES A G.M.C."

A smashing comedy in many parts with an unexpected ending, showing the famous boxer's agility at the wheel. He's a whiz!



FRIDAY

Van Wyck Loomis presents the
handsome heart-breaker
BRUCE MAC WHINNEY
in

"THE CLINGING VAMPIRE"

See the red light district of St. Dezier showing the dives with the innocent country girl falling in love with the hero. Children under 21 not admitted



COMING SATURDAY

Spaghetti Schicatanio presents
WILLIAM "SWEETIE" BETTS
in

"A SON OF THE REVOLUTION"
(HIS FATHER RAN A WERRY-GO-ROUND)

See him go to the front to do his bit "in this great war for democracy."



SUNDAY

TEMPERANCE DAY
Edward Meyer presents
"STICKS" McPHERSON
in

"TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM"

SEVERAL REELS
Prof. Newton Gognac Morrell of the W.C.T.U. will talk between reels on "Why I abstain from all intoxicants"

PEPSICOLA SERVED FREE

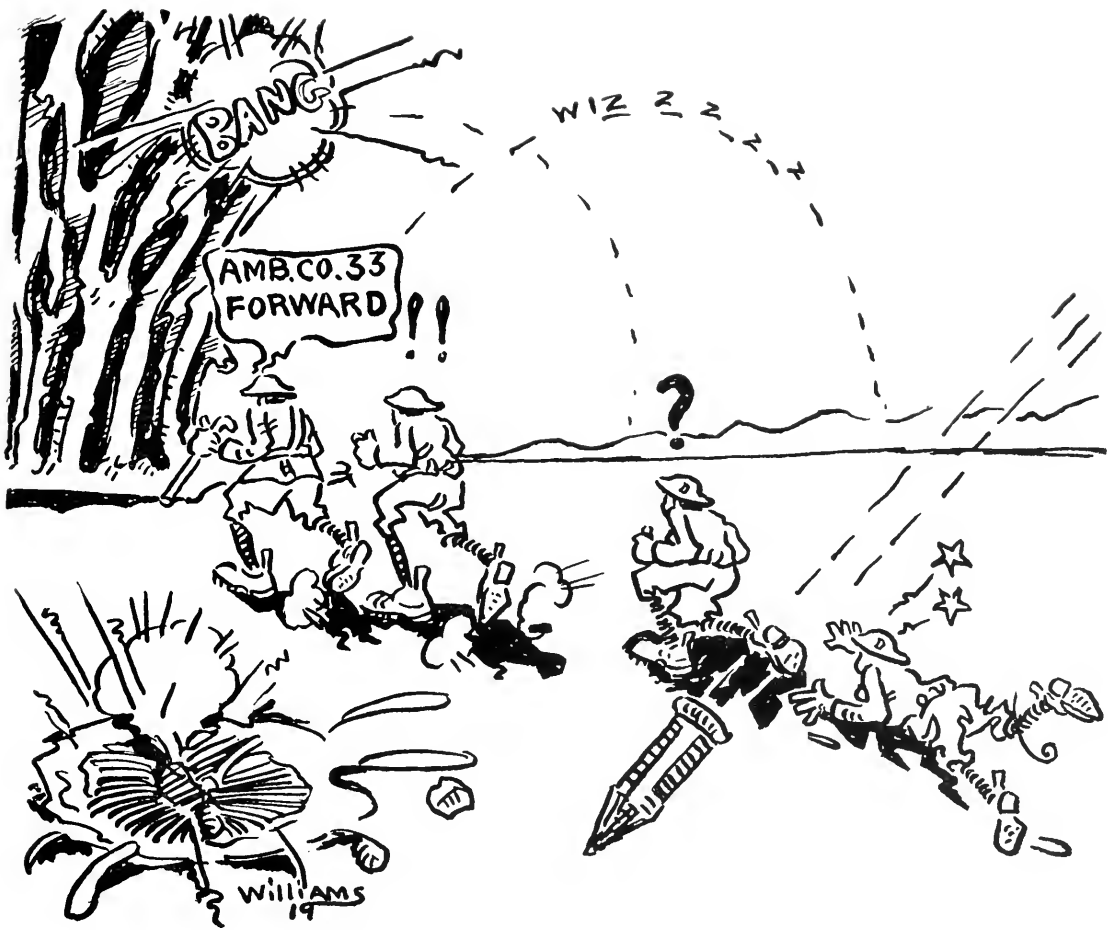


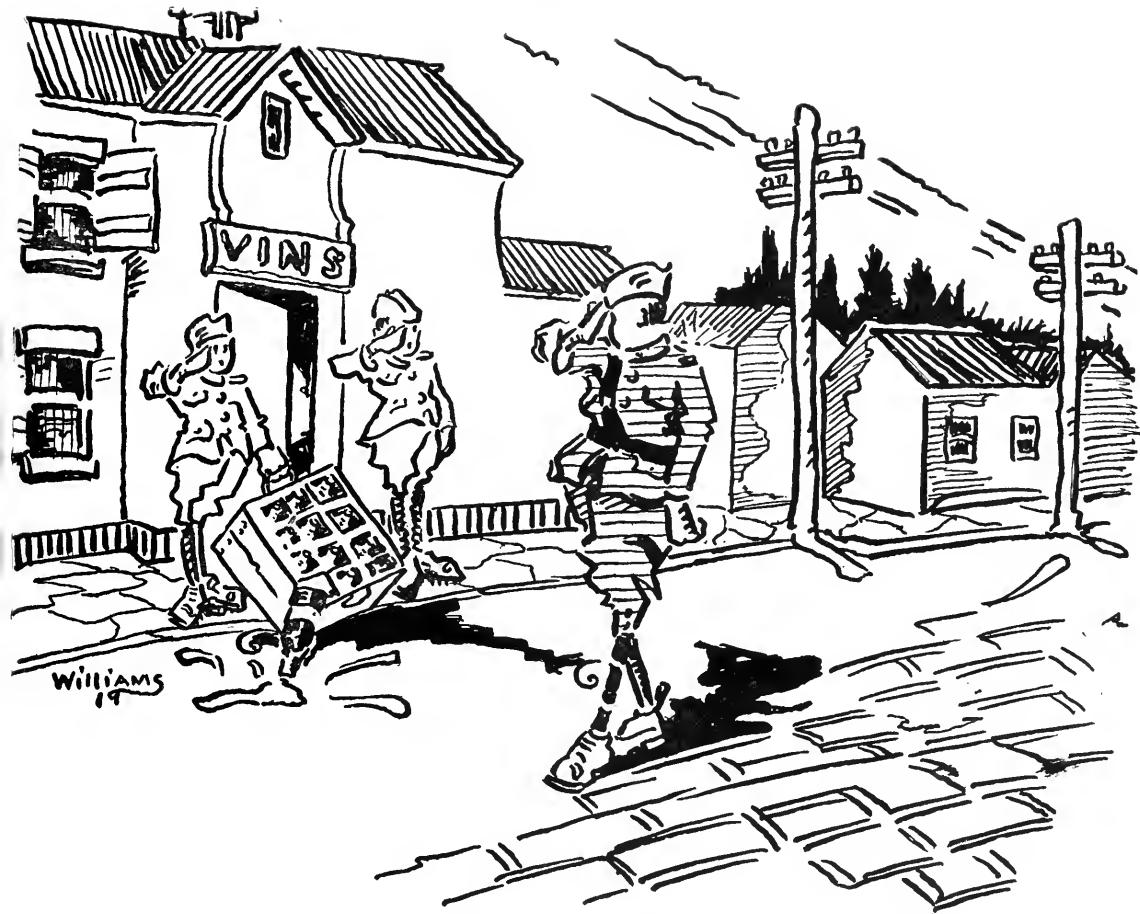
YE LATRINE GOSSIP

BY O-B-GEEZUS

LAST week
AN ORDERLY came down
AND brought
ORDERS WHICH said
THAT we'd have
TO ACT just like
WE USED to at
CAMP GREENE.
SO ONE night at
RETREAT, an announcement
WAS MADE that we
WOULD HAVE to
"COME to attention and
SALUTE SMARTLY all cars."
LAST NIGHT Lieut. Stoddard
TOLD ME that he
SALUTED TWO buck privates

SITTING IN the back of a
STAFF CAR and they did
NOT EVEN return it, but he
SAYS HE has their
NUMBER though.
A COUPLE of nights
AGO WE "passed in review"
AND I came near
PASSING out for
LIEUT. ADAMS gave
US "EYES right" and
WE ARE still
WAITING for "front".
I WISH he would soon say
"FRONT" or I will get
A KINK in the neck.
I am much obliged.





WILLIAMS
19

" CARRY ON "





No issue of the RUMOR would be complete without some mention of

HOPWOOD

WAY OVER !!



SEPTEMBER · 1918

We will open this issue, ladies and gentlemen, with a recitation entitled,
"A little Ray of Sunshine from the Y.M.C.A."
by Little Bobby Burns Brown, the Infant Phenomenon of Hoboken, New Jersey.

Tra -- rahhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!





SAYINGS OF THE SAGES

If arguments were military tactics, some stretcher bearers would be Generals.
The Observer

It has been wisely said that more than the Germans shall be emancipated at the end of the war.

Sergeants' Review

Some pseudo scientific men can fool the officers all the time, the wagoners some of the time, the mechanics none of the time.

General Opinion

If lists of drivers and aides were snowflakes, the company would have been snowed under long ago.

The Pathfinder

Tanks were so efficient in the recent offensive that the reserves in the company were not drawn up.

War Cry

It is said that after the horse-blankets for mules had been issued, one came around at midnight heehawing for his.

Horseless Age

We wonder if the French women admire the frank disposition of the boys more than the boys' disposition of their francs.

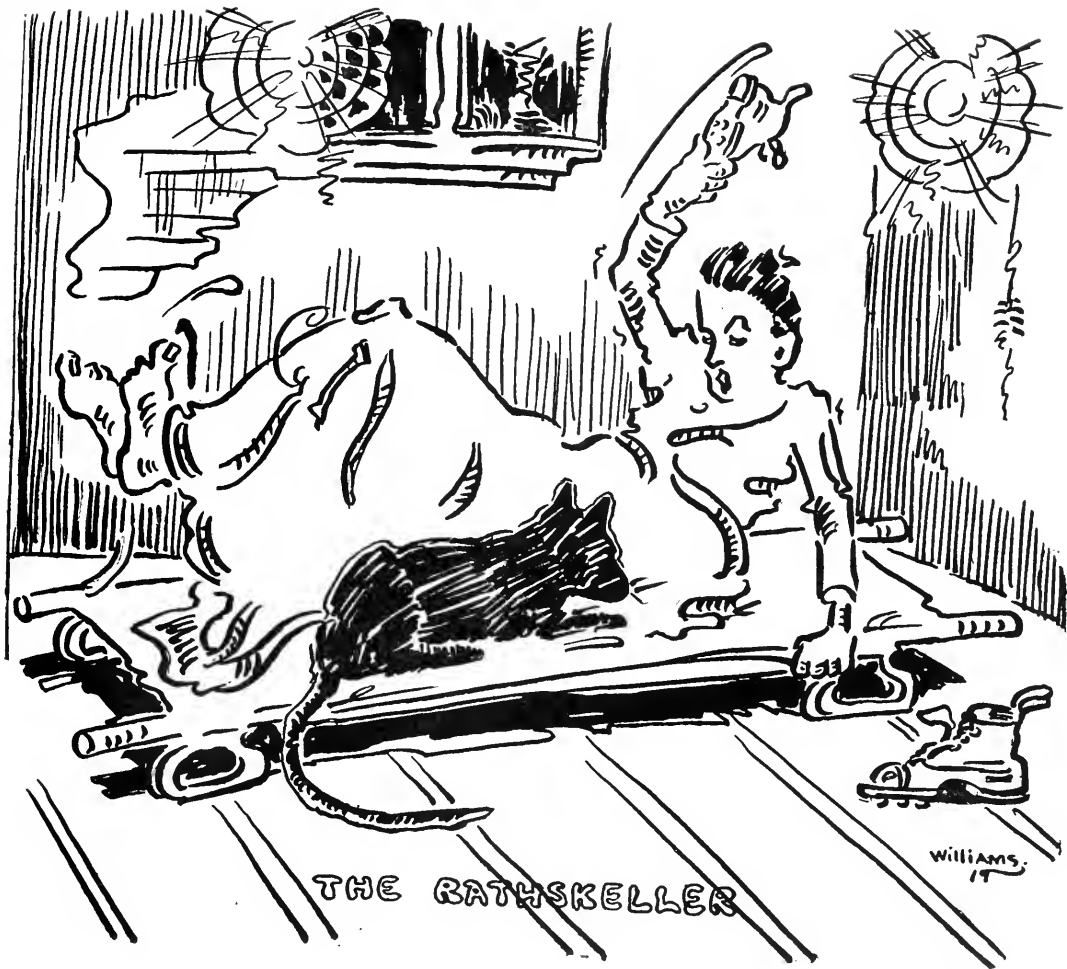
Exchange

- - - - -

HONEST JOHN SHERMAN ON GUARD

Officer of the Day -- "What time is it?"

H.J.S. -- "Must be between 'leven and three o'clock, sir, for that's the time I'm on guard."





THAT NEW 'CRAZE' !!

LA TRINE RUMOR

Vol. I

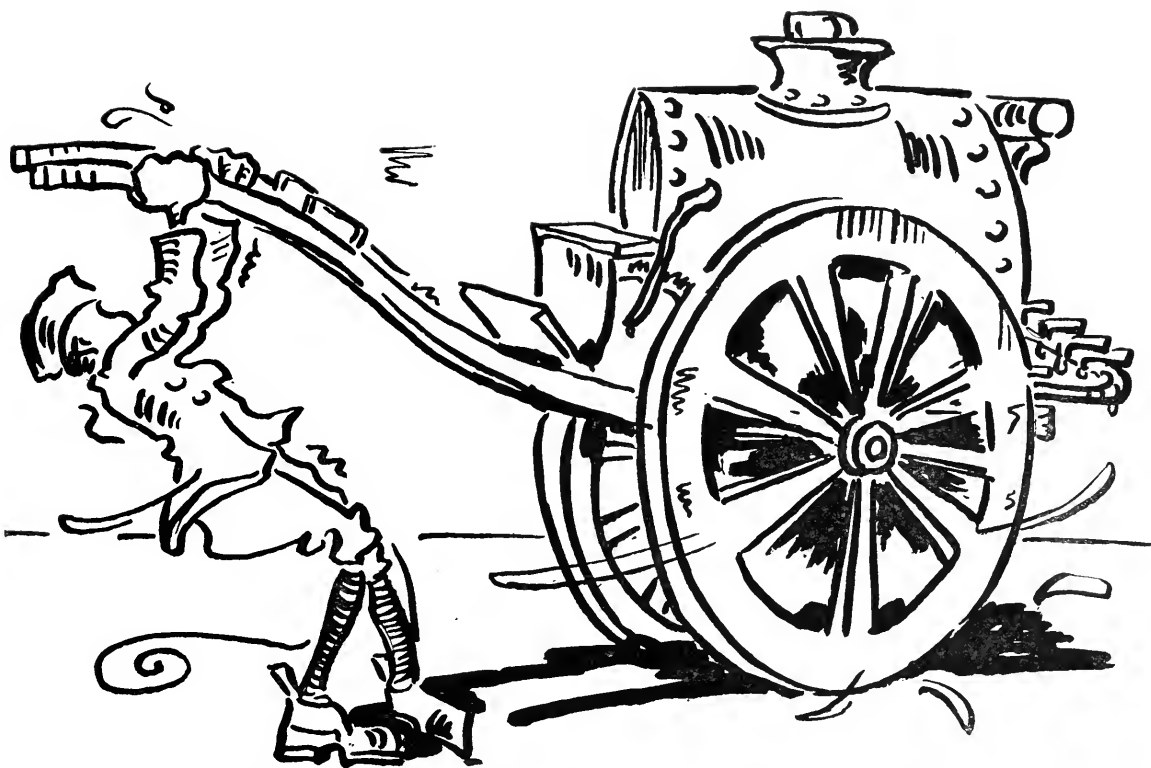
EDITORIAL

No. 6.

It is said that Company Spirit in "Thirty-three" is on the decline. This is untrue, of course. In order to prove this contention, let us first define Company spirit and then see if the facts agree with the definition.

Company spirit is that quality of mind or disposition which makes a man think more of his company than of any other organization in the army. It makes him careful of his own acts, considerate about the welfare of his comrades, readily subject to the discipline of his superiors and dutiful in all things because it reflects on his Company if he act otherwise. That, we believe, is Company spirit. Now, about the spirit of Thirty-three.

Do we sometimes wail for transfers on account of the rotten condition of our organization? Does it matter a whit to us whether our bunkie has a meal in his stomach or a shirt on his back? Do we obey orders with any semblance of celerity, or do we stop to argue about them first? Are we careful to create, by our personal behavior, a good impression of our Company? Do we grab in the mess-line, crab, cheat, crawl out of legitimate work, slander each other, play cheap, petty, political tricks to further our mean little ends? Do we? Certainly not! Company spirit never was and never will be on the wane. Wars may come and spring and fall offensives may change with the changing seasons, but Thirty-three, in spirit and in truth, goes on forever. Professor, please strike up "Uncle Sammie".



"IT'S HARD TO BE GOTTEN"



THE DAY THE NON-COMMS BEAT THE PVTS.

Andy Dick -- "Never mind, fellows, we could beat them with our team and me umpiring."

A CONUNDRUM

Why is Eddie Meyer going out of the cafe, like Baalam going out of Jerusalem?
Because he went out on his a--.



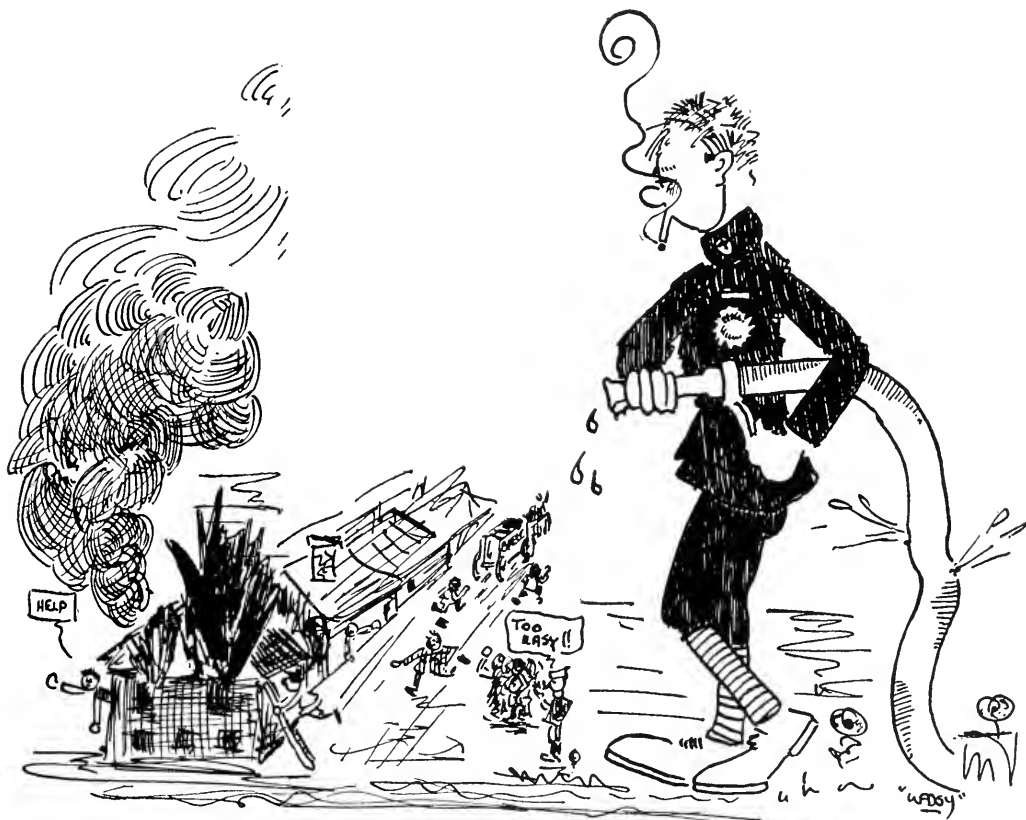
YE
LATRINE
GOSSIP
BY
O.
G.
SCEEZUS

THIS rest stuff
IS the bunk.
THEY said
WE COULD rest
BUT an order
CAME, saying we had
TO wear
GAS masks for two hours
STRAIGHT.
MY beezer is now so
SORE I cant blow
IT.
YOU can't sing in
A gas mask,
BUT I heard
HOWARD REMIG sing when
I HAD mine on.

WE moved last night
AND started to
SLEEP when we heard
RATS.
ONE chased his mate
RIGHT across my face.
I AM thankful
SHE did not stop.
I HAD to move next
DOOR on account
OF the rain.
WE just got in
WHEN something went "BANG"
AND we all ran down
THE street
TO the abrie.
THERE I found Eddie

THEBAUD stuck in
THE doorway with two
OTHER fellows. He
SAID he had been
THERE that way for two
HOURS. It seems
STRANGE to me he did
NOT get in, with
ALL that practice he
HAD in mess-line.
WELL, I pulled
HIM out and
GOT in myself.
THEN reveille
BLEW and we
HAD to get up.
SOME REST.
I AM MUCH OBLIGED.

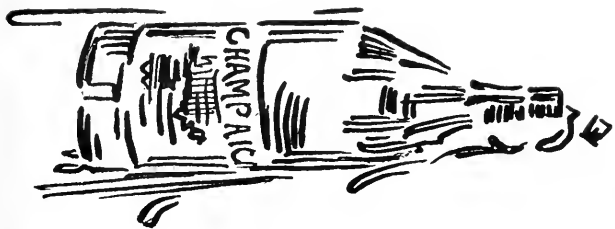
G.B.G.



ANOTHER CROIX-DE-GUERRE (?)

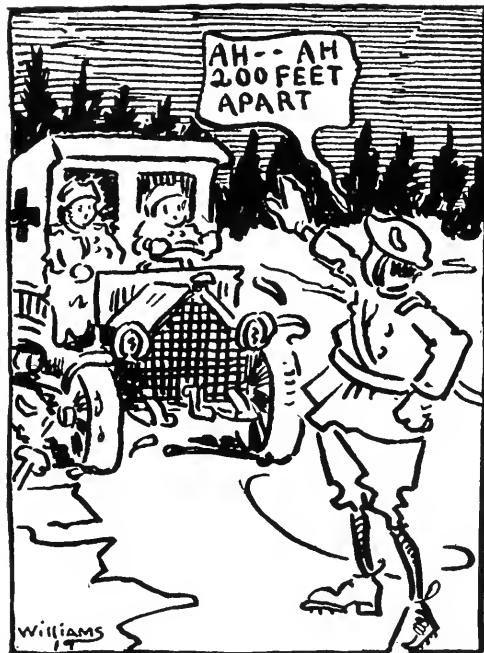


HOW THE M.P.'S GOT THEIR BREAKFAST



R.W.

THE MAKING OF AN AMBULANCE DRIVER



THE TRAFFIC COP



DONT:

Wear a gas mask at mess

Work

Ask Walden what became of the sugar

Salute the new Wagoners

Try to beat the Sergeants in Mess Line

Ask Metz to eat stolen potatoes

Try to beat your Neighbor to the Abri



HELP WANTED

Privates wanted: condescending, first class and of the Buck, must be willing, have tremendous patience and poor appetites. Willing to stand aside and let busy men sweep ahead. Apply to The Sergeant's Co., 8 Mess Row, Goldfish St., Bullybeef, New Jersey.

Salesman wanted to sell the latest popular song-hit, "Take as much as he do", sung with howling success by Booming Booming in three keys, Milsky, Lasky and Mikuleki.

Harry Vance Player Piano Co.

Representative wanted: to sell nerve tonic. Frazen and colossal cheek gained by drinking every last drop of this complex compound. Compounded by the nerve expert, Dr. P. ROY. Easy stuff to peddle on the road. NEW NERVE NOURISHMENT NERVES NEEDY NERVOUS NERVES. Trial bottle, 25 oentimes. ROY'S READY RATIONS FOR YOUR GALL. Cheapest stuff on the market.

ROY, the Nerve King.

Private Secretary wanted: brunette preferred, to take dictation and to answer large correspondence from Charlotte. Must have good line of sweet stuff and be willing to work nights. Apply in person to

"Walt" Mason,
Toute Suite,
France.

Wanted: Someone to tell us when the war will be over.

A.E.F.

Wanted: Topics, rational or otherwise, but orable. All suggestions sent to

Wagonless Wagoner Loomis

LOST AND FOUND

Lost: Bad eye-sight and bum left foot, between Ifoundididnohavetowork Street and Ideoidedto-singorplayball Avenue, Recuperating Station, Chateau-de-la-Forêt.

Howard Remig

Found: Bad eye-sight and bum left foot, suddenly between Ifoundididnohavetowork Lane and Ideoidedto stall Alley, At the Front, France.

Howard Remig

Lost: In the shuffle, three cartons of Camel Cigarettes. Finder is known and if returned, no questions will be asked.

Sgt. Gage

ADVERTISEMENTS

Fire Assurance: Do you want your house burned to ashes? If so, call out Fromer's Tamersville Hose Co. Guaranteed to save the ashes at any cost. LeRoy Tiger, the flaming fireman, who saved St.Dezier from ruins, now on the force. You dont want a policy, do you?

Tennenbaum Water Wagon Co.,
Garliok Street,
Hardtobegotten,
U.S.A.

VOTE FOR ME

VOTE FOR ME

VOTE FOR ME

For
the "RUMOR" Board

"BULL" BETZ
the man of letters

If elected at the primaries, I will
guarantee to "revolutionize" the mag-
azine.

VOTE FOR ME

VOTE FOR ME

VOTE FOR ME

VOTE FOR ME

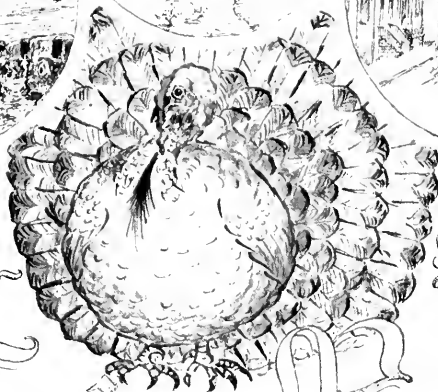
VOTE FOR ME





19

18



October -

November

La Trine Mirror



WHY (DO) GIRLS LEAVE HOME

Williams
89



HOPWOOD'S FISHING TRIP
'FIVE TROUT - AND - TWO SMELT !!'



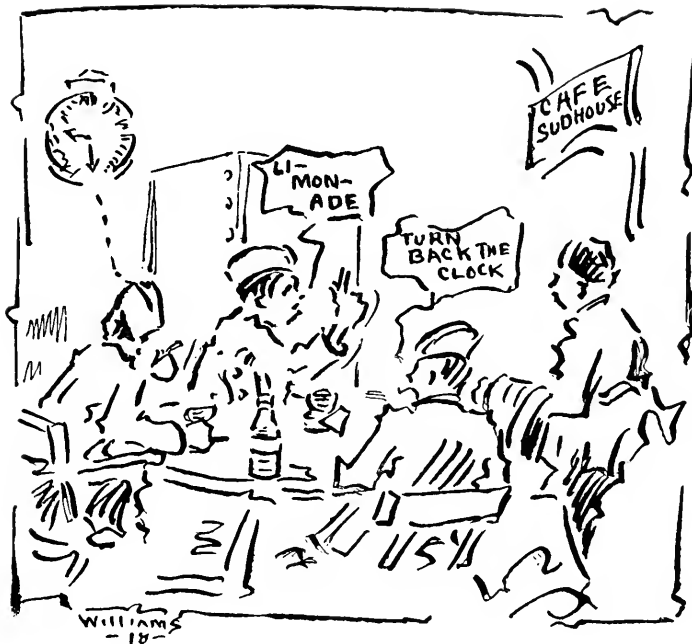
"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING ALL THESE YEARS"?

THE SUN'S ONLY RIVAL

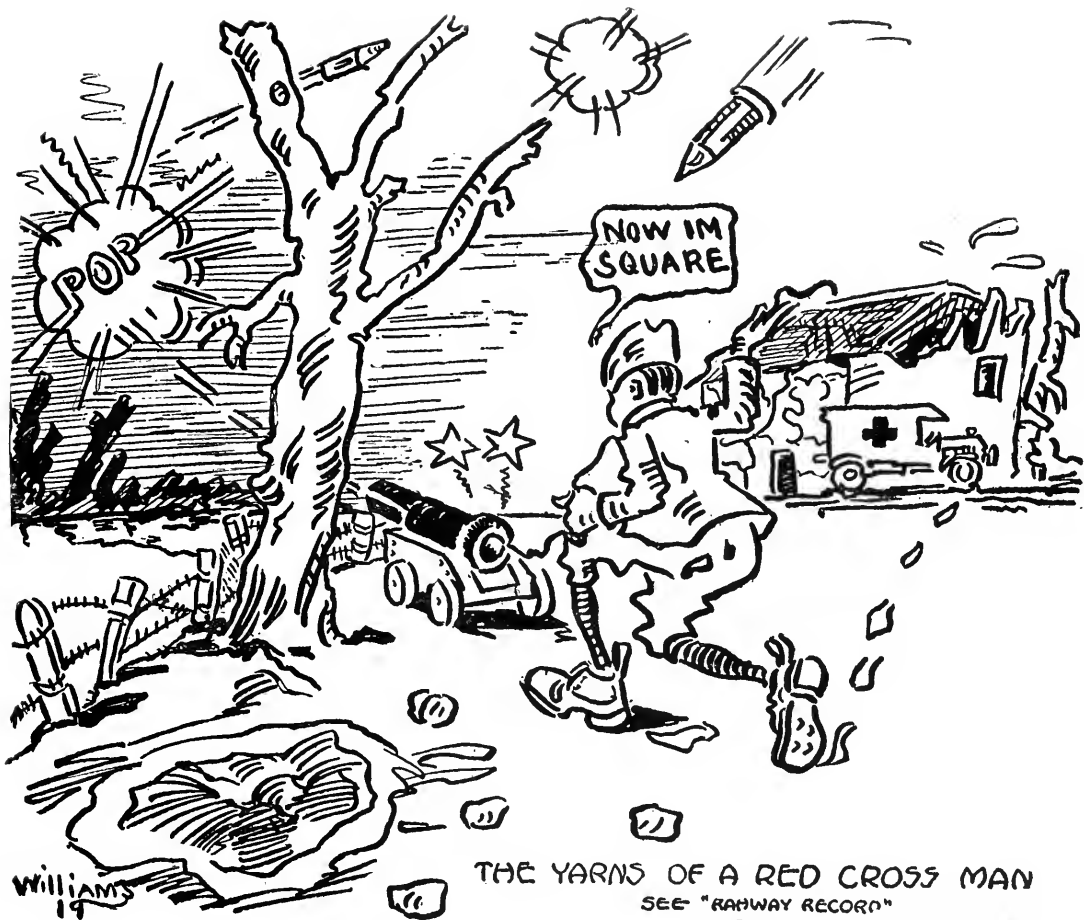




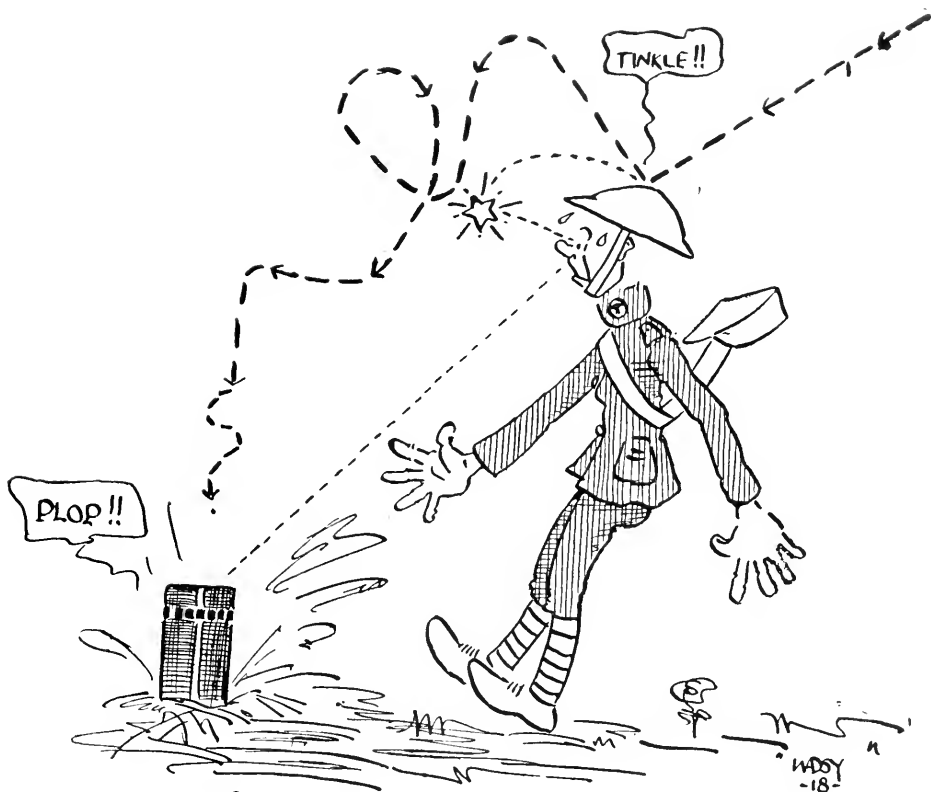
TOO PROUT TO WAIT?



THE SPREE OF A TEETOTALER



THE YARNS OF A RED CROSS MAN
SEE "RAILWAY RECORD"
by BRUCE MacWHINNEY



GENTILE GETS A CLOSE SHAVE—
(you OUGHT TO HEAR HIM TELL IT)

SOME INTERVIEWS WITH FAMOUS MEN

HOOVER has remarked that the sense of humor of the cooks has been keenly developed with raisins, while their culinary art has been impaired by their hell-raisins.

BERT WILLIAMS tiresomely commented that Bennet might believe that bracelets were rather Cingalese, but they were really considered rather singular.

MONSIEUR MURPHY protested that Oscar Johnston's affliction and Wilke's limp were not due to his establishment.

VELVET JOE, while soliloquizing at length, said that Butterworth and Ward were seen smoking their own butts.

BEAU BRUMMEL, while scanning the columns of LA VIE PARISIENNE, observed that Gumaer and Remig could extinguish rather definitely anyone with rich exclusiveness, while Parson Lloyd passed his approval in silence.

TROTZSKY confirmed the report that Peterson received his cracked head from the "uprising" of an indignant board floor.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR stated that Corporal "Stars and Stripes" Wade's aggressive announcement of his fitness for the vacant sergeancy will not be ignored since he cannot rush both mess-lines.

ENRICO CARUSO remarked after the Mont Dore Minstrel to the "Poison Ivy Quartette" that Silence was Golden.

HEARD ON THE HIKE

One Replacement to another, -- "I wonder why they put me in the "Fire-closers."

Replacement, looking at one of the piles of ammunition, -- Ooh, gee !! Look at the bullets."



"SCHIC" — "SAY, CORP WOODS, WILL YOU HOLD MY COAT FOR ME.?"

CPL. W — "SURELY!" (THEN TAKING OFF HIS GLOVES) "BUT, 'SIC',
WHY DON'T YOU BUTTON IT?"

"SIC" — "OH- I HAVE MY GLOVES ON!!"



DAVID FONZO SMITH.

SERGT. ROBERT M. CHENEY

Courtesy of
Smithfield Record & Bangville Bugle
Copyright - 1918

"Pick" Rossell to Walden, after the announcement of the water detail,

"That's a good detail, Waldie, they can all speak English."

Sgt. Johnston, on the hike, at the twenty-seventh kilometer, with tailboard dragging,

"If I were only goosie, with someone behind me."

Replacement to Sergeant Peterson,

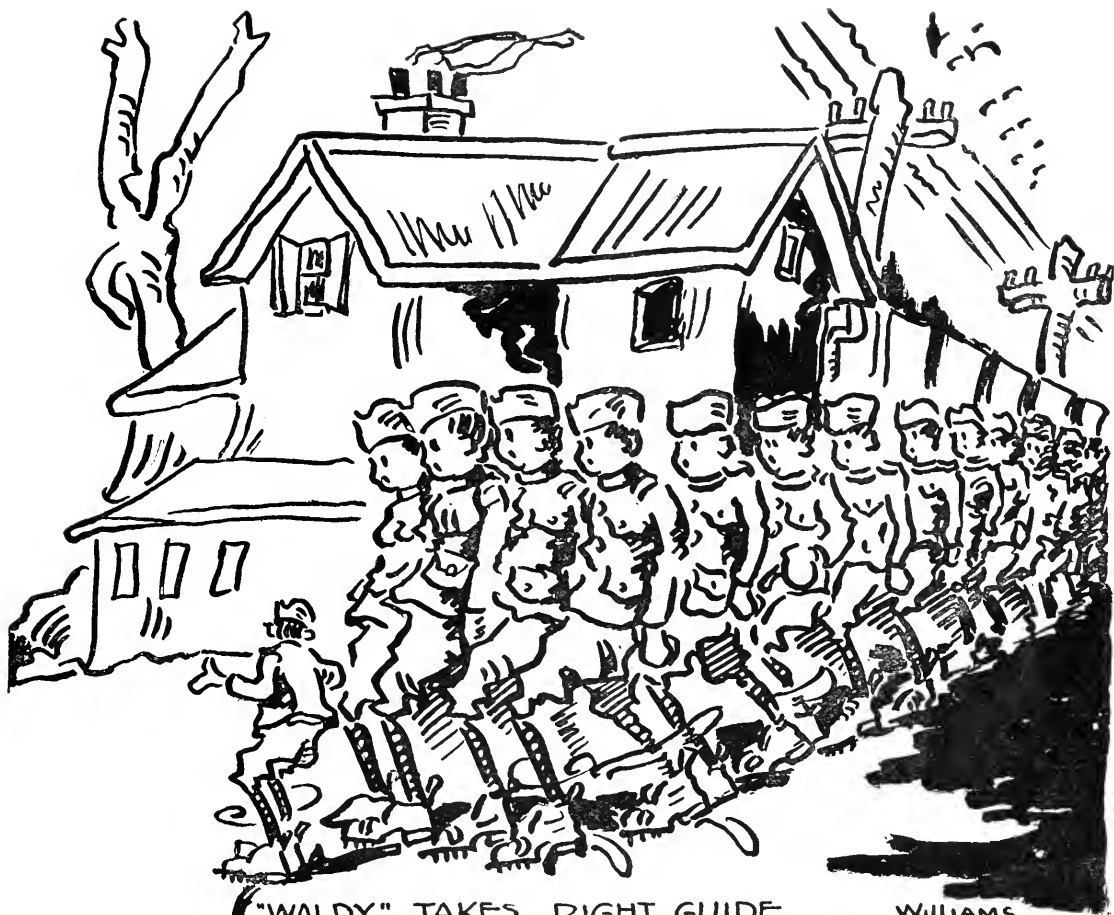
"Do the regulations allow us to take off our shoes in our pup-tents?"

We have just received a letter from "Andy" and "Goopie" in which they claim they saw our good friend Crist "snooted" the other evening after he had come directly from one of his famous temperence lectures.

Milsky wants it officially announced that he has been recently graduated from the replacements. Please note.

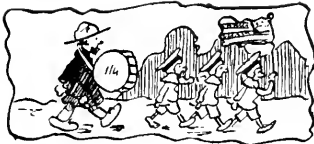
Booning, on the way to Mount Dore, looking out of the train window,

"We're goin' through SORTIE, get out the map."



"WALDY" TAKES RIGHT GUIDE

WILLIAMS
19



YE
LATRINE
GOSSIP
BY
O.S. GEEZUS

WHEN "Hop" and I
WERE in the Infirmary
WITH la grippe,
TRYING to keep
WARM without
A fire,
"DOC" said we had
GIRMS "into us" that
HE could kill by
STARVATION. I think
HE wanted to drown
THEM for all we got
WAS water, but
MAYBE he wanted
TO kill us
FIRST, knowing that
THEY could not live
WITHOUT us. I
GUESS it did not

WORK for "Hop" went to
THE hospital that
NIGHT and I got
UP and went
TO work. We
FOOLED "Doc" that time.
THE next day the
C.O. told us we
HAD the honor of
HIKING 190 kilos
TO Germany with
FULL packs -- some honor.
THE second day we
STOPPED three hours
TO watch a doughboy
MARCH by.
THE fourth night the
BILLETLESS officer,
NOT being able

TO find us any
NICE stables in the
EMPTY town, complied
WITH regulations
BY locating a nice
OOZEY swamp "near water"
WHICH drained right
UNDER my tent.
ANYHOW the mud was
NICE and soft.
NOW that we are here
WHAT gets me is
ONE should not "frater-
NIZE with the con-
QUERED peoples", yet
"DOC" wants his
"0490*6 station"
DANKE SCHON, BITTE.

O.B.G.



— THE BARN STORMERS —



The Old English Knocker

Looks like Linde was trying to run Wade a close second on the mess-line rush.

Did anybody see "Dorgie" getting "Huffy" at Mont Dore ?

Did you ever have "Doc" Riveley "open up your bowels onto you", or laugh you out of a cold?

Have you ever seen a certain Sergeant rush the line for "seconds" before the rest of the outfit has had its "firsts" ?

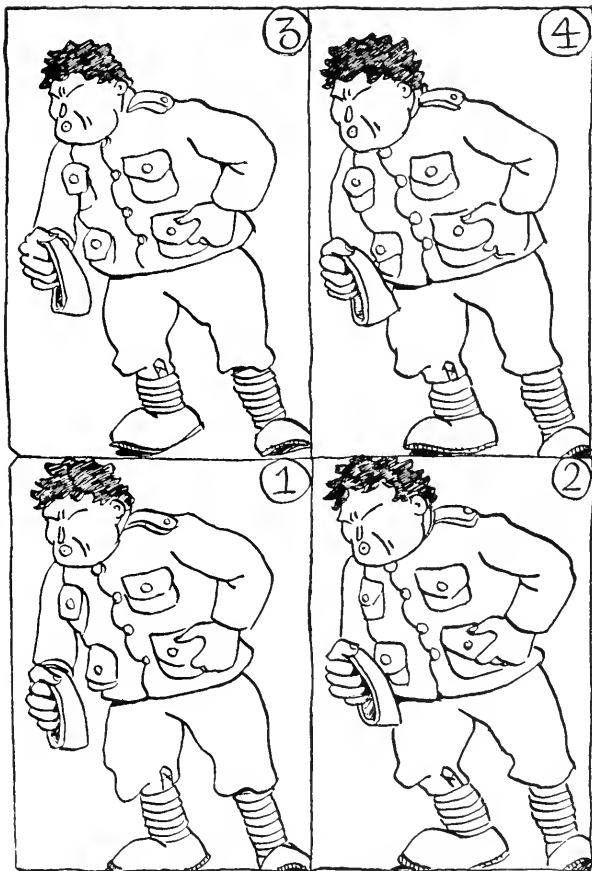
Who will be our bugler now that Linde is a "two-striper" ?

In spite of W. Waterboy Walden's attitude toward the mess line rush before coming back to 33, he was seen creeping up to the head of the line, the other night under cover of darkness.

Did you ever see the "Cognac quartette" put up a field stove or burn beans ? Wouldn't they look fine on the work end of a litter squad ?

Ask the thirty-six men how they enjoyed the Manger-Milsky shower (less) baths.

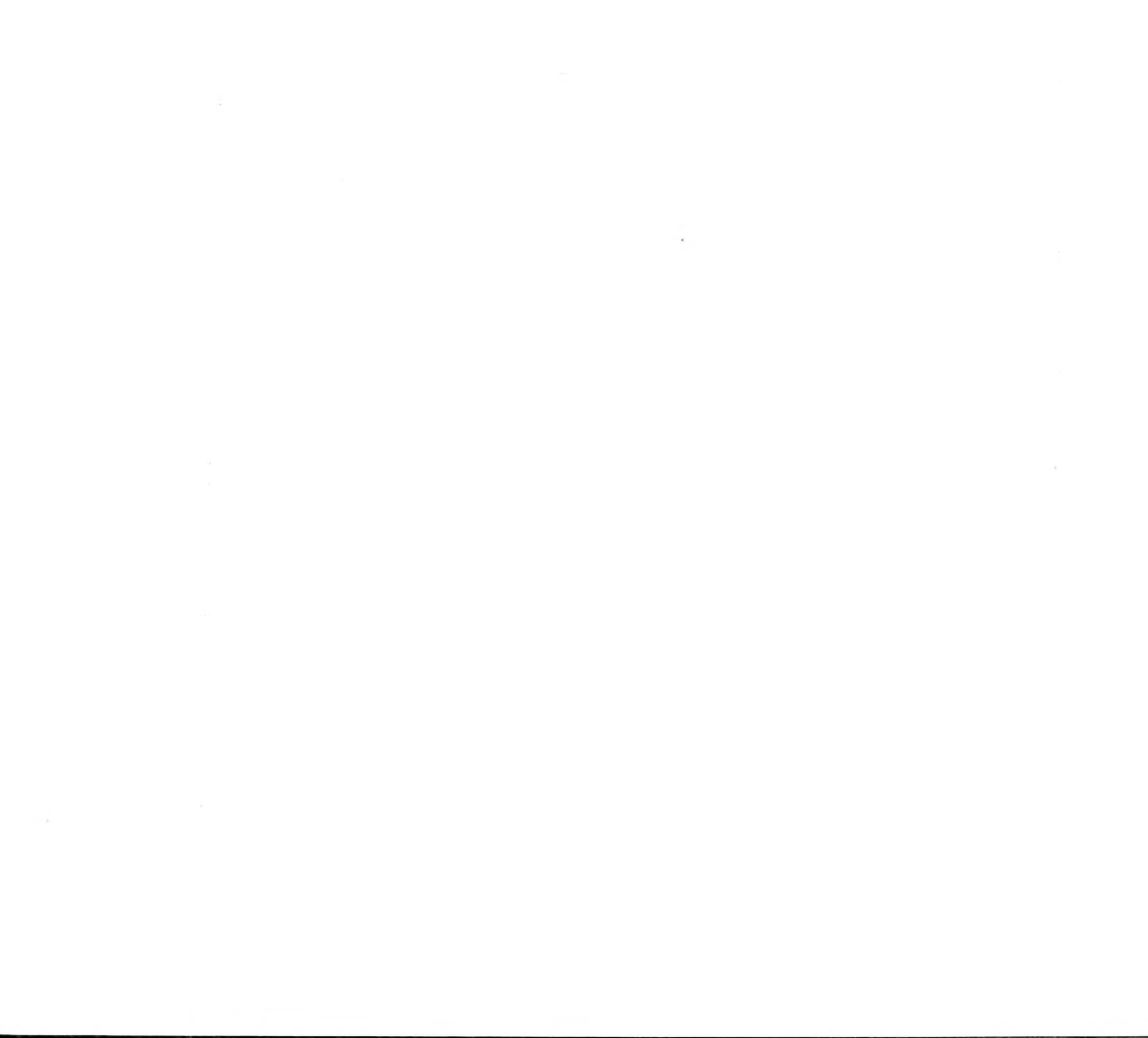
Ed Miller is our second Wagonless Wagoner. Who's next ?



Ed. Ward

he
impersonates

- 1. Lumpy Reeve
- 2. Doc Riveley
- 3. Corp Woods
- 4. Jazz Gumaer



La Trine Rumor

VOL. I

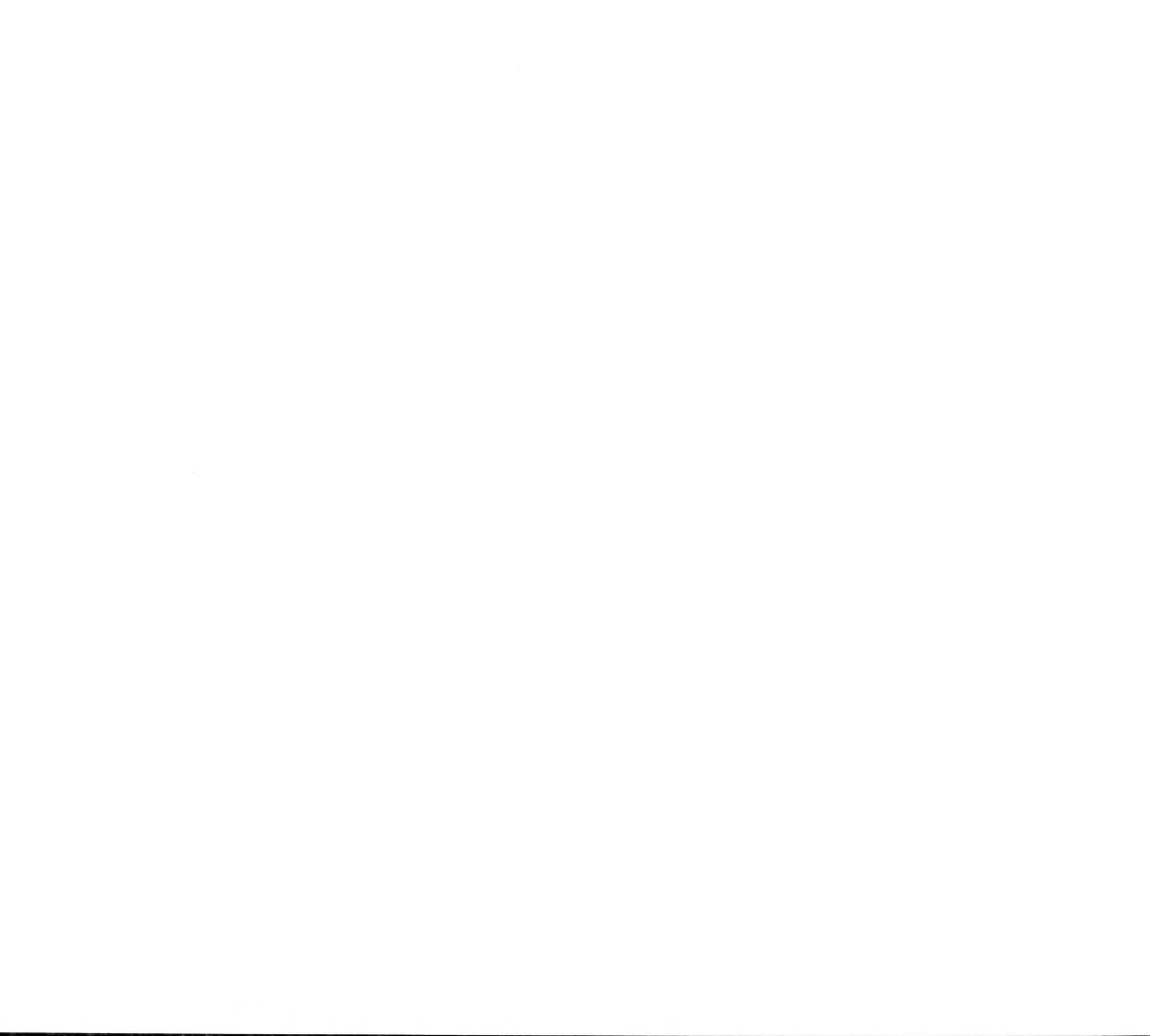
EDITORIAL

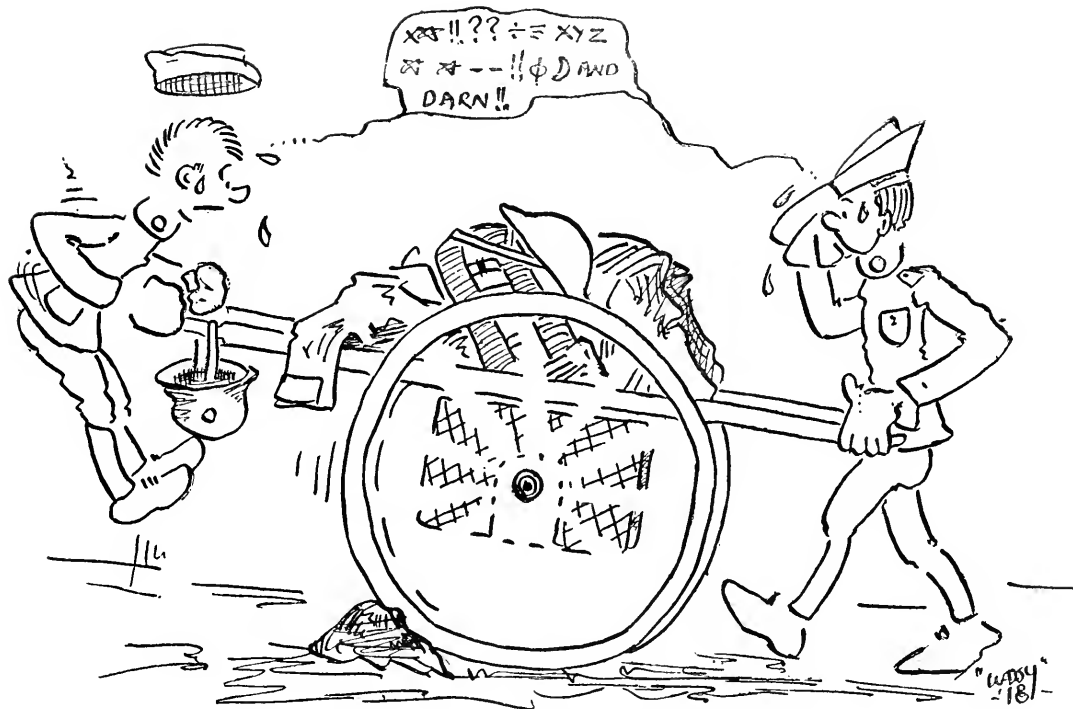
NO. 7 & 8

The War is over. Hurrah! Also, three Cheers! Thirty-three has come through battle and murder and sudden death with honor and glory. But what a change has come upon Thirty-three! Casualties? Afew; but we never expected to come through unscathed, and though we are sorely touched with our loss, we are proud in the memory of those who died.

The losses which oppress without compensation are those we have suffered in these latter days. The "good of the service" has demanded the removal of several of those who have been with us from the beginning; those who were staunch in the doubtful times at Butler, Syracuse, Allentown and Charlotte. It seems shameful that, after a year of faithful service and good cameraderie, they should be cut off from us at the very end of the War. We cannot see the justice of it and we do not know the reason for it. But ---

Thirty-three, remnant of what we were, shattered and almost unrecognizable through the inevitable process of the military machine, let us stick together. Let us remember that the C.O.'s and the rest of the upper works are necessary. Let us also remember that back of them and above them all is the ideal for which we enlisted. Hang on! It is only for a short while now. Don't spoil the good work by weakening. And when we meet in camp, on the road, or afterwards, let us have the strong hand of fellowship always ready to grasp that of our blood-brother, our comrade in Thirty-three.





— PART OF THE HONOR —



• Aint it Funny • After the War •



they reëquip you



and let you march



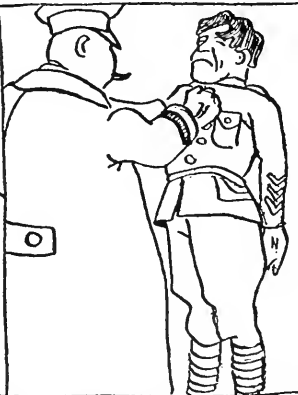
and eat corn-willy



and camp in the Swamp



and forbid fraternizing



and then pin on a ribbon

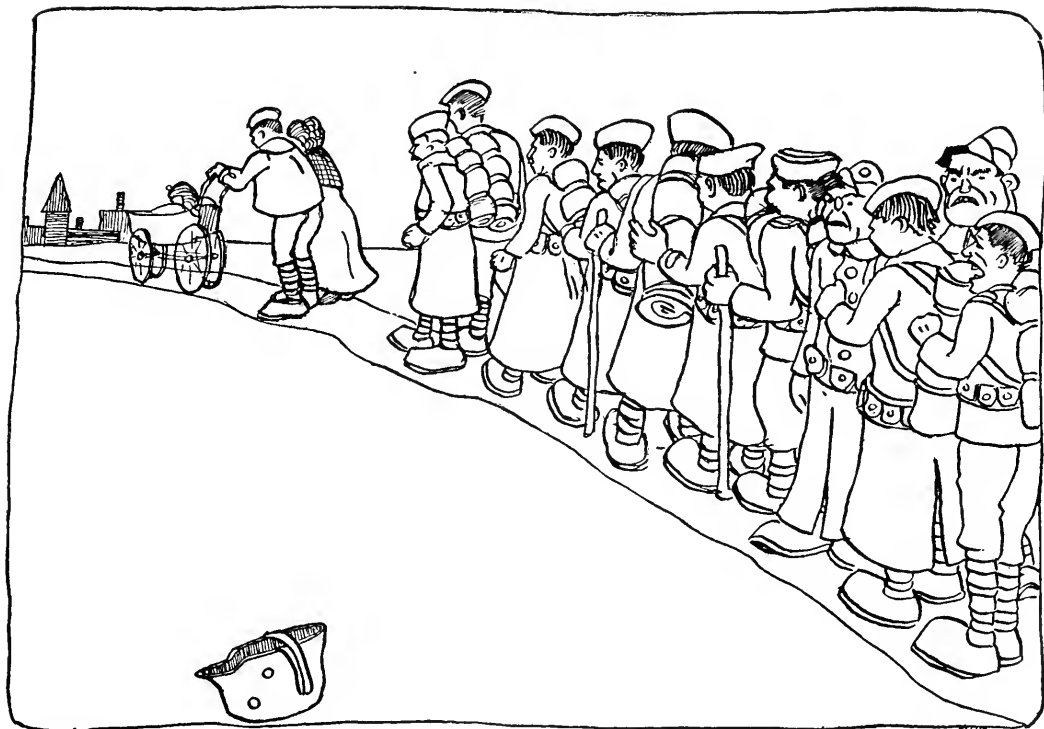
• And Call it Glory •





— MIKSKI - EARNING HIS DOLLAR A DAY —





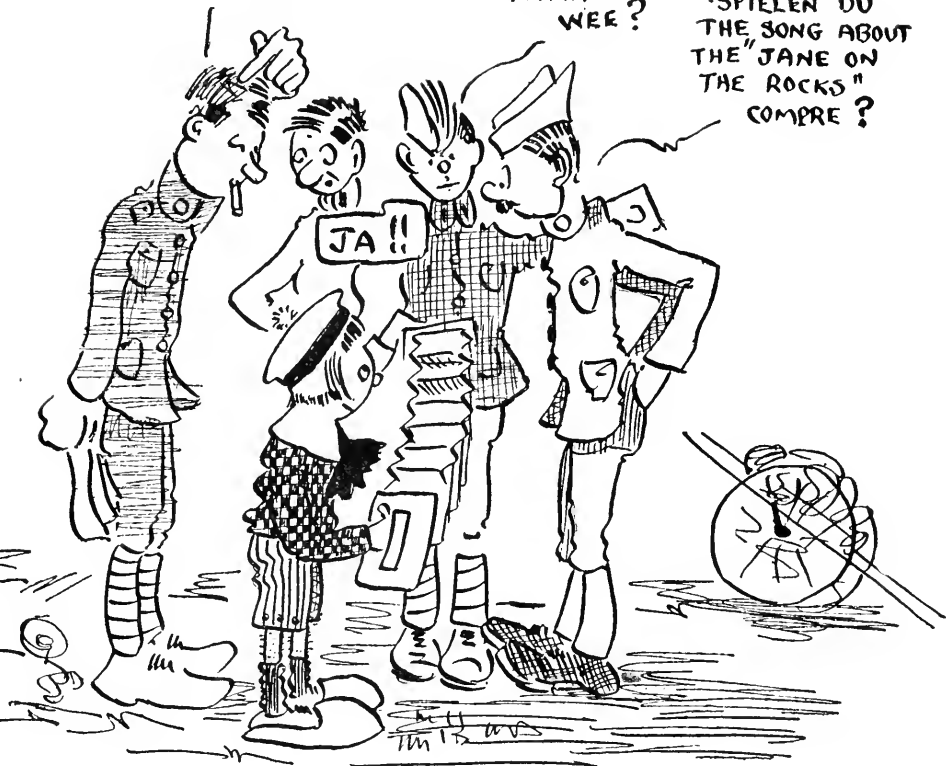
PLAYIN' SIE
STRUTTER'S BALL

SHOOT THAT
LAST ONE
AGAIN -
WEE?

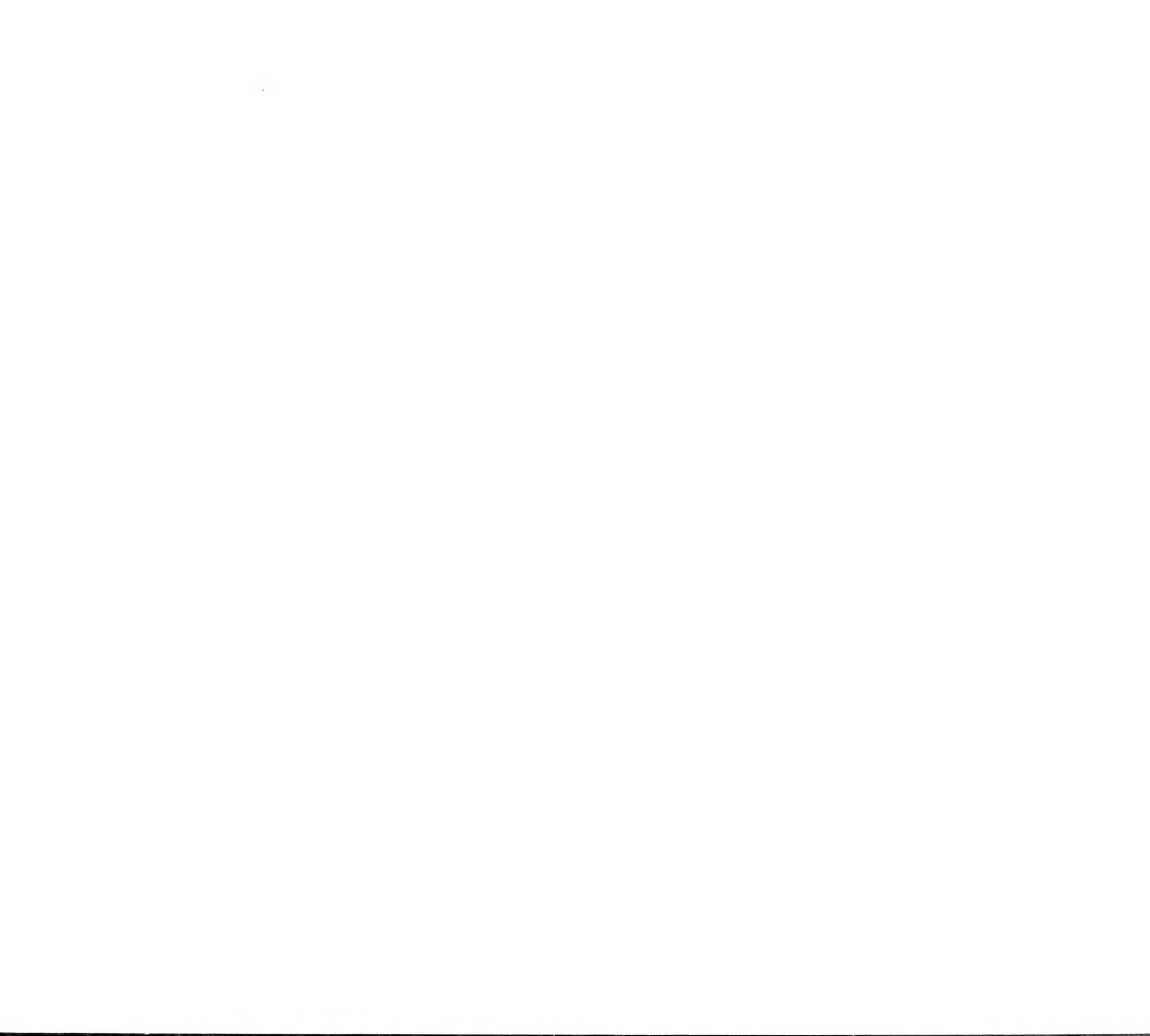
„SPIELEN DU
THE SONG ABOUT
THE "JANE ON
THE ROCKS"
COMPRE?"

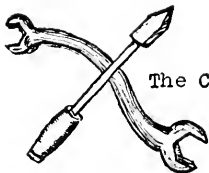
JA!!

NACH
UECKINGEN



Oben links Knobel spielt „Lieber Augustin“





THE TAIL-LIGHT

The Corner Peculiar to the Mechanical Department

Edited By A. Bumper.



It is said that "Sud" Fromer has become a road sleuth. Neither A. Taride nor any one else can follow him.

"Guinny" Picoli struck luck Sunday when he found a bath and some female "E.V.D's".

"Spook" Parker and "Ben" Prout have entered partnership selling newspapers. Price ten francs each.

P. Fromer is reported to have strained himself reaching for the clutch of his new A. E. C.

Seen at a Cross Roads. The "heat-absorber-twins", huddled over a bonfire. Old "Si" Clark had fourteen blankets wrapped around him while the sick man "Al" Betts had only one.

Was "pumper" Hurrell out with the Dibble Dabble Club the night he fell in the brook.

How to be an aid. Be sure to get sore feet.

"Tommy" Thompkins boasts of standing sixty hours guard in "NO-MANS-LAND", while his relief was hiking twenty-five kilometers

Is the back seat of an ambulance comfortable? Ask "Eddie Gilbert."

ROAD PATROL REPORT:-"Ed" Miller and "Walt" Mason are strong on fancy driving.

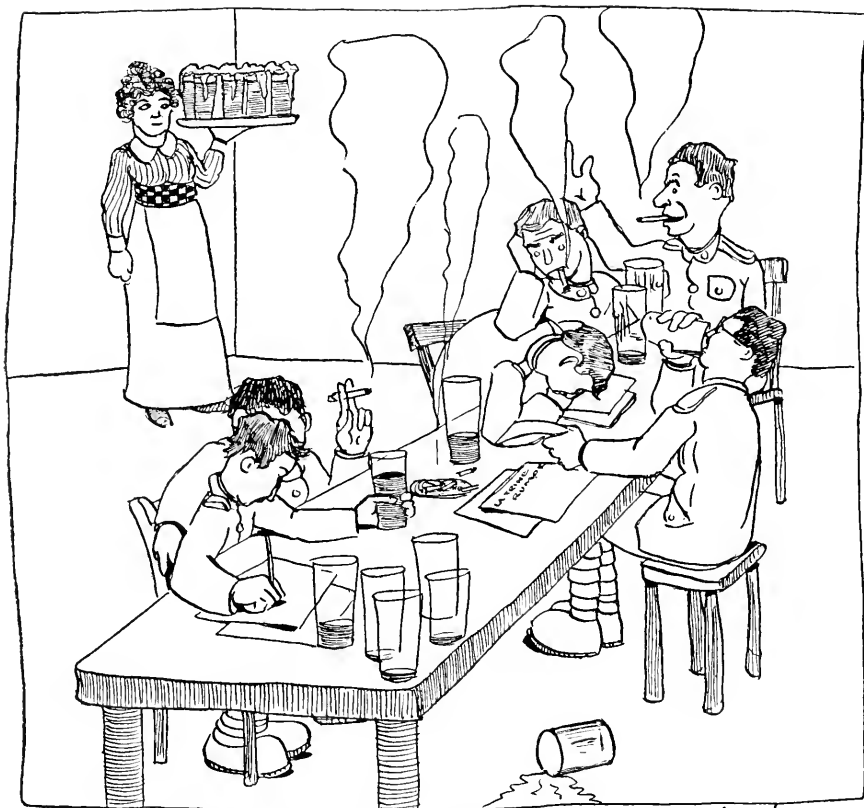
"Eddie" Meyer skidded into Germany so cleverly that he is now back on his carpenter job.

WONDERS will never cease. "Bob" Lyon was seen coming out of a Cafe. Well he really had to come out sometime.

Was the disease contracted on the Argonne Front by the Ambulance Drivers, Yellow jaundice.

Why did Handville leave Septsarges in such a hurry?





AND THIS IS HOW WE DO IT

LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

OF RARE BOOKS

INCOMPLETE VERSES BY MEN OF LETTERS

"GRENADINE"

by

ROBT. MAC GREGOR GOW JR.

A sweet drinking song which holds so much in these last swigs —

"The pride of the Clan, alas
Has drained the dregs of the glass" |

"SIZE PLEASE"

by

GEORGE MALCOLM HOWIE

A suitable piece in many parts —

"He deals out clothes with all his might, but ah,
His crowning point is bald and bright"

"KOOTIES RUN WILD SIMPLY BONES OVER ME"

by

MOTT BENNER ROSS

You will itch to have your friends read this blood-thirsty hunt of wild animal life. —

Kooties & Calasthenics a good match
9th Exercise, 1st Series, now as "scratch"

"NO COMPRE"

by

JOS. THOMSON WITHROW

A treatise on conduct with French madams
Highly endorsed after frequent applications
by Jergearf Juge —

"ON MY HEAD"

by

FRED HERMAN STAHL

A throbbing yet corking piece of
blatantly blank verse. —

'HOW TO RUN A MINSTREL SHOW'

by

"Dorgie" Dorgeval
"Red" Stephens
"Wadsie" Wadsworth
"Woodsie" Woods
"Bob" Butterworth
"Eddie" Gumaer
"Waldie" Walden

Ask the 4th Division, they know!
These authors, by their own dramatic performances, know where-by they write. The book, like the players, is (or was) full of spirits which has an intoxicating whiff and strong breezy note to it. The players rose to dizzy heights of their own accord, even breaking the electrified audience. The book is bound to make a hit as these finished artists almost got.

"HOW IT OUGHT TO BE DONE"

by

GENERAL WEBER

The ability to probe into others affairs told in a skillful and professional manner.

'LIFE OVER THERE'

Told graphically by two prolific newspaper correspondents. Anyone who has been at the front will enjoy to the utmost these amusing incidents of Army life.

'OVER THE TOP WITH METZ'

is certainly told by one who knows.

Correspondent **HURRELL** is to be congratulated.

"Space permitting, we always use his stuff"
Summit Herald.

SQUARE WITH KAISER BILL

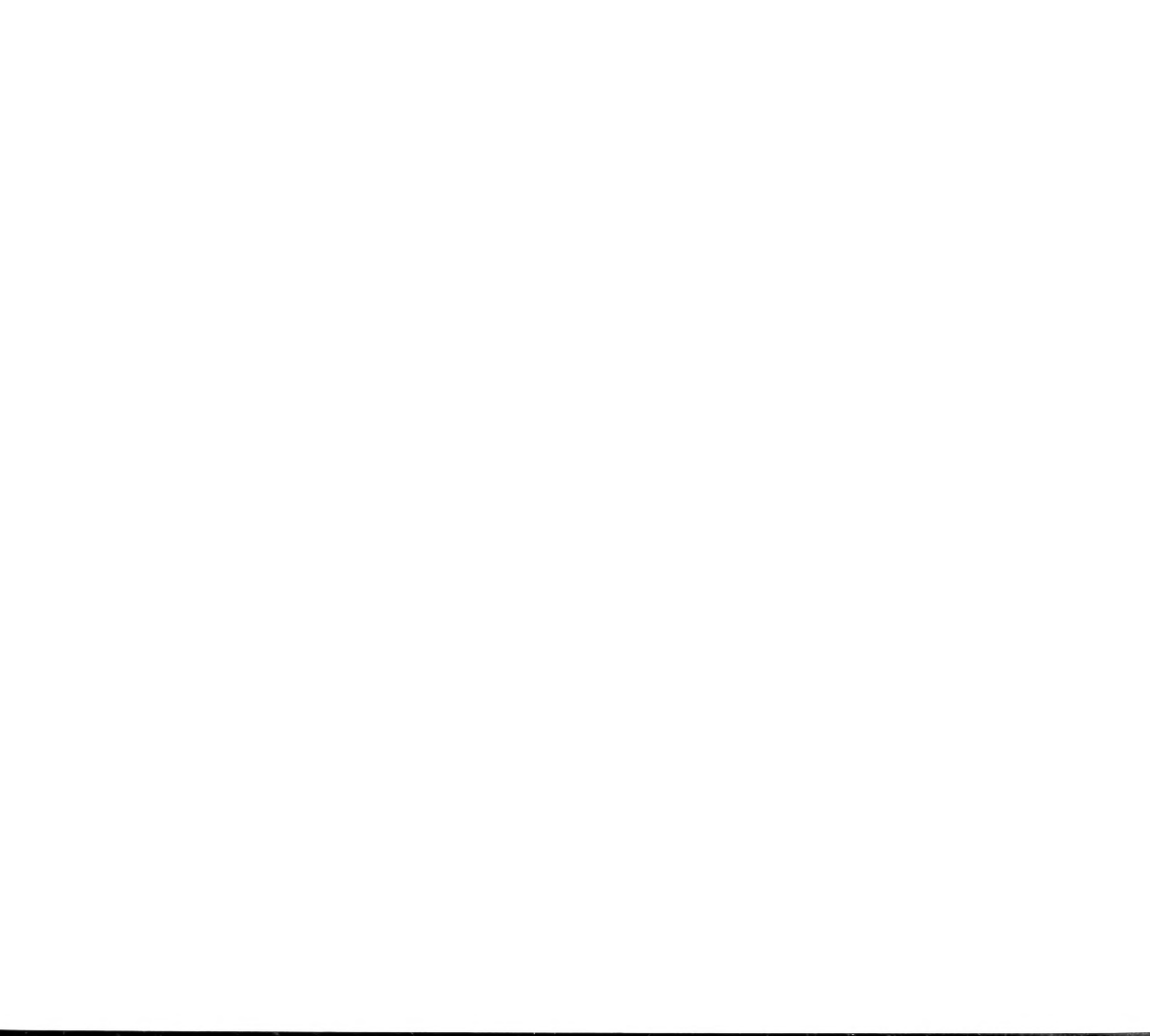
by Reporter **BRUCE MAC WHINNEY**

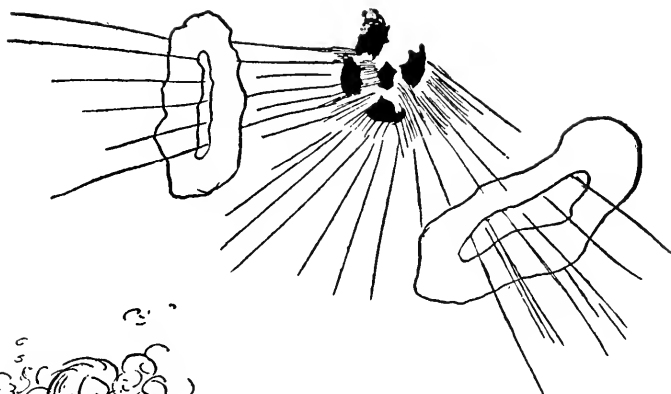
In his article in the Rahway Record he tells of how his aide is knocked from the ambulance by a shell, he leaps from the car and vengefully pulls the string of a nearby 8" gun and thusly gets even with the Huns.

SPACE FOR SALE

Let loose by

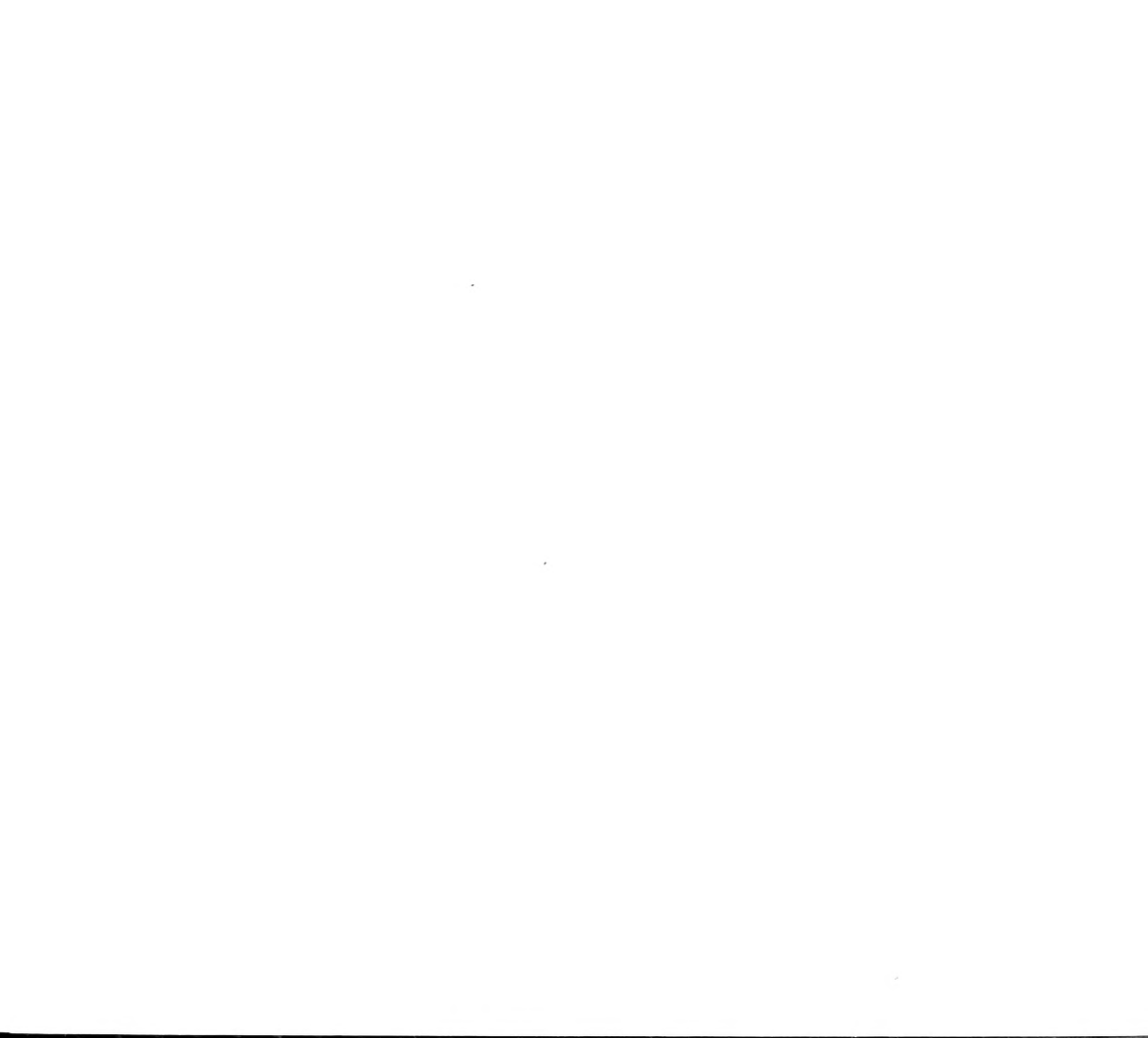
THE FOUR COUNTS,
12 COMPANY ST.,
PARADE REST,
NO MAN'S LAND





HASEVERYBODYHERESEENMURPHY







La Grine Rumor.









NOW LISTEN-BOBBY- DEM
GUYS IS SITTING AROUND
PARIS HANDING OUT SOFT
COMPLIMENTS TO ONE AN
OTHER- THEY AINT
DOING A THING- GOWAN-
WE'LL STILL BE LIVING WID
DESE HUMS
NEXT XMAS !!

I HEARD TODAY, LOU,
THAT DE 4TH DIV.
AND DE 42ND- WERE
GOING HOME BEFORE
1919 - IT STANDS TO
REASON DAT OUR
OUT FITS OUGHTED-

HEY BROWNIE--
THE WATER'S
FOR HERE-NOT
THE GRASS

SGT- HEY, DEP-
I FOUND 23
MORE BEANS !!

OH HELL !!

"THE 'LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE' TALKS
HIMSELF ON A CAT."



Remig is now happy; he expects to tour under his beloved standard, the Red Triangle, and at last his four talents are recognized -- playing -- singing -- acting -- and his charming personality.

Did Tompkins ever show you the souvenirs he picked up while doing his famous "No-man's Land Crawl" ?

When I saw Mac Whimney reading his shirt the other day, I wondered whether he was picking "cooties" or bits of shrapnel.

Jack Farley showed great stage presence the other evening at the entertainment. Why shouldn't he; he used to "flop" griddle cakes in Child's.

The Bolsheviki and his meat-hound have left for other parts. We miss the dog.

Sorry to hear "Doc" Riveley is ill. Why doesn't he take "into himself" some of his own pills.

It has been wondered if Walden would have ever risen higher than a "buck" in the Company.

Linde, not being able to get a cornet for the road show, nas offered to entertain the boys by telling experiences at the front, giving clever imitations of Hun planes dropping eggs, machine guns "rat-tat-tating", shells whistling. For an encore he will read his diary. The kid's clever.

It is rumored that Gage, the Canteen Lady, is expecting to give birth to a bar of chocolate next week. Nice work old dear.

Hopwood is back. One would never know it for he has a bad throat, and cannot talk MUCH.

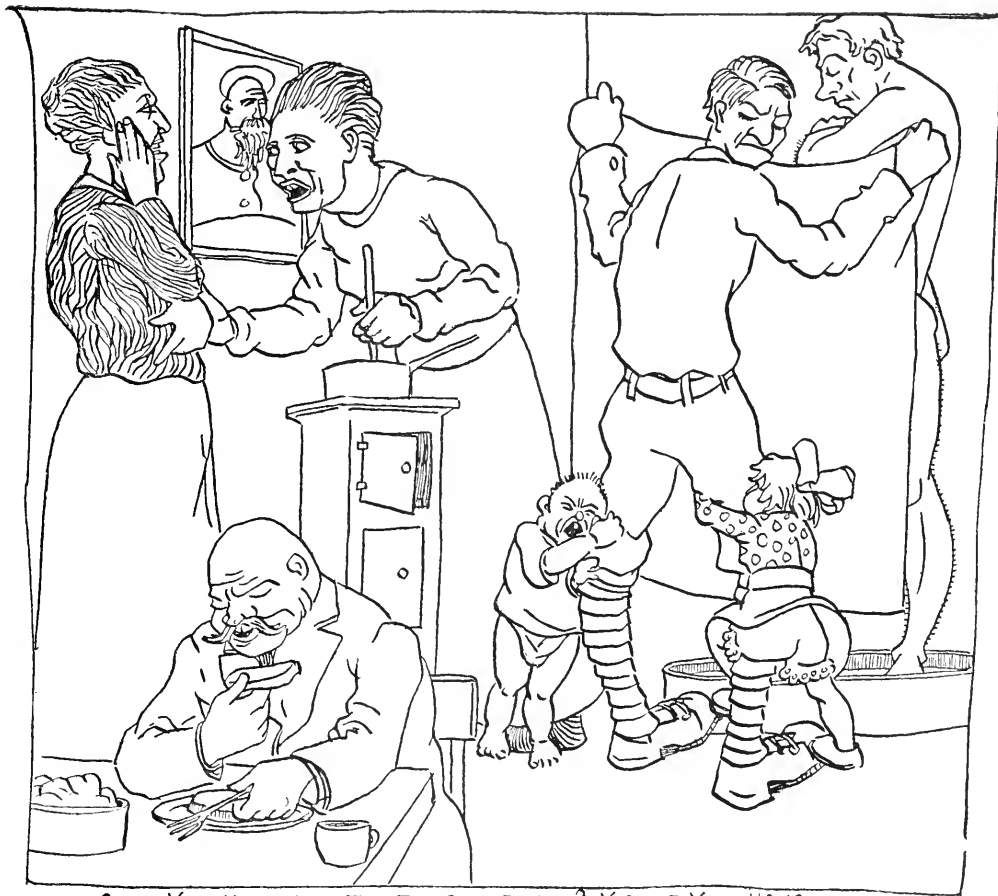
My advise to the would-be "barn-stormers" is: "Better to be a big fish in a little pool than etc"

Ask C. Patterson how his Court Martial came out after pompous Bill Betts looked it up in the Manual of Arms.

Ray Williams' new nick-name is "Prof" and it does not mean professor either.

. It has been remarked that the kitchen is the refuge for all broken-down drivers.

"Spook" Parker was put on Dick Gage's detail on the hike for punishment. KINYABEATUT ?



• CAN YOU MANAGE TO TAKE A BATH? YES, IF YOU HAVE •
• A MANAGER •

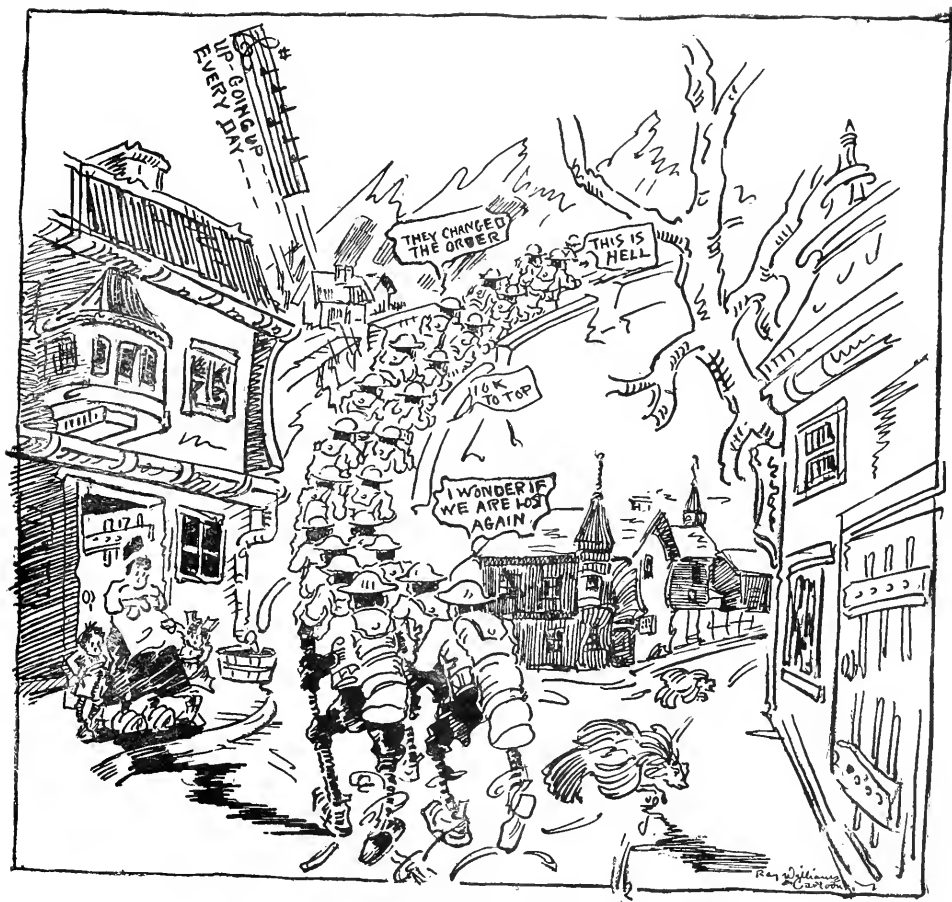


By special arrange-
ment - taken
"PAINLESSLY"



EIN GROSCHEN FOR
A FITTING TITLE.

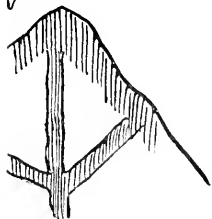
"I DON'T WANT TO BE A HERO"



A DOLLAR A DAY.



A G.I. CHRISTMAS





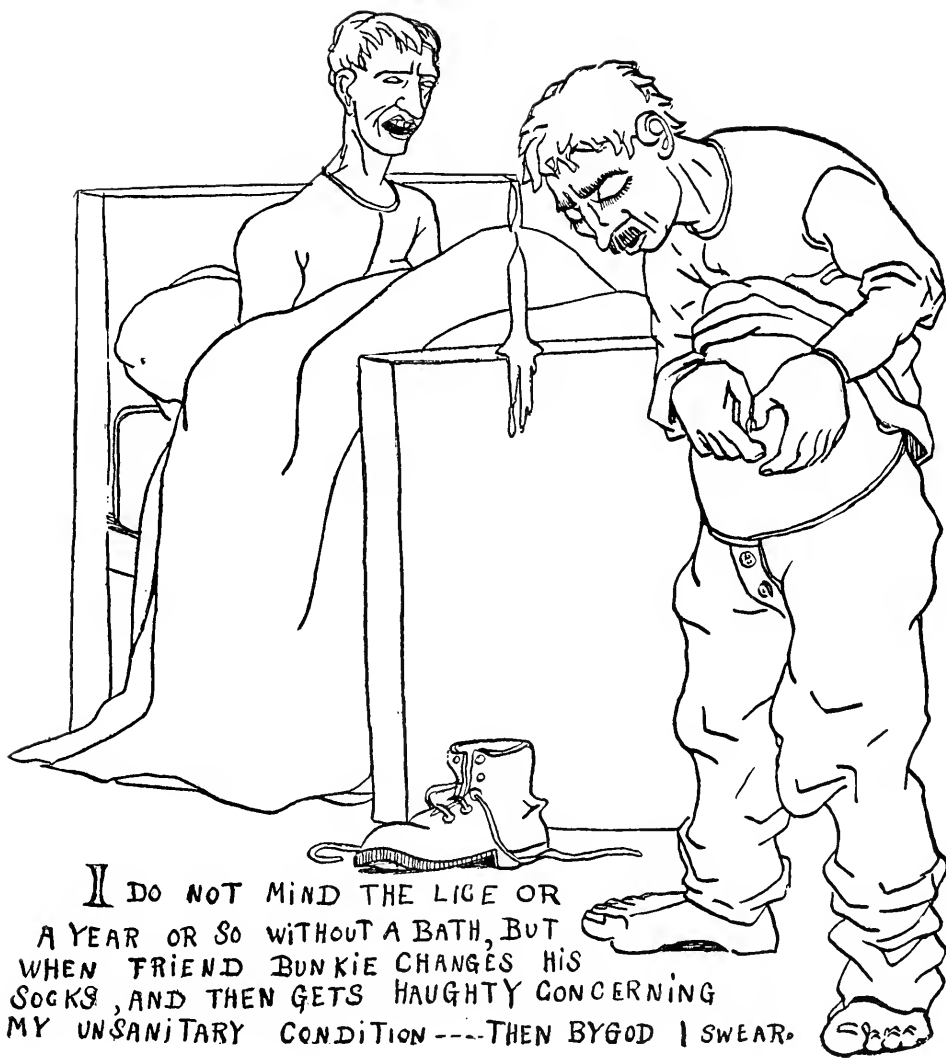
CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO "RUMOR" THEATRES

- ESMES OLYMPIC -- Ralph Gentile in "UNDER COVER" Best possible setting in dug-out for hero.
- OLD 84TH -- Revival of OFFICER 606 -- Talcott Kenworthy Garlock with fair support. Probably will finish season.
- BALDWIN THEATRE -- "SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE" by the C.O. Notice later.
- THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE -- Petit Freddie Eisenberg in "SEVENTEEN". Play well cast. Star natural.
- SEPTSBARGES CENTRAL -- "UNDER FIRE" with Arthur Linde as lead, been running fifteen weeks. Well acted.
- 42ND -- Montgomery Hopwood and Stone Lloyd in "CHIN CHIN". Rapid-fire entertainment. Continuous show.
- LUTZERATH WINTER GARDEN -- "ROBINSON CRUSOE JR." "Friday" Zahrhart romps with large bevy of beautiful Janes.
- TOMPKINS THEATRE -- "OVER THE TOP" by Tompkins. Author-actor takes leading roll too seriously.
- POST THEATRE -- "GRAND ARMY MAN". "Billy" Betts makes the most of a poor part. Full criticism next week.
- MONT DORE CASINO --- "THE GREAT LOVER". Foreign company headed by Harold Francis Dorgeval. Well received on tour.
- COLUMBIA BURLESQUE -- "THE BRAT" gives "Eddie" Gilbert a chance to show his talent.
- "HOOSEGOW", CAMP GREENE -- "T' WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS". Heavy teamwork of Gage and Woods. Some scenes barred.
- UECKINGEN TOWN HALL -- "A POOE THERE WAS". Remig's plea to a German maiden. Highly amusing to audience. Bitter tragedy.
- JOHNSTON'S OPERA HOUSE -- Closed for repairs.
- RECREATION HALL "SALVATION NELL" -- Miss "Canteen" Gage struggles desperately to dispense good cheer to a bored audience. Chaplin Williamson will be given time between acts to do his franc - mark juggling act (continued next page)



Another Wagonless Wagoner ?

WILLIAMS
19



I DO NOT MIND THE LICE OR
A YEAR OR SO WITHOUT A BATH, BUT
WHEN FRIEND BUNKIE CHANGES HIS
SOCKS, AND THEN GETS HAUGHTY CONCERNING
MY UNSANITARY CONDITION --- THEN BY GOD I SWEAR.

November 22, 1918.

From: 1st Lieut. J.K.Adams
To: 33rd Ambulance Company
Subject: Farewell to Company

It is with the greatest regret and sorrow that I realize that you and I must part. I have been passed on by a board and ordered back to the U.S. It has been my misfortune to have had a severe attack of influenza which has for the time being knocked the props out from under me.

After all, the war is over and I can say with a clear conscience that as far as I know we did everything we came over to do. It is true that you are not bespattered with Croix de Guerre medals. These medals are made in France and are for the French. You know and I know that no living being has ever taken ambulances nearer the front than you have.

You know that there never was a man in the Company, driver, aide or stretcher bearer that ever flinched when ordered to do his duty.

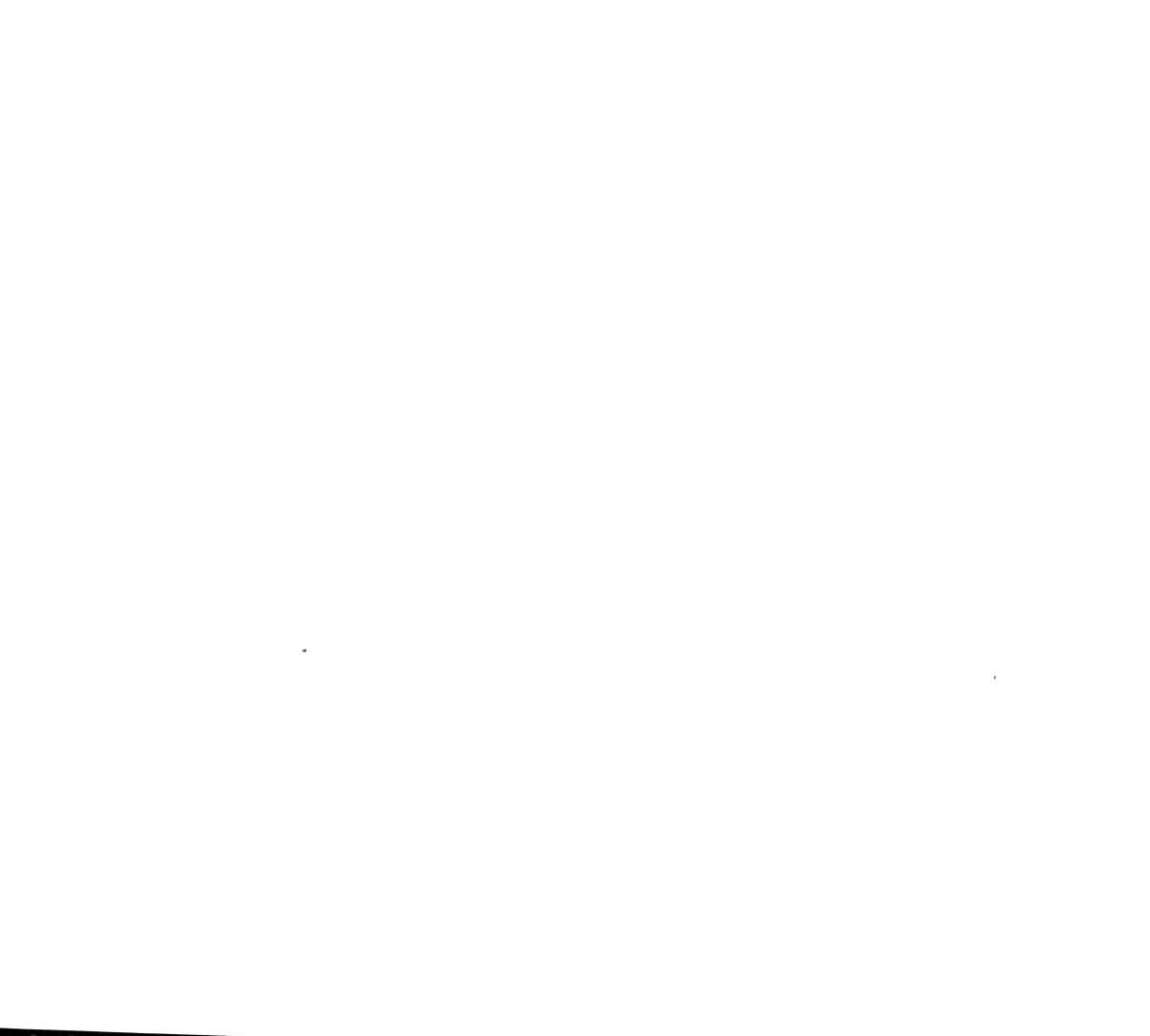
It is most unfortunate that two of the best of you lost their lives doing their duty. You are not of my generation, and I doubt whether you fully take in how well you really have done and how proud I am to have been associated with you.

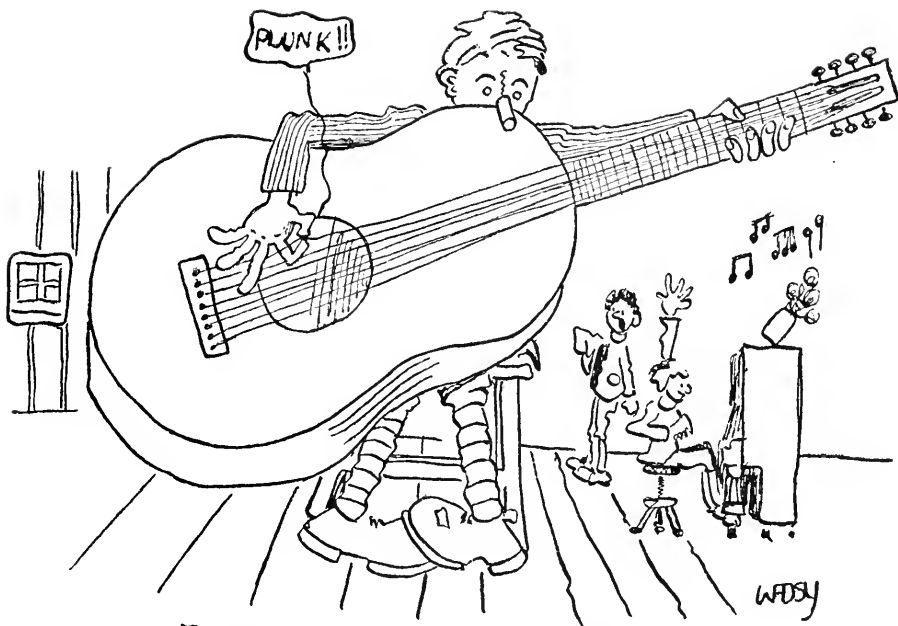
I personally joined the Company at the invitation of Dr. Lawrence. I joined the Company because I wanted to see the war from as near the front as possible. Had I it all to do over again I would rather be a Lieutenant in the 33rd Ambulance Co. than a full Colonel in the S.O.S.

At your head you have a most ideal Commanding Officer and at his side in Lieutenant Palmer you have one of the ablest officers ever associated with the Company. I trust you will support them both in the manner they deserve, and that you will continue to add to your reputation in the Army of Occupation, returning to America better known than any other Ambulance Co. that has left the U.S.

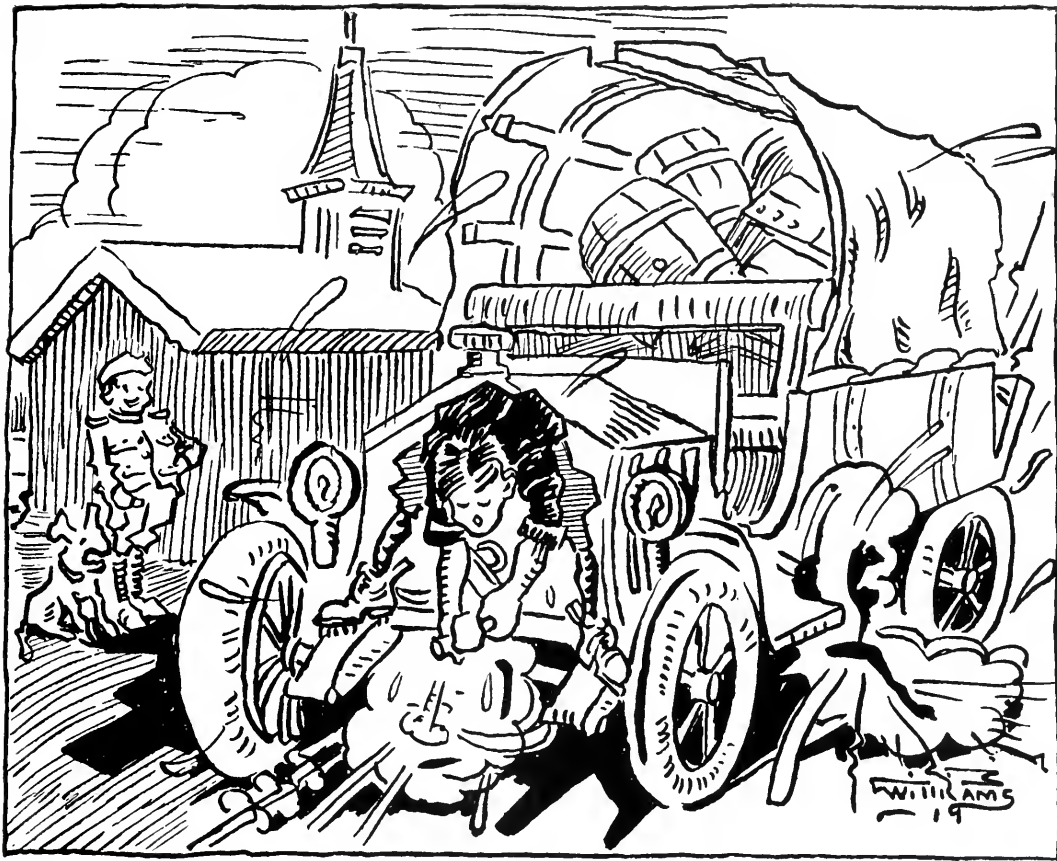
I wish you all the luck there is in the world, and if I can be of the slightest assistance to you, I sincerely trust you will not hesitate to call on me.

John K. Adams





THE GUITAR AND THE SOLDIER



A SUGGESTION FOR PAUL FROMER

YE LATRINE GOSSIP

O. B. GEEZUS

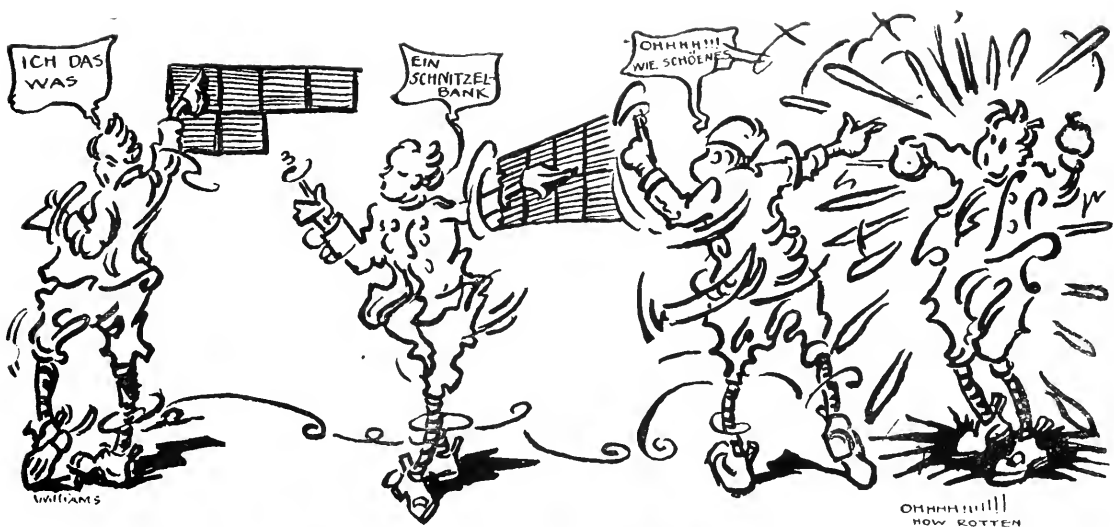
CHRISTMAS Eve I had
A great surprise.
THE Y.M.C.A.
GAVE me
CHOCOLATE,
A CIGAR (a good one),
A pack of OBAKS
AND a apple.
EXCUSE me, the
RED CROSS gave me
THAT apple.
I suppose the
"y" will write
IT up for the
MAGAZINES and
NEWSPAPERS for the
FOLKS home.
I don't blame them

FOR it is the
FIRST thing
THEY GAVE us since
"The Old Man died".
OH well, let's
BE cheerful,
SOAP is still at
PAR and you can
BUY the town for
A cake of chocolate.
ITS New Year's Eve
AND time for a
RESOLUTION.
I never make
ANY myself,
BUT I would like to
SEE the Sergeants
RESOLVE to cover

IN file in
THE mess line, and
REFRAIN from
APPEARING busy.
I am going to bed now
AND, as I fall
OFF to sleep,
I HEAR
THE plaintif voices of
JOHN LLOYD and
FRED WILKE singing,
"NEVER to rise again"
AND
"WHEN a man gets old".
GUTE NACHT !!!!!
I THANK YOU.

O. B. G.

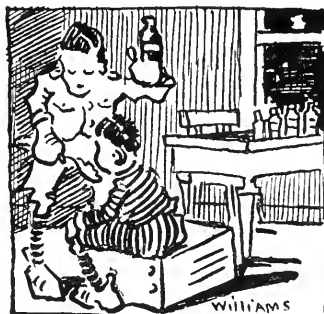




"FIRSTS"



"SECONDS"



"CAPUT"

THE PRINCIPAL PARTS OF A CHRISTMAS DINNER
BY EDWARD POLLAK JOSEPH TREBAUD JR

La Trine Rumor

Vol. I.

Editorial

No. 9.

This RUMOR starts another year; a new one, big with possibility, and full of the memory of what has taken place during the year just ended.

During 1918, we began, continued and ended our part in the Great War; and, to be perfectly truthful about it, we are glad that it is over. We have seen much more, of Life and Death, Men and Women, than we had seen before or ever shall see again. The experience has been good for us, in that it has taught us the smallness and emptiness of modern conventionalities. It has taught us to think more quickly, to act more shrewdly and to judge more surely because we have been the Underdog. We have learned that certain people, chosen from the ruck on account of some specific qualification, either apparent or otherwise, have been vested with authority to direct our activities down to the last detail. We have learned to knuckle down; and, in learning this, we have leisure to think our own thoughts unmolested and form definite conclusions as to why and wherefore.

But we fancy that we have left our former selves back in the old civilian days, and that we have become rough and calloused and very, very bad. We flatter ourselves that we can drink and swagger, boast and brag, and that when we get out of "this man's army" we shall have an accounting with the world in general.

But to be absolutely honest with ourselves, we are not nearly so rotten as we think. We are just ordinary people, living ordinary lives. When we return, the draftlings will have received most of the honor and the credit, and for us of the Regular Army there will be very little left. This will hurt, but it will be instructive.

Let us, therefore, now resolve, that, here and hereafter, we shall endeavor to conduct ourselves like men; patient, considerate and uncomplaining, not whining about delays or difficulties, but waiting hopefully for the day which shall see us, each with those he loves best, telling them the tale of his voluntary "bit" in the WAR. And, really, it will be worth all that it has cost.



THE STREETS
OF
LUTZERATH

u.s.y.

Buist to Gus Nelson: "Gee, Nels, you're looking bad these days, if you dont pick up pretty soon your people wont know you when you get home."

Nelson: "By the time I get home my people will be so old that they will be too near-sighted to notice it."

Kaiser, to "Doc" Riveley, who is reading his shirt for "cooties :
"What cher looking for Doc, got a cutie ?"

Sgt. Peterson to Sgt. Betts at Uedkingen:
"If anyone wants me I'll be in the Geschlossen."

Guard to Civilian, "Halt, who goes there ?"

Civilian: "Guten abend".

Guard: "Pass guten abend".

Guard: "Halt, who goes there"?

Kaiser, also on guard, "Guard of the night."

While the supply of tomatoes was so low what did Cook Johnson do for tomatoes on the morning after the night before?

Acting Corporal Sergeant Walden (posting guard at midnight):
"Schhhhhh!!!! Attention men, Headquarters might see you."

Officer, reading Guard Rules to Class: "and salute all officers and colors not cased."

Stahl; "How does an officer look when cased ?" (Isn't that stupid ?)

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO "RUMOR" THEATRES (continued from pre-
ceding page)

THE PRINCESS -- "THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS". Gives Ivison a chance to show many attractions. Crowded house.

HEADQUARTERS PLAY HOUSE -- "BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE". A frantic, frenzied Fransioli's farcical pay-role, comedy. Not worth admission.



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MOSES)

Thou shalt not eat of thy mess
from off the window sills

Thou shalt not chuck 'das mad-
chen' under the chin en-
march.

Thou shalt not fall out on the
left of the road.

Thou shalt not get caught
accepting food from the
natives. (Thaggard take
note)

Thou shalt not covet thy neigh-
bor's wood, nor his coal, nor
his fowl, nor anything that is
within his gates for the C.
M. will hold him guiltless
who stealthily these things
in vain.

Thou shalt not look upon
the water when unchloro-
inated or thy rest will be
disturbed.

Thou shalt not put thy
faith in rumors

Thou shalt not remove thy
outer garment on a hike
or turn up the collar
thereof, for by the sweat
of thy brow must thou
toil.

Thou shalt not fraternize

Thou shalt not fail to see
Ray Williams in the event
of the previous.

THE TAIL-LIGHT
of the
MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT
by
A. BUMPER

Is it possible to explain why Corporal Wade addresses his envelopes, "Soldier's Mail on Active Duty,"

We understand that Manager "Grandpop" Clark considers his "Gasoline

Quartet" worthy of a Y.M.C.A. tour. "Grandpop" claims that his dialogue with "Bud" Fromer, "Tiny Tim" is a wonder.

"Eddie" Meyer is still driving -- not cars, nails, as per schedule.

Ask Paul Fromer why over-alls and rations are the same to "Eddie" Thebaud.

Sergeant Lyons is at sea concerning whether he or Gus McGowan possesses the worst war-time dispositions.

Our prize Wagonless Wagoner, Loomis, the second, has been granted his request to succeed Wagoner Miller on the Water Wagon.

The editors wish to be advised if Merritt Benton Prout contributed the Flourishing article on "A Y.M.C.A. Secretary's Life at the Front" to the Wyndham Journal.

Picoli and McGowan have refused to make any report on their "Lion-taming Act".

FROM
THE
"TANNERSVILLE
TIMES RECORD"

RECEIPT OF HUN HELMET

Mr. C. L. Wiltse was the recipient of a Helmet from his nephew, Clarence O. Fromer, who is in France with his Ambulance Company 33. This helmet is said to have belonged to, and worn by, a German soldier. His name being indelibly written on the inside of hat band, name of H. Guenther. It weighs 2 3/4 pounds and is made of steel. Mr. Wiltse is exhibiting it and points with pride to the fact of his being the owner of it.

The Charlotte Observer states that Private Thomas Dalton is a Sergeant. Investigation pending.

Ballentine wants to know if Sergeant Lyon will take him back in his department for a bottle of schnaps.

"Santa Claus" Betts, the Wagoner, is ~~surprisingly~~ ^{surprisingly} ~~known~~ ^{known} on the world. No one will listen to his choicest rumors, while "Bud" Fromer gets away with murder.

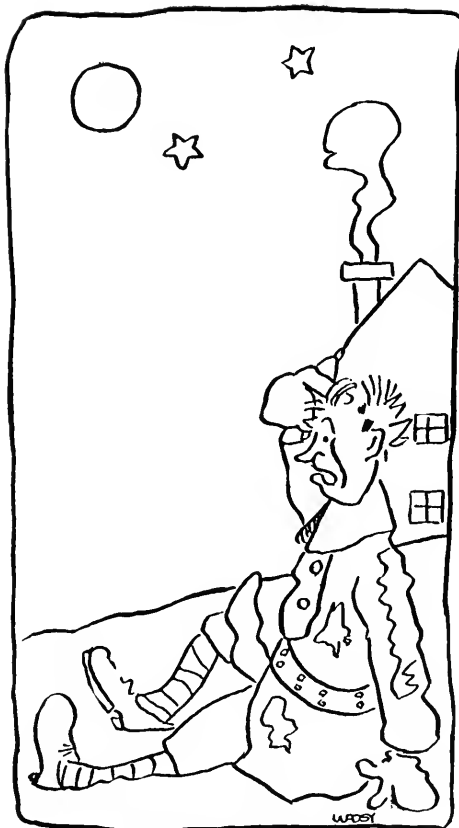
George Burnett has incorporated the House-wrecking Association at Lutzeraeth. He jams door-jams beautifully.

Who said that "Rail Road" Handville was stepping out to a real A.C. 33 mechanic.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



"HALT !! STOP THAT SLED !!"



"WHAT THE — !!"

POST NO 3

Camp Van Wycke

Do you remember?
?

How Bobby Lyons pulled the trigger of the sun-set gun

The Mountain Hotel.

How "Oppie" discovered the "Isle of Every Assurance"

The fireworks

When Geo. Moore drank too much punch

The arguments of the cooks

The Initiations.

The Greenwood Lake hike

Dorgeral - "Take-seats"

The beer-bottles in back of Charlie Wright's car.

What "Sammy" used to do on the Parade Ground

"Fatigue for the day - Nixdorf and Gage."

"Franz" cleaning the latrine

"Uncle Sammy"

"Pass in Review"

How Campbell climbed the fence

The night the orders came to move

Bahring's driving lessons

The morning Walden blew into camp.

The old swimming hole

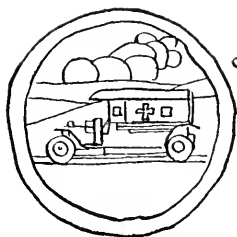
The Moving Pictures

The litter drill for the ladies

The day we left for Syracuse

The banquet (?) at Summit

"Take all you want, boys"



TENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

• AMB. CO. 33. •

• Nov. 11. 1928. •

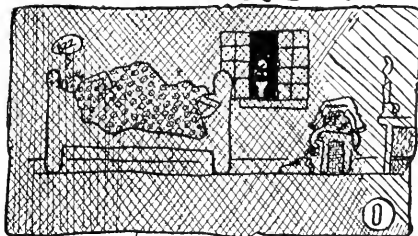
• Entertainment and smoker. •

• Program. •

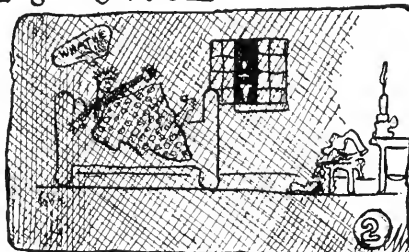
- | | |
|--|------------------|
| 1. 'The Darktown Strutters Ball' | • The Jazz Band. |
| 2. 'Just a wearin' for you'. solo. | • H. Remig. |
| 3. 'Down by the Rio Grande'. recitation. | • T. Lowe. |
| 4. 'The Darktown Strutters Ball' | • The Jazz Band. |
| 5. 'Cute Little Wiggle'. song. | • R. Sneath. |
| 6. 'Gunga Din'. recitation. | • F. Tracy. |
| 7. 'The Darktown Strutters Ball' | • The Jazz Band. |
| 8. 'Il Scorchoroso'. violin solo. | • H. Remig. |
| 9. 'Money The Moon shines'. | • Quartette. |
| 10. 'What Did Eve give Adam for'. | |
| Christmas. song. | • J. Farley. |
| 11. 'The Darktown Strutters Ball' | • The Jazz Band. |

• Curtain and Applause. •

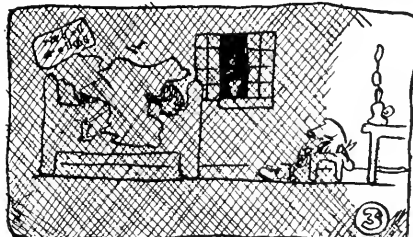
- THE FIRST TIME -



YOU ARE ON YOUR THIRD LAP- AND MA IS JUST BRINGING
IN THE STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE



WHEN A CREEPY- SPOOKY- GYROSCOPIC SENSATION.
DISTURBS YOUR CUSHY- AND KICKS CONVENTION



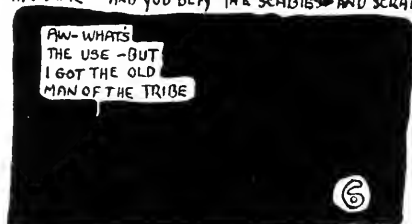
YOUR WRATH KNOWS NO BOUNDS- AND YOU HAVE
NO HEART FOR THE MUNS FAVORITE BED



YOUR ACTIONS BECOME DRASTIC- YOUR LANGUAGE
THE SAME- AND YOU DEY THE SCABIES AND SCRATCH



YOU GET IT- THE COOT-!! HOW YOU GLOAT OVER HIS MANGLED CARCASS - WHAT?



AW- WHAT'S
THE USE - BUT
I GOT THE OLD
MAN OF THE TRIBE

Our Advertisements Don't Fail to Read Them.

An advertisement aims to sell something. Of course, our former ads. in these columns of great value have sold you on the fact that:

'BUD' FRIMERS' IMAGINATION FACTORY

Never swerves from the truth in its guaranteed products

'THE EDDIE THEBAUD' CONSERVATIVE EATING COMMITTEE

Has won the war by its deprivation from gorging

EDDIE GUMBERS' DANCING INSTITUTE

Has saved shoe leather, a war product, by holding only twenty-five classes a week.

FOR THE COMING YEAR WE HAVE LINED UP SUCH MONSTROUS CONCERNS AS

TOM POTTER'S POST-BELLUM, ANTI-LIQUOR ASSOCIATION

'PEP' MOORE'S RUBBER PLANT - His conundrum: "Prevention is better than cure."

'JEFF' KNOCK is going to boom the City of Washington through a niggerly series of advertisements

'NIX' NIXDORFF JOUL 'EXPANDERS How to obtain a full face over night

'PIC' PICOLI'S CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL FOR STAGE FRIGHT

Teaches you to sing after dinner songs without fear Teacher of "Pansy" Judhaus.

Our readers buy vast quantities of any old salvage heap. Are you telling them your weakness? What have you to sell?

WANTED

EMPLOYEES *released from Government work*

As headwaiters, captains, cooks (all kinds, pastry, bake shop, etc.), chambermaids, waitresses, waiters, dumb-waiter operators, dish washers, and pot washers.

Permanent positions.

Apply immediately.

Hotel Association of New York City

CAMBRIDGE BUILDING, 33rd ST. and FIFTH AVE.

HOURS FOR APPLICATION:

Week days from 8.30 A. M. to 7.00 P. M.

Sundays from 9.00 A. M. to 5.00 P. M.



Lorraine Rumor

FEB • MAR
APR • 1919



R.W.



PORTRAITURE OF
 GENERAL RUDENDORF PETE
 IN 1920

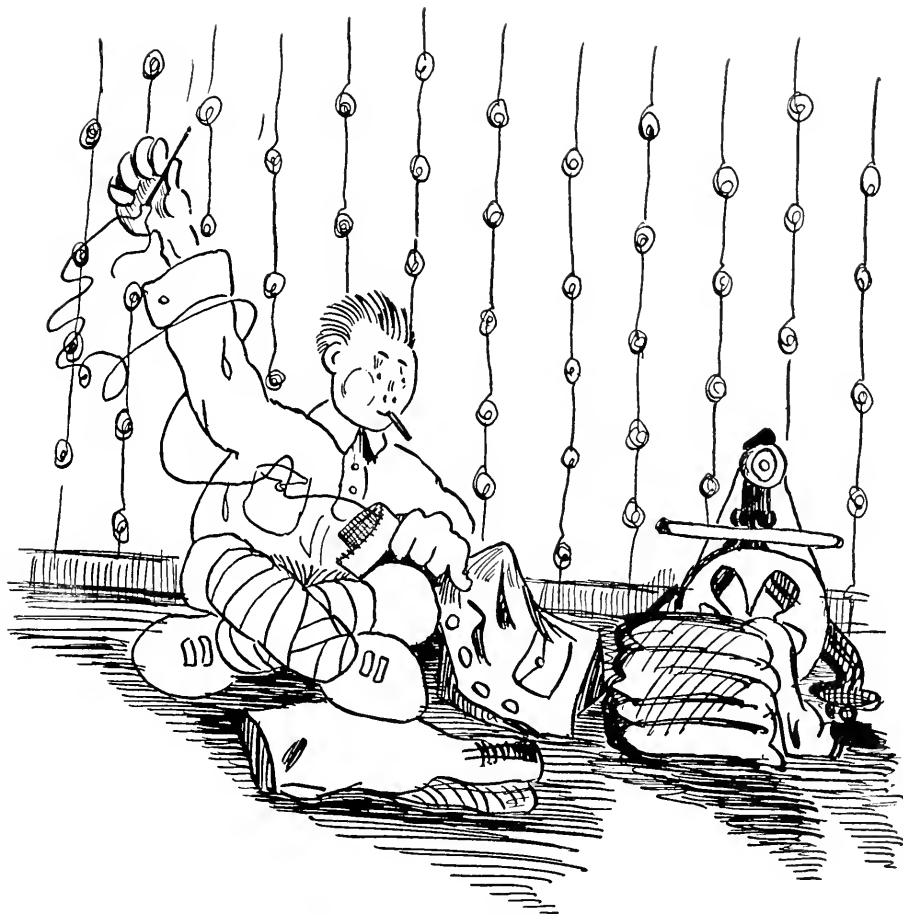


"BURNT-BEARINGS" TOMPKINS
 THE GENERAL'S CHOW-DOG.





PAGE DEDICATED TO THE
SEEKERS OF KNOWLEDGE (?)



— THE COMPANY TAILOR —

PICKED UP BY THE CENSOR.

Dear Maw:-

I see by the papers that things is stirrin all over the world for the impruvment of man but they aint got nothin on our compny. We tuk a sensus of all the dum guys and sent them away so we wood not get that way to. They went to france to study but they dont no wat its all about kaus the lessuns is all in french and Hopwood, Ward, Fromer and Dubois is workin hard studeein but they tuk up a spesul korse in wine and wimen and singin to. As i sed befor far be it from us to let those collech fellas get ahead of us so we got a post skool in our town and we got some good teechers to. A blacksmith is teechin shorthand and elite a hand a stage driver is teechin bi-ness and our mathamatiks teecher never figired anything excep how many beens he cud get on a plate at the busy bee. We had a maskerade dance one nite and there was a lot of fellas there drest up just like fastjanes, but they wasent. They had sum y m c a girls there to but they was so yung and kittenish being between sixteen and 20 that we did not hav much fun with them. Well everything went off fine until a guy cum in with a lantern and a gun. He had a cuppel of tuff lukin sergents to ptertect him and he sed that all officers was under arrest and had to go bak with him to mas hotel. Well i dont no wen they was let out but i herd that they was all on bounds or fatig. Dont no how they put officers on fatig they cant do k p end thats the only kind of fatig thet i ever had. Well the outkom of it was thet the man with the lantern got in a fite with our chaplin and the chaplin fainted away because the fella breathed in his face. they got a big investigashun on about the y m c a they want to find out if there was any y m c a people over here in france or germany. Some say they was seen here but they aint shure. One guy sed he got a pack a cigarets fer nuthin and thets why they got the investigashun goin on. Our barber went on a furlo to italy he is a milyun-air down there bekos he hed 24 packs of cigarets 40 pecks a bull durm and 15 cakes a soap. We all hope he had a good time. The other day evrybody got promoted to captens majers and kernals and wile one fellah was seleb ratin his promoshun on horse back the horse dumpt him off where the road was hard and he brok his arm. We are all sorry it was his arm. Well they wanted to give the en-listed men (there the guys what has to do there own work and every one elses to) sum promoshuns to so they woodnt get jelus. So they made too corporals in our compny. Well there was nobody hangin round the offise to make corporals which is somethin like a genral so our capten lined our compny up and says i want too corporals and as it is a fary mans job i dont like to appint anybody i want too volantiers. Wen i say march i want everybody to step too pases forard who wants the job. Well he sed march and everybody stept forard excep Sneath and Corrado. The capten said dont you too men want the job but they said it was to far to walk so they got the jobs. Well i hav to stop now for i got to go out and leen wich end of a gun the bullets cum out of. We are the 33rd pioneers now. Makin sharp shooters out of pill rollers aint no joke. Hopin you are the same i am

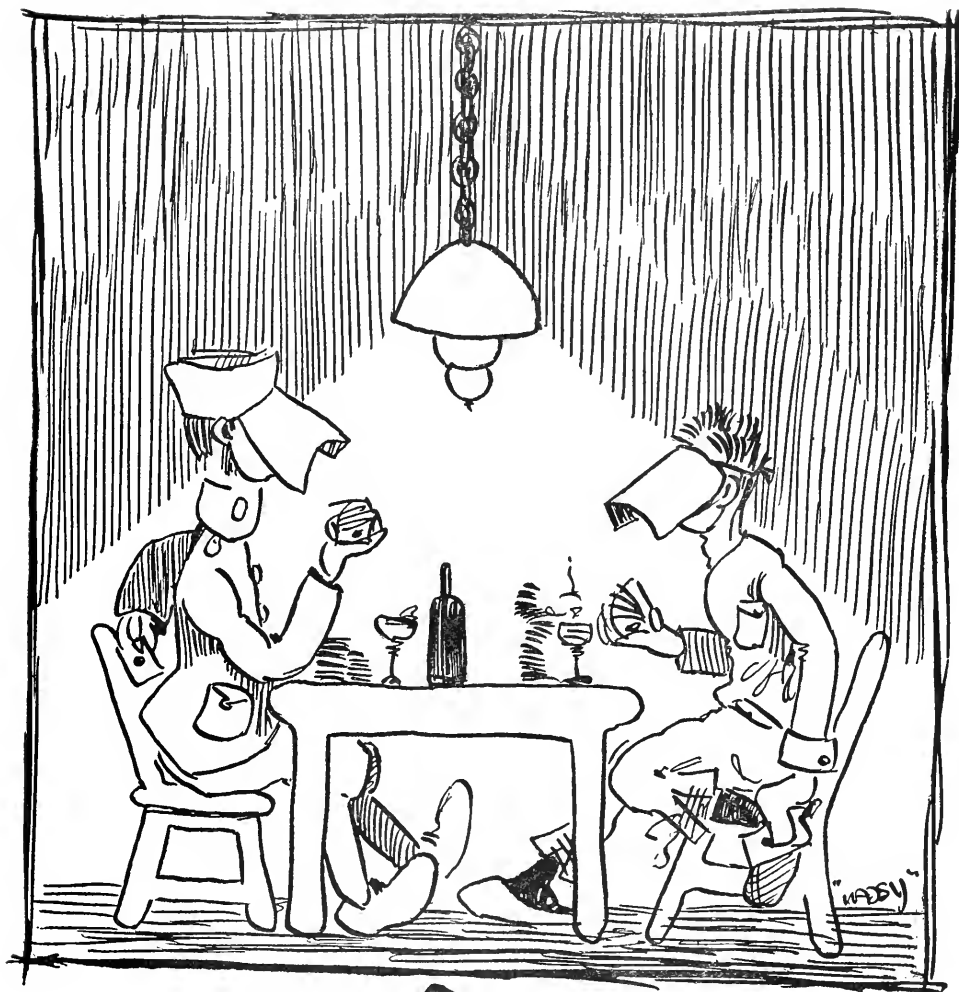
your lovin sun

Izzy Ferricht

p s i forgot to say thet Ray Williams hit his nose the other day with his gun wen he was a comin up to rite sholder arms.



" THE RIGHT CHURCH BUT
THE WRONG PEW "
SEE "FRANZY"



?

(ASK "BRICKY" OR PICCOLI)

LaTrineRumor

VOL. I.

EDITORIAL

Nos. 10-11-12.

As this number of the RUMOR materializes, we hear that twenty-five per cent of the A. E. F. has gone home. Not so with the Army of Occupation; for, though N.A. and N.G. may come and go, it seems evident that A.O. and Regular Army are destined to go on forever.

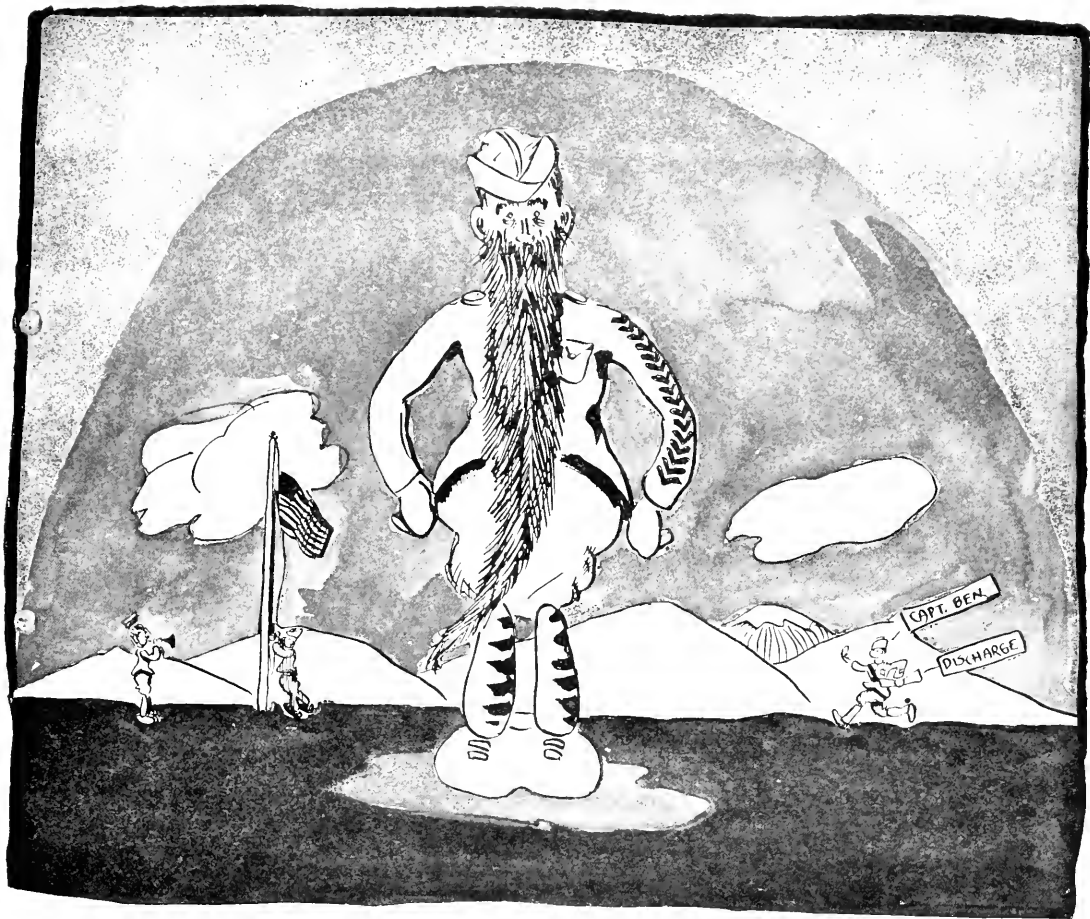
Despite the prayers and supplications of our Mothers, Sisters, Wives and Sweethearts, we must remain. Ours is the weary task of holding down the lid until matters are settled to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. It is dismal, heartbreaking, unsatisfactory work at best, and we do not like it at all.

But it must be done because the United States, having taken its place in the line, may not now dodge any of the responsibility that goes with that place. The War is not over, and we are just as much on the line to-day as we were while in battle. We are under the eye of people who, until very recently, were so arrogant, ingenious, methodical race, whose insidious, hypocritical double-dealing nearly wrecked the world, and who were more than anxious to accommodate all of us with a quick trip to Heaven or elsewhere. And they did not scruple about the means to that end, as we very well know who crossed the Atlantic in the Spring of 1918.

Our part of Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel and in the Argonne was a post of honor; but our present position is more so. It requires all that is in us, of patriotism, devotion to duty, soundness of judgement and clear, sheer guts, to perform our monotonous task with satisfaction to ourselves and to those who are responsible for our conduct.

Let us do it right and, when our Mother, Sister, Wife or Sweetheart, (all adorable but absolutely illogical creatures, we must confess) writes us, complaining of the injustice of it all, let us grit the teeth, if need be, grip the more or less unwilling pen and tell her how glad we are to be among those fortunate enough to have been chosen for this unusual work and how proud she should be that Her Soldier is quietly, unostentatiously and uncomplainingly keeping his thankless Watch on the Rhine.

And while the Company as we used to know it at Butler dwindles down, always down, let us get closer together than ever before, not weighing trifles to be charged up and settled later, but meeting each other in clean, amiable fellowship that is above all the much and dirt of petty squabbles.



THE LAST COMPANY FORMATION



MEMORIES !!



RIGHT SHOULDER
ARMS !!! ? * !!

THE BARBER'S ITCH



Frank Johnson now says he is no cook. He admits it. No more salmon balls, thank God.

"Bobby" Lyon was seen going "over the top" the other night in the Wirtshaft. By the way, how is it he dines with A.C. 28 so often. Is it possible that they serve liquids other than coffee?

Looks like Milsky is running William Tell a close second. However, he uses an axe on Weber's head instead of the proverbial apple.

Now that eyes, heart, rheumatism etc. are of no avail in obtaining the ever elusive discharge, Meyer has only mental inabilities left to work on, provided that he can find his saw and hammer.

Handville and Picoli tried to fold an ambulance around a tree. It is reported they succeeded.

Oh well, Tommy, you only did what all the new wagoners do. Farley, it's up to you to start climbing poles now.

When the wine fails to do the work, join the Ether Sniffer's Club. Its great dope. Ask Bradshaw, he knows.

George Burnett, oh what, oh what have you done?

Have you ever attended one of Wade's 9 o'clock assemblies on the hill?

It's a nice feeling to have driven the old bus through all of the drives and never miss a day, and then #22:3 --- oh well never mind, maybe they'll take another whim and you will get your job back again.

What ho! Another wagonless wagoner? Mule skinin's a good job nevertheless.

It's too bad now days that you have to get a letter from the Pope to get anything out of the kitchen. Next thing you know, you'll have to show them your dirty clothes to get soap.

"Bob" Butterworth says that he is willing to do anything that other Non-coms do, but he "ONT SHINE SHOES. Officers note.

Lieut. Hatch remarked the other night that Gerlock was speechless for the first time in his life when he was caught by the Officer of the Day.

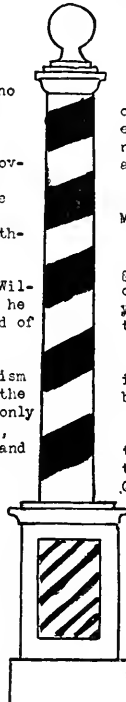
"Doc" Riveley says that he is willing to go back to the front rather than stay in Lutzerath. We wonder just what he means by the front.

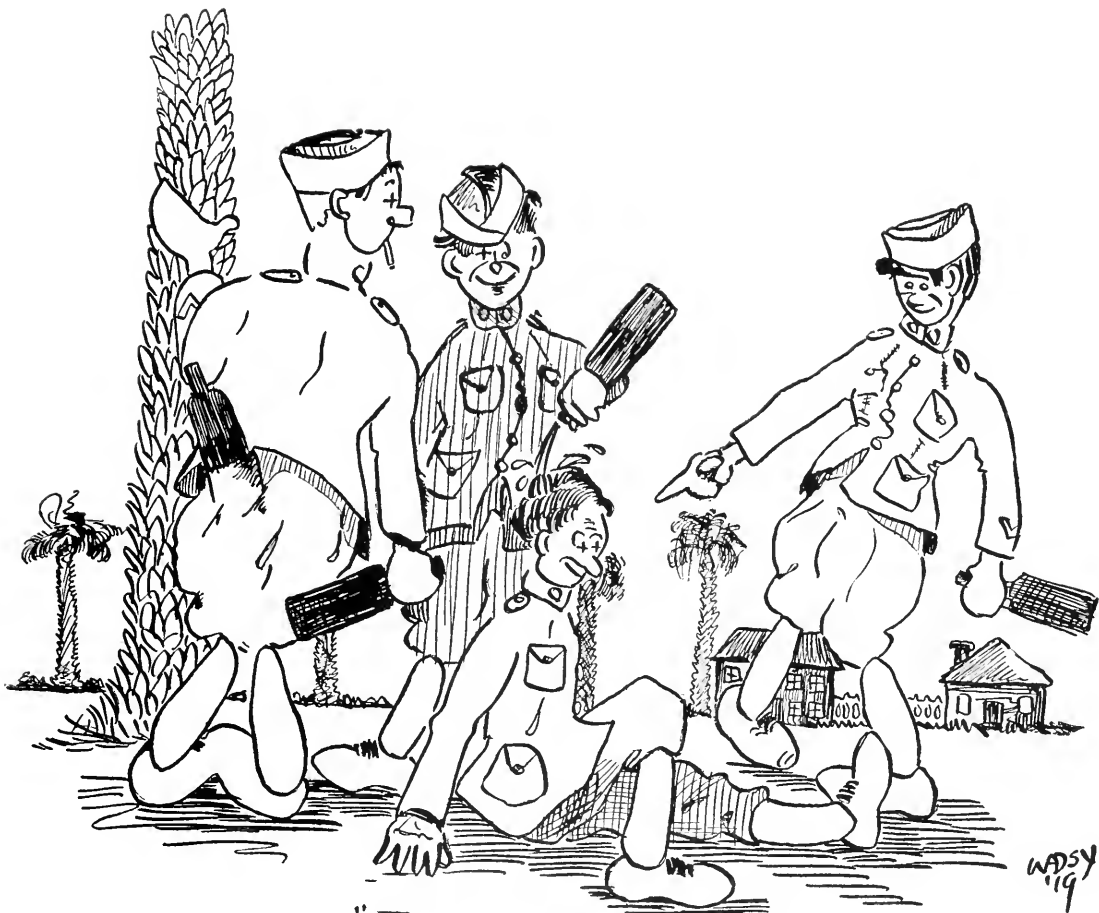
Reeves to Cagle --- (in the canteen) "One tooth paste, please."

Farley says it's a wise ambulance now days that knows its own motor.

Officer to Mechanic --- "Fix, bayonets!" Mechanic to Officer --- "Sir, I didn't know it was broken."

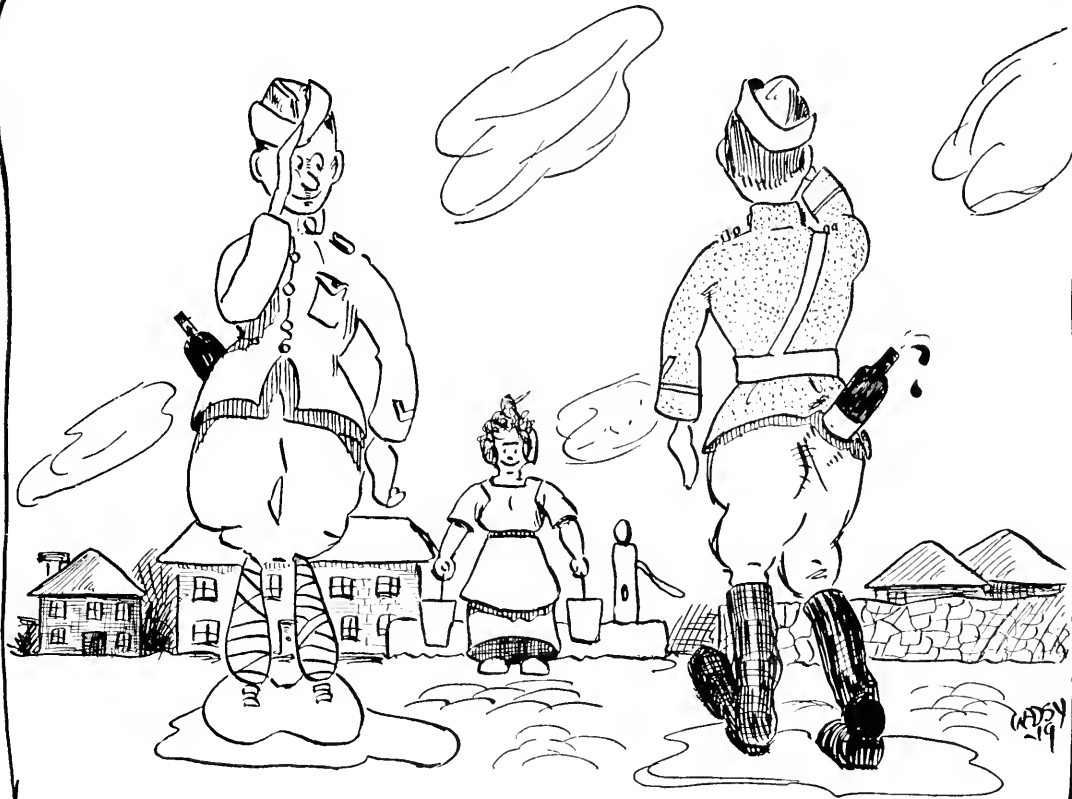
It is reported that Perry has been the goat at the Infirmary so long that he is beginning to grow horns.





"Too Loose" UNIVERSITY

WDSY
'19



OFFICER }
"BUCK" } WONDER - DOES HE SEE IT ?



THE LAMENT OF THE "Y" QUARTETTE.

I'm sorry dear, so sorry dear,
 Sorry that I joined the "Y".
 'Like to forget -- sticks to me yet.
 (Probably will till I die.)
 Oh what a mess ! Tour S. O. C. ?
 We never got to Bullay.
 Three shows a day! I thought I'd die!
 I'm sorry I joined the "Y".

JOE'S GIRL

(With apologies to Joe)

Joe's girl is tall and slender,
 My girl is fat and low.
 Joe's girl wears silks and satine,
 My girl wears calico.
 Joe's girl is fast and speedy,
 My girl is pure and good.
 Do you think I'd change my girl for Joe's ?
 You know damned well I would !

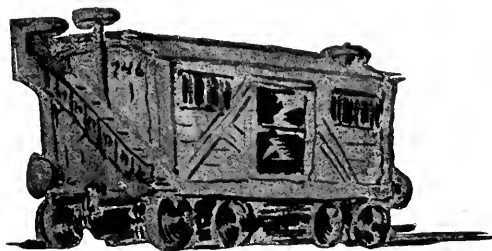
MINE GROSS FADDER'S UHR.

(Translation)

Mine gross Fadder's Uhr
 Yetzt bleihs in der brett,
 Nach steht 90 yars an der flur.
 Ist was grosser wie halb
 Dann der alt mann ihm selbst,
 Und gewicht nicht ein pfennig weight mehr.
 Es was kauft an der Morn
 Von der tag wann es was born
 Und was immer ihm steht fein flott.
 Und es steht -- still,
 Nimmer zu geht nicht mehr,
 Wann der alt Mann tote.'

LATEST BOOKS FOR APRIL.

"Oiless Bearings in a G.M.C." or "The Story of the Cranky Crank Case" by Lester Tompkins
 "From Bank Clerk to Mule Skinner" or "The Wail of a Fallen Wagoner" by Clarence Fromer.
 "John Barleycorn's Pal" or The Battle of Vin Blanc" by Sgt. Lyon.
 Franziole's New Joke" or "What Outfit Buddie ?" by Franzy himself.
 "West Point as I saw It" by "Little Bobby" Brown, the Martyr of the Investigation.
 "Teaching School in the Ozark Mountains" by Professor Harry Woods.



40·HOMMES·&·8·CHEVAUX·PASSENGER·CAR

SOME OF ITS ADVANTAGES ARE

BROWN BODY — "RED" TIRES — EISENBERG MAGNETO
EXTRA SUPPLY GAGE — TOMPKIN'S BURNT BARRINGS:
WOULD TAKE A MASON TO ADJUST THEM

WE·ARE·FRANK·TO·SAY

Like the "MAC" this LYON cage will WADE through a MARSH down into the WOODS along the BROOKSIDE into the MEYER without shifting from LOWE. You won't have to PHILUP either. You may lay your BETTS on it despite the RAILWAY of treating it. You never have to MENDHAM, so you need not worry about the BILL. Could you ask MOORE? Your ERNEST opinion is requested.

OUR FAVORITE MODEL IS

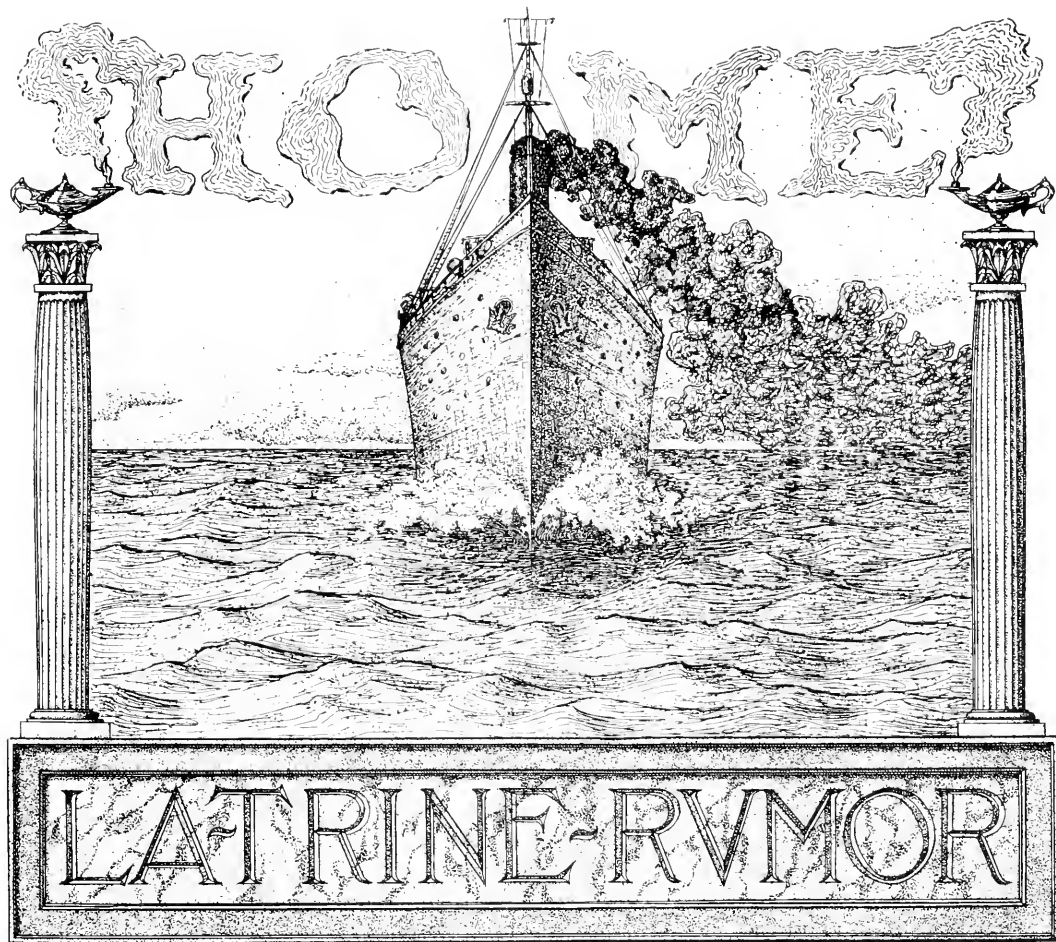
OS-CAR

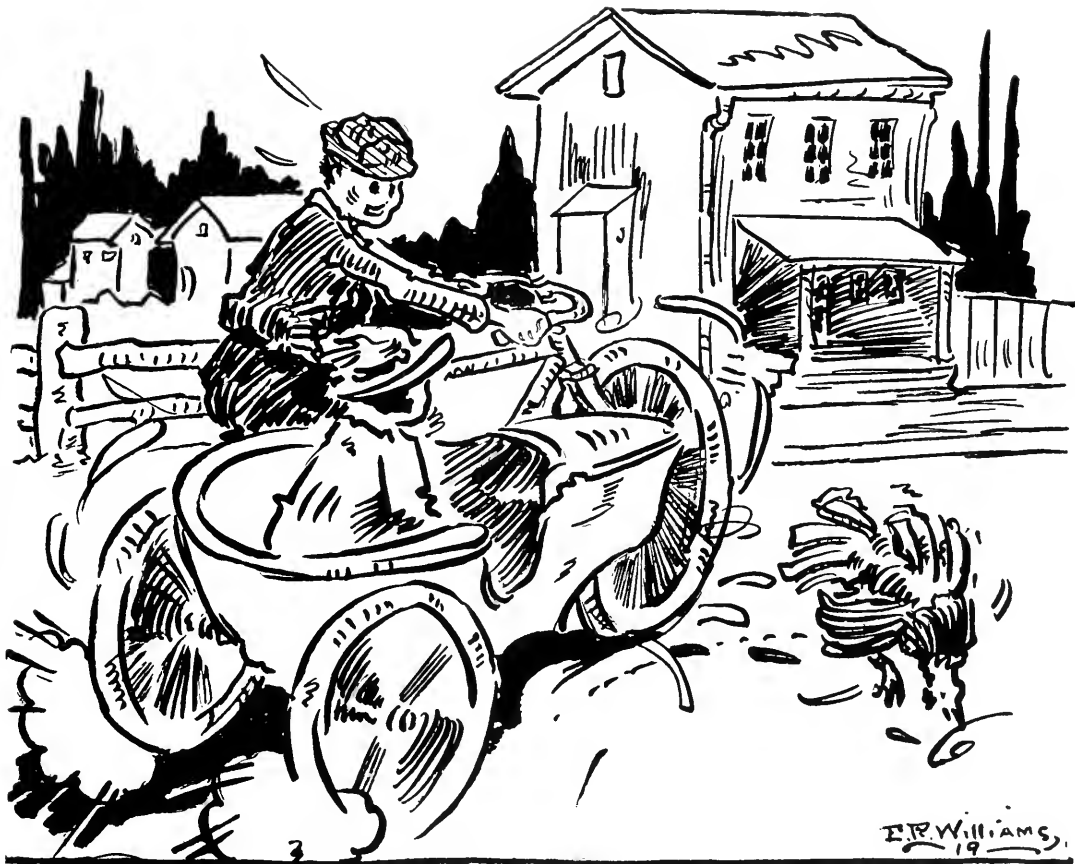
BUT YOU MAY TAKE YOUR PICK

TO SUMMIT ALL UP — ITS A "TONY" CAR WITH MERRITT

WARD & GOW AGENCY
PATTERSON, N. J.

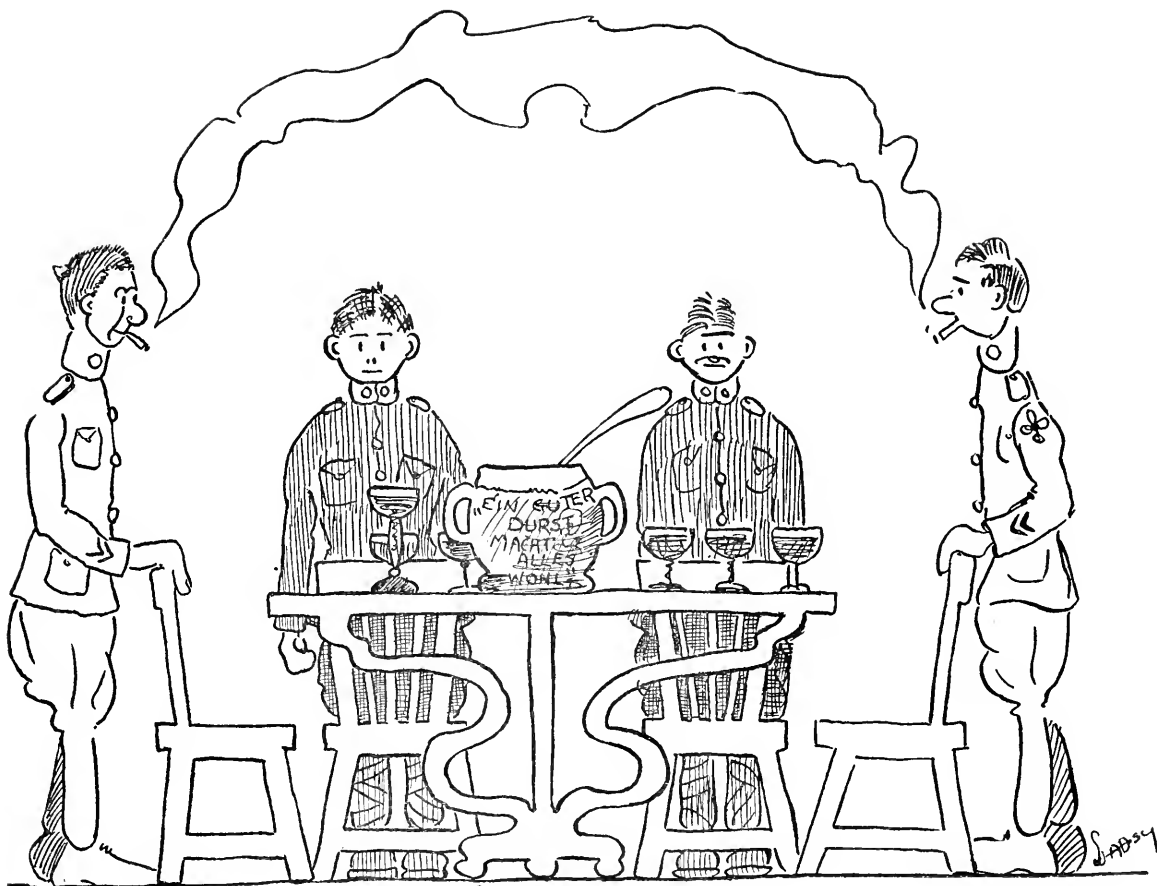
PLEASE MENTION LATRINE RUMOR WHEN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT.





E.R. Williams,
19

ARMY OF OCCUPATION

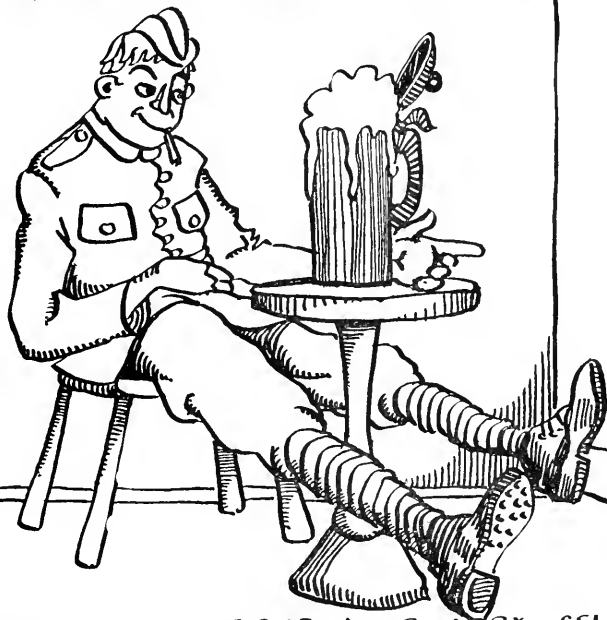


"MAI-BOULE" -

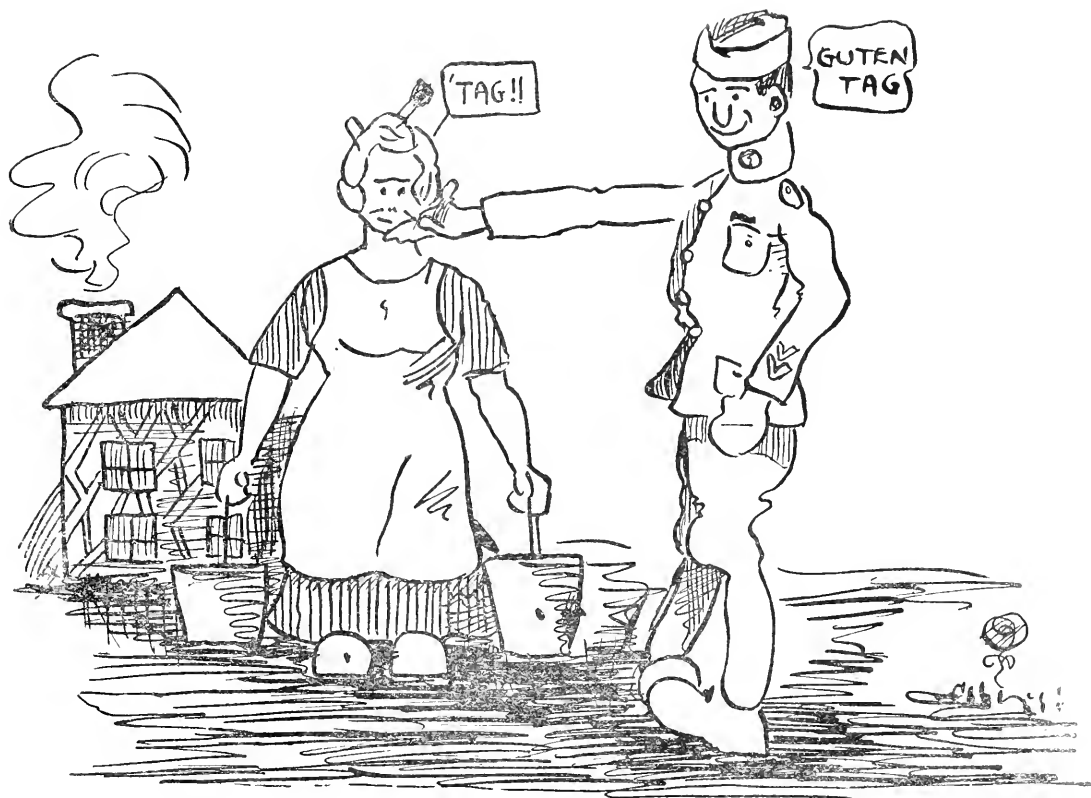


HOW I GOT THAT GERMAN
PISTOL, I PAID 150 FRANKS
FOR

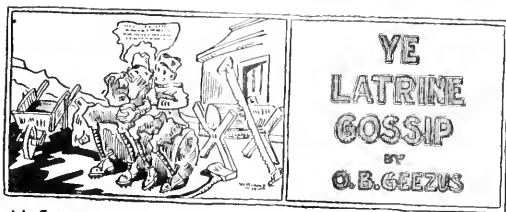
CAFE DE LA PAIX



◦ A PHASE OF THE GREAT WAR VERY SELDOM MENTIONED ◦
◦ IN HOME CIRCLES ◦



REMEMBER
THOSE "SÜSSE MÄDCHEN" ?



Last night I had nightmare.
There was Alan Meyer
And Jim Lowe with
Their ambulance
Holding back the German lines.
Alan almost lost his *croix-de-guerre*.
I told him he was careless
As 150 Francs was too much
To throw away.
Jim wore his trench-coat
And there were the holes
In the shoulders where he
Had worn the bars.
Jim was always fond of bars.
Well, I looked inside

And there was "Purity" Lyons
Wearing a wound stripe
I asked him how
He got that way and
He said it looked so nice on his sleeve
Kinjebeetut?
And then I saw
Linde in the Lantershöfen
Shower-bath groping around
For his towel,
Yelling to Hilbert,
"Hand me my towel, I've soap in my eyes."
And 'Gillie remarked,
"If I handed you your shirt,
You'd get mud in your eyes."

Was that not cute
Of Eddie?
And oh, I almost forgot
To tell you about Jack Dalton
On Wall St.
With his new suit of civies
Which almost threw Wall St.
In a panic.
Green cloth, black braid,
Velvet lined lapels,
Plaid shirt,
Rain-bow tie,
Jennet straw hat,
And fancy low shoes.
The sight was too much
For me
And I awoke
With a groan.
I thank you.



° SPEAKING FRENCH AFTER 3 MONTHS. °
° AT THE UNIVERSITY. °



"LEST WE FORGET"

DONT SLAP HER- SHE'S HARMLESS



• " SAY , PEDRO , I NEVER SAW MUCH IN THIS ART BUNK •
• BEFORE WE GOT TO FRANCE •



• GRADUATION DAY AT •
• THE UNIVERSITY •



LATRINE-RVMOR

VOL. 1 EDITORIAL NO. 13

Thirty-three, as we knew it, is no more. Nothing is left of it except the memory of what we have seen and done together. But what a fund of memory it is! What a host of names and faces, incidents and places the mere thought of the Company recalls.

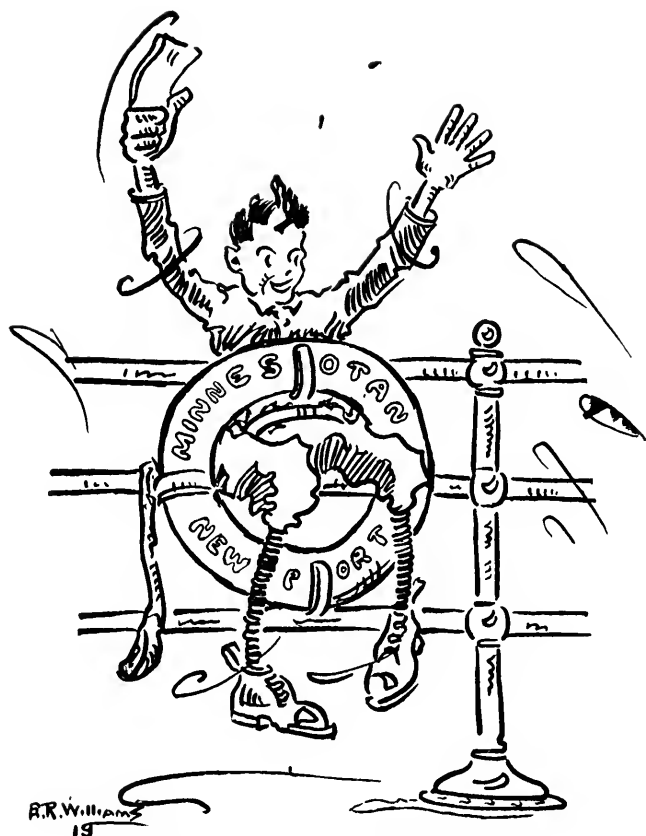
However, the keen edge of memory is dulled by contact with the ordinary things of life, to which we are now returned. Each one of us must get on to the scheme of things; many of us will find new scenes and faces which will compensate for the old; most of us will experience the love of Woman, which kills all other remembrance; and a few, only a very few, will retain the full depth of fellow feeling which has been ours for the past two years. All this is as it should be.

But no matter what the exigencies of the future, let us see to it that that spirit, which made ours "the best Ambulance Company in the best Division of the finest Army in the world", is not allowed to flicker out like the sinking fires of patriotic zeal which are so pitiful to-day in comparison with their glories of a year ago. Let us, rather, guarantee by our thoughts and actions that Thirty-three, among ourselves, never shall die; and that, as long as we have minds and hearts, both shall be open always to the call of the fellows in our Company, and we shall be ever alert to demonstrate our fidelity to the old ideal.

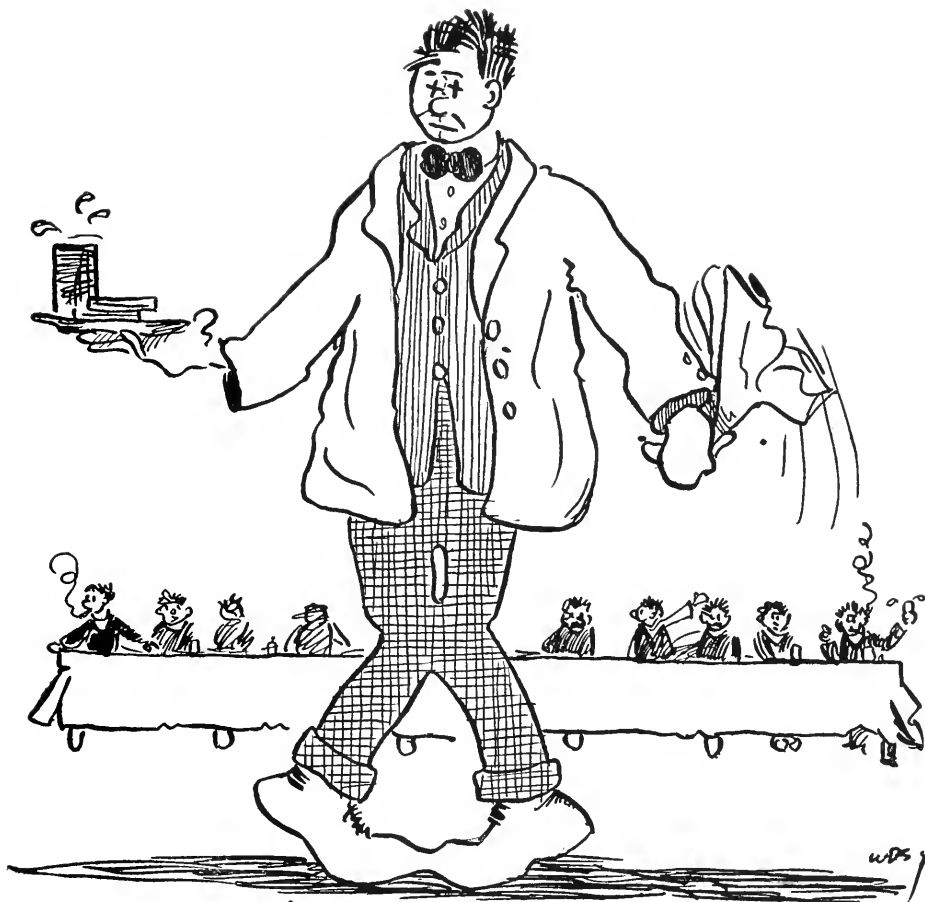




Lunch is being Served.



Now I knew how Columbus felt in 1492



THERE WAS A LOT OF "PEP" AT OUR SUMMIT REUNION -



I NEVER did like the Medical Corps.



◦ THAT FIRST MEAL AT HOME ◦
◦ DESCRIBING SOME HIGH ONES ◦



AND SOME WANTED TO STAY
IN GERMANY



2 8
WELCOME TO OUR HEROES.





MEMORIES!!

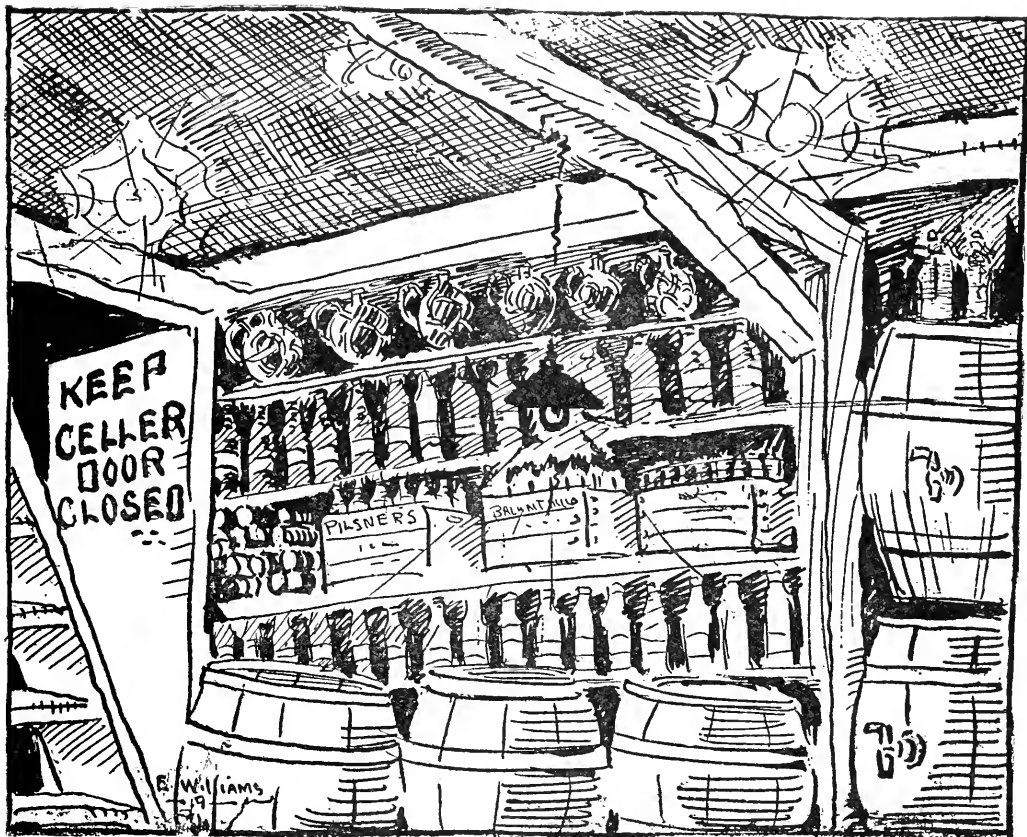




THAT first day out of the Army



IT SURE WAS TOUGH !!



WILL OPEN ON OR ABOUT
JANUARY 1, 1920
CHAS. C. WRIGHT, JR.



HOPWOOD TALKING MACHINE COMPANY



EIGHT OF THE LATEST LITTLE WONDER RECORDS

SCHOOL DAYS and HARK HARK THE LARK! sung with wild devotion by Bardsley, Paul, Ed and Adie. Playful pranks played prettily. A two sided record.

WAY OVER yodeled by Butch Adams in a straight forward erect manner. The audience is sure to fall for it. Accompanied by shriekingly explosive jazz music.

LIBERTY (?) BELLES - a wedding march hummed by the following birds: Ready Stephens, Dr. Pill Betts, Chick Meyer, Barbarous Gentile, Talkless Garlock,

Fill Roy, Artful Linde, Franc Boye, Generalissimo Weber and Martini Crist.

WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING - chanted in a soothing way by Dorgeval

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP - It smacks of salt 'nevery-thing; sung in a flat manner by Big Smitty.

THE OLD OPEN BUCKET THAT FELL IN THE WELL recited by Fitzhugh in broken English. "Memories of a voice from the deep" - Lutzerath Journal - sporting edd.

I'VE GOT MY CAPTAIN WORKING FOR ME NOW sung by Bill Lawrence. We have every assurance he will get away with it.

SOLDIERS FAREWELL by 33 ensemble.

Our service is perfect. We have recently secured Mr. Robert B. Brown, the notorious talking machine salesman from Hoboken, who will serve you. Special attention to ladies.

Do not mention La Irine Rumor when answering these ads





DEDICATION

To those members of Ambulance Company
No. 33 who gave their lives for the main-
tenance of an ideal — the ideal of service
to their fellows in the truest sense of the
word — this history is affectionately
dedicated.

In Memoriam

John Dean

July 2, 1918.

In Memoriam

H. Carrington Stevens
Sept. 30, 1918.

In Memoriam
William Garvin
Oct. 26, 1918.

In Memoriam
Horace B. McPherson
Nov. 28, 1918.

PREFATORY NOTE

Ambulance Company Thirty-three, and its posterity, are infinitely indebted for the compilation of this history to Roger S. Fitzhugh, Paul Fromer, George B. Moore, Harrison T. Sorg and Frederick H. Wilke; each of whom has contributed accurately and completely the record of the particular phase of the Company's activity with which he was most familiar, thereby facilitating and making a pleasure of my work in writing the history.

FRANK TRACY.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING



SPONSOR, according to the generally accepted use of the term, is a person who is directly chargeable with all of the vicissitudes into which his protégé may fall. It is therefore a somewhat weighty matter to ascribe to one person the entire responsibility in connection with the organization, training, service overseas and return home of Ambulance Company No. 33; organized under the American Red Cross; trained on its own initiative and at its own expense in a private camp at Butler, New Jersey; ordered thence to the Regular Army Mobilization Camp at Syracuse, New York; next shifted to the United States Army Ambulance Service Camp at Allentown, Pa., where it all but lost its identity; then definitely assigned for service with the Fourth Division of the Regular Army, a division unknown and unmentioned in the annals of our favorite divisions and corps; and after its period of training at Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina, transported overseas to take part in every important American operation between Chateau-Thierry and the Armistice; assigned to the Army of Occupation in Germany for a period of over seven months; and finally returned home and disbanded in August, 1919. That, briefly, is the history of the Thirty-third Ambulance Company; and this is how it came to be:

The sponsor—for the benefit of those who do not know, or who have forgotten, his name is Dr. William

H. Lawrence, and the locale of the opening scene was at No. 69 Beechwood avenue, Summit, New Jersey—the sponsor had an idea. To the uninitiated, the fact of his having had an idea can hardly be expected to be impressive. But to those who know the sponsor best, his ideas were ever of great and terrible significance. His idea was that the system of ambulance service as prescribed for the United States Army in existing manuals and books on the subject (it was in the late winter of 1916-1917) was extremely nebulous and unsatisfactory. It seemed to him that a man, technically trained and surrounded by an aggregation of patriotically inspired young men all gifted with the same degree of imagination and initiative as himself, could form an ambulance company which would be in itself a living, practical demonstration of the proper performance of this difficult branch of the military service. For obvious reasons, this history can give only the high lights in the execution of the idea.

The more the sponsor thought of his idea, the better it pleased him; and, while continuing his studies of the development of military medical service as it was being learned from day to day on the Western Front, he began to cast about quietly for an able assistant or two to further his idea. Since ambulance driving might be spoken of as having been quite the rage at that time, this was not difficult and the plan, with the assistance of the Mayor and several other influential people of the community, soon began to assume definite form. In the spring of 1917 a charter was

obtained for the formation of American Red Cross Ambulance Company, Number Thirty-three; the nucleus of the enlisted personnel was gathered together from among the young men of the neighborhood, and drilling and lecture work were commenced. By the time that war was declared by the United States, the plan was definitely started, so that it may be said with truth that Thirty-three was in it from the beginning.

It is difficult to say just how the news of the formation of Thirty-three reached some of the men who afterwards became members. An instance apropos of this was the case of one of the early members who went, in uniform, to a moving picture show in New York. The uniform of Thirty-three at that time was quite distinctive; cotton khaki coat and breeches, canvas leggins, shoes ad libitum, a post or garrison cap, collar ornaments according to the fancy of the wearer without regard to regulations and a large white brassard superimposed with an almost equally large green cross attached to the left sleeve of the coat; this composed the uniform of Thirty-three. A man sitting next to the embryo ambulance driver looked him over and asked, in a tense whisper, "What in — do you belong to?" He of the uniform responded by telling what he knew of the organization of Thirty-three. The person who made the profane inquiry was so much interested in the fact that the Company expected to be sent to France within three weeks that he immediately took a trip to Summit, enlisted to go along and followed his destiny even to the point of becoming one of the non-commissioned officers.

An incalculable aid to the maintenance of the Company was the formation of a fund which was placed in the keeping of the Commanding Officer

for the purpose of making life more comfortable and easy for the men at such time as the rigors of service should demand. This fund was substantially begun and added to from time to time by the good friends of the Company both in the vicinity of Summit and in New York. It enabled Thirty-three to weather a serious crisis at the very outset of its existence, and overseas it was of assistance in furnishing to the general mess articles which were not obtainable from the Quartermaster in the regular ration issues.

Likewise, donations were made of one White ambulance, twelve Ford ambulances, nine GMC ambulances and a trailmobile type rolling kitchen; these gifts were from various individuals and chapters of the Red Cross; they were used in the service of the United States Army and it is officially recorded that with the nine GMC ambulances, in one week while the Company was at Camp Greene, one thousand seven hundred patients were transported to the base hospital. Various members of the Company took their own motor cars to the Butler and Syracuse encampments and these cars were of valuable assistance in motor instruction, transportation, courier service and the like.

On Memorial Day, 1917, Thirty-three participated in exercises at the Lincoln School in Summit, where many of its lectures were held.

A short while later a big rally was held in an auditorium in Summit, and the city turned out to hear about the war from the lips of a Canadian officer and an American ambulance driver who had been at the battles of Verdun, and to take a look at the men who were going to represent it in America's effort. The rally was under the auspices of the American Red Cross and a large audience stood

at Attention while the Company filed down from the stage and out into the streets.

During May and June enlistment proceeded until it was complete, with the proverbial assortment of all manner of men from barbers to bankers on the muster roll. The second-in-command, a tactful and efficient officer then and always, was Lieutenant Maynard G. Bensley, M. R. C. Lieutenant Harry H. Wilson also was one of the original four officers of the Company, as was Lieutenant John K. Adams, afterwards familiarly known as "Butch" on account of his fabulous description during a lecture, wherein he dwelt with evident relish on the wholesale amputation of legs and arms which he had carried on while a civilian. These three officers followed Thirty-three through most of its career and their service, both as officers and in their relations as man to man with the enlisted personnel, was characterized by a definite conception on their part of the aims and interests of the Company. Unfortunately, on account of sickness, while in the Argonne offensive, Captain Lawrence, then a Major, was unable to remain with the Company. Shortly afterwards Lieutenant Adams was lost to Thirty-three and later, Lieutenant, then Captain Wilson, also was evacuated, both being incapacitated through sickness. Lieutenant, afterwards Captain Bensley was a staunch and loyal adherent to the original Thirty-three from its inception until it was discharged at Camp Dix.

On July 4th 1917, the sponsor came into his own; for, though the parade on that day was a City of Summit affair in theory, it was in reality a tribute to him. For to the man who marched through the cheering throngs at the head of his Company, was, is and always will be due the major portion of the

success of what we all fondly believe to have been the finest ambulance company that the United States Army ever has known. It was his implicit faith, enthusiasm and energy, coupled with the remarkable patriotism and ability of the enlisted personnel, that put Thirty-three at the top.

CAMP VAN WYCK, BUTLER, NEW JERSEY.



ON July 4th, after the entire Company had taken part in the Summit parade, which occupied all the morning, an advance guard of about a dozen men proceeded by automobile to Butler, to prepare for the arrival of the main body.

On the morning of the 6th, the bulk of the remainder of the Company assembled at the Elks' Club in Summit, and shortly after noon a convoy of some thirty automobiles which were furnished and driven by the citizens of Summit, transported the men and their baggage to Camp Van Wyck at Butler. In the streets of Summit the families and friends of the men were assembled in small groups to see them off, and the string of motors was speeded on its way with tears and cheers until it was clear of the city. A brief run brought the convoy to the camp and on the lawn, afterwards the parade ground, pandemonium reigned until sleeping quarters had been assigned and baggage disposed of.

The camp, which was to be our home for the next couple of months, was made available through the courtesy of Mr. P. V. R. Van Wyck, upon whose grounds the site was located. "Headquarters" was an unused clubhouse situated on an eminence on the west shore of a beautiful little lake with wooded slopes all about and a rugged hill rising high in the

eastern perspective. The setting was ideal for the purpose, and the mind lingers often in affectionate memory of the weeks spent at Camp Van Wyck. The men were housed in three barracks adjacent to headquarters and the officers' quarters, general mess and kitchen were all located in the main building. Later, with the arrival of more men, tents were procured and one platoon at a time placed in them for a short period, when it was replaced by another platoon, thus giving everybody an opportunity to get out on the ground.

Within two or three days after the arrival of the men, Camp Van Wyck began to take on all the elements of a real army camp. The grounds were cleared of stones and obstructions, the grass cut, latrines, pits and incinerators constructed; and a rigid schedule of work, including lectures, drills, hikes, automobile instruction, athletics and other physical training, was begun and strictly adhered to during the two months at this camp. Formal Retreat was instituted almost at the beginning and remained an impressive feature of camp life until the end. On visiting days this ceremony was witnessed by a considerable gallery of friends of the men; and afterwards the visitors, peering in through the mess hall screens, observed the less edifying spectacle of evening mess.

But the almost utopian nature of the situation was marred by the fact that, contrary to early expectations, we should not be able to count on immediate service overseas. As it became apparent that there would be some little delay in our reaching France, the mutterings of malcontents became more and more audible until they threatened to overwhelm the peace and discipline of the Company. This difficulty was somewhat relieved when, on July

30th 1917, we were duly enlisted in the Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps of the United States Army. This afterwards was corrected to a Regular Army enlistment.

During the days when dissatisfaction began to be apparent, the Commanding Officer was wont to assemble the Company in the shade of the headquarters building, overlooking the lake, and to talk to them in a fatherly manner about the big ideal of service to their country, the true perspective of the situation which they must strive to visualize, the necessity for a close and patient application to the work of training; and his discourses always ended with the announcement that, according to the latest indications, the Company had "every assurance" of being quickly recognized and assigned to active duty.

In consequence of one of these talks, a solemn procession was formed at the barracks one warm afternoon during a rest period. "Queen" Oppenheimer and "King" Arnott, preceded by their trumpeter and jester, and followed by their loyal minions, passed in review before the astonished occupants of the officers' porch. The king and queen were clad in fanciful, barbarous costumes consisting mostly of blankets and feather dusters; their followers wore bathing suits. The procession wended its way down to a canoe on the lake shore; the king and queen embarked with their banner, bearing the inscription "The Isle of Every Assurance"; they were soon paddled to a tiny island in the centre of the lake, where they planted their banner and christened the island. They then gave a thrilling exhibition of what looked like walking on the surface of the lake, when they walked about, ankle-deep in the water covering a submerged portion of the island.

But with all their satirical reception of the more serious aspect of their work, the men took to the demands of military discipline in a way that showed that they were determined to accomplish their task in spite of appearances to the contrary. During drills they slaved without a murmur; at lectures their attention was unflagging and their technical questions sometimes amazing; the parade ground and barracks were kept in splendid condition; and, although lawful authority was questioned occasionally, the prompt obedience of the average man to legitimate orders was remarkable. The Sergeants were tyrants and, with their terrible power to impose fatigue, even to the extent of doubling that punishment, they had the wholesome respect of everybody.

There was good natured rivalry among the platoons; at Retreat each of the three platoons strove for the best line while passing in review. The drivers, aides and bearers were ready to fight over the decision of this matter at any time; and the staff, composed of eight men, usually chimed in with the information, thanklessly received, that it kept the best line anyway and that none of the platoons was entitled to the guidon which was the badge of superiority. This spirit of sectionalism in the Company was greatly beneficial to the morale of the whole, as it fostered keen, clean competition while welding the entire mass into a solid organization.

When mid-August arrived, with no service in sight, rumblings again broke out and even the hard work of the day was insufficient to quiet the restless spirit which had pervaded the entire personnel. Meanwhile, the Commanding Officer and influential friends of the Company were working their hardest to get it the recognition which they felt it deserved

on account of the high calibre of the men and the efficiency of their work. Frequent trips to Washington on the part of those interested failed to produce an assignment to active duty with a division, and it began to look as if nobody wanted Thirty-three.

At about this time a series of teaparty, or sociable hikes to various private estates in the vicinity afforded much diversion and frivolous comment among the men. The climax of these social affairs, namely the uproarious first and immaculate second hikes to Greenwood Lake, will live long in the recollection of Thirty-three. Who can forget the consternation when the first party returned with several hardened offenders in custody, or the jealousy of the first hikers when those of the second party were permitted, on account of their exemplary behavior, to stay at the lake for two nights and one day?

Upon the return of the second hike, it began to appear that our waiting was nearly over, and that the Company was to see active service "somewhere." And therefore, when the last days of August brought orders to move to the Mobilization Camp at Syracuse, New York, the fever of excitement was intense and the rapidity of preparation for departure was great.

On the morning of August 31st 1917, packs, baggage and stores littered the parade ground. But out of confusion came order when the heavy equipment and baggage were loaded in trucks and ambulances and the men, with their packs, were picked up by the Summit motor convoy again for the trip to Summit where the entrainment was to take place. Camp Van Wyck, with its thousand recollections, was left

regretfully to vacancy, and the immediate future became the all-absorbing object of interest.

At Summit, a light lunch was prepared at Nippon Hall, and it quickly disappeared before the ravenous advances of the hungry Company. The afternoon was spent in drilling on the ball field, while an immense crowd of the relations and friends of the men was assembling to see them off. After the drill each man was allowed about three-quarters of an hour with his friends, but the Company was assembled again at Nippon Hall for a more or less formal dinner at which the Mayor and Major Lytton of the Summit N. D. O. made inspiring speeches of welcome and good-bye on the part of the city.

Then, in the presence of a multitude, the like of which Summit never had seen before, the Company was assembled; and, with full equipment, escorted by the National Defense Organization, and with the assistance of the band, the Fire Department and a rabid host of madcap humanity yelling its collective head off, Thirty-three marched to the station and entrained for the trip to Syracuse, leaving the city in hysterical tumult at the departure of Summit's own unit for the war.

AT SYRACUSE.



On the morning of September 1st 1917, several passenger and freight cars were shunted into the siding in front of the State Fair buildings at Syracuse; and Thirty-three, an awful spectacle in the variety of its uniform and accoutrements, detrained and stretched itself to get rid of the kinks which come through fourteen hours' travel in a crowded day coach.

The Company was formed and marched into the

Fair Grounds, where it reposed on the brick-floored porch of one of the fair buildings, while its destiny was being settled at camp headquarters. It seemed that conflicting orders had assigned us to report to a certain Commanding Officer at the Syracuse Mobilization Camp. Difficulty arose from the fact that, while the Company had proceeded to Syracuse, New York, the officer in question was located at Allentown, Pa., and the entire morning passed with the fate of the Company in the balance.

A charitable Mess Sergeant gave the men a mess of beans, bread and coffee, for which they were duly thankful. Meanwhile, the difficulties at headquarters had been straightened out, and the Company was given its equipment of pyramidal tents and assigned to a street at some distance from headquarters. By supper time camp had been made and everybody was more or less comfortably sheltered from a terrific thunderstorm which had come up during the afternoon.

In the street next to that of Thirty-three there was located a provisional replacement battalion for the Fourth and Fifth Field Artillery. This battalion was composed of typical old Regular Army soldiers, most of them having served one or more enlistments, and Thirty-three was fortunate in being thrown into contact with these men, who taught us, to our sorrow occasionally, those many little tricks and secrets of being a soldier after the old army fashion which can be learned nowhere but in the society of men of this type.

During the State Fair the Company maintained details at the Fair Grounds to exhibit under the auspices of the American Red Cross, first aid practice, litter drill, ambulance loading, trench crawls and other accomplishments; and the up-state farm-

ers, thronging about the booth, marvelled at the capability of our soldiers, as described in the accompanying lectures given by an orator who shall remain nameless.

Using its own ambulances, the Company carried out the evacuation of the Camp Hospital at Syracuse to the Post Hospital at Port Ontario, approximately thirty miles away; this phase of the work, together with incessant drilling, hiking, lecturing and other training, occupied the two months which were spent at this camp; and the pale, slim rookies who had reported for duty at Butler a third of a year before were now developing into sturdy, well-disciplined soldiers under the stimulus of hard work and the association with regular troops.

But Thirty-three did not stop there. Before the Company had been long at the camp, its activities spread about the city of Syracuse, until it became an institution among the smartest people in town. Consider, if you will, the beautiful unconventionality of it. If you went to dinner with the city's leading families, Thirty-three was there; if you dropped into the most modest "Movie" show or at the opera house, you found the Company present at both; and from the lowly spaghetti parlor to the palatial Hotel Onondaga, where one man hired a suite of rooms in order to wash his overcoat in the bath tub on a moist Saturday evening, you could find the Company represented, in every phase of the city's life. And Otto's. Who can forget; and by the same token, who can remember half the things that happened at that delightful resort?

But in the midst of all the work and diversion at Syracuse, the old serpent of internal strife once more raised its insidious head, striking at the discipline and good-fellowship of the men. Personal am-

bition and an alarming increase in the number of aspirants to commissions characterized this outbreak, which was worse than that which had occurred at Butler. But the standing luck of Thirty-three held good, and nothing happened, except that two men were transferred out of the Company to accept commissions.

Toward the latter part of October, the agitation which always precedes a move began to be apparent; and, on the 31st of that month, after a bewildering series of parties and other entertainments, the Company entrained at the Fair Grounds and bade good-bye to Syracuse, where it left an innumerable train of pleasant reminiscences and broken hearts. But it was a gay and care-free crowd that enjoyed on the train that night the box-lunch which the ladies of Syracuse so kindly had prepared as a last evidence of their regard for the Company.

ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA



HE next morning, November 1st 1917, found Thirty-three in the freight yards at Allentown, Pa., and as they detrained at about eight o'clock and marched up through the city to the United States Army Ambulance Camp at the Fair Grounds, they made a gallant showing, this time all uniformly equipped with regulation accoutrements obtained at Syracuse, and with leather leggins, which certainly deserve a place in this history on account of the controversy which attended our procuring them.

Arriving at camp, we found it occupied almost entirely by units recruited from the various colleges in the country. These units were organized on the French system, of forty-five men and an officer to

one section. Our Company, being organized on the American plan, was one hundred and twenty-two strong, with four officers and room for one more. The men were just coming out from breakfast when the Company arrived in front of camp headquarters and the mess hall, which were located in a building underneath the grandstand. The business-like appearance of Thirty-three attracted many idlers, who asked us where we were from and how we liked the army, and informed us cheerfully that before we had been at Allentown many days, we should be split into units of forty-five the same as they were. To all this we replied with such dignity and profanity as became men who had been among regular troops for the past two months; and thus our popularity was established in the camp.

The Company then breakfasted in the huge mess hall, which is said to have been capable of accommodating six thousand men in two hours; afterwards the assignment to barracks was received and Thirty-three went to occupy its new home, attended all the way by the pleasantries of the other occupants of the camp.

After about a week in camp, during which the Company was put on seemingly all the worst details that could be found, from peddling newspapers in Allentown to digging ditches for a steam-heating system which was being installed throughout the camp, things began to happen again. It was rumored that the Company was to be broken up into units of forty-five. There was consternation among the men and drastic threats were made as to what each one would do if such a thing happened. But, it is said through the efforts of the Commanding Officer and his influence with the Camp Commander, Thirty-three was at this time ordered to take part in maneuvers at Guth

Station, a detached camp about five miles from Allentown, and the Company forthwith hiked joyfully out to a mudhole which had been assigned as camp, and pitched the old pyramidal tents once more.

This camp was on the ground, in the open, and the three weeks that followed showed the good physique of the men; for, though the weather was raw and the situation of the camp rather bad than good, there was no apparent ill effect except for the usual small percentage of minor illness.

Close to the camp was a miniature No-Man's-Land, which contained hills and gullies, dugouts and trenches, and was altogether a very fair representation of a modern battlefield, as the Company found out later. On this ground training was undergone in litter and first aid work, with much benefit to Thirty-three for the entire period of its stay at Guth Station.

Here, again, internal strife was rampant for a while; but, as before, it expended itself in mere rumblings which culminated in one large AWOL, toward the end of November, in which thirty-one men were implicated and for which the dreadful penalty was that of their being put on bounds for about forty days, or until January 1st 1918. Never did "Willful-missings" breathe easier than those thirty-one when they discovered that their week-end in New York and elsewhere was to cost them only this; for, as one of them said, "Putting this Company on bounds is like taking a postman for a walk."

On November 26th 1917, in accordance with orders which had been received a day or two before, the Company entrained at Allentown station to join the Fourth Regular Division, to which it had been assigned for duty at Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina. On the morning of the 26th, tents were

struck and in a few moments nothing remained of the camp at Guth Station except the smoldering embers that were piles of rubbish a few moments before, the outline of tents on the trampled, dead grass and the raw earth where ditches and pits had been filled prior to leaving. The freight and baggage were sent direct to the train to be loaded and the Company hiked into the camp at the fair grounds to spend the afternoon. After supper Thirty-three was entertained at the Y. M. C. A. hut in camp, by the men who had warned us of the certainty of being split up into small units; and there was only envy, but no malice at all, in the regretful way that they bade us good-bye when the Assembly sounded for the march to the station.

In the nipping atmosphere of early evening, and under a cold November moon, the Company started gaily on its hike to the railroad. As the march progressed, it became a triumphal procession after the most approved fashion, with the bugles playing, men singing and whistling and the populace lining the streets to watch and cheer.

Nothing hindered the entrainment except the presence of a few weeping damsels who came to the station to gaze and wave as the special train pulled out. And that was the last of Allentown, Pa.

But during the two nights and one day spent on the train, the Company reveled in the luxury of steam-heated cars with berths in them; and speculated in sweet anticipation of the good times to come in the land of the sunny south. It was an indolent, joyous, crap-shooting, card-playing Thirty-three that whirled southward, without a care in its erratic young head except for the enjoyment of the present moment.

CAMP GREENE



EARLY in the morning of November 28th 1917, Thirty-three opened its eyes in the freight yards behind the Quartermaster warehouses at Camp Greene. It was a neutral sort of morning, with the sun making fair headway against a sullen mist that hung over the eastern horizon; but there was an unaccountable absence of orange groves lining the railroad, alligators basking on the banks of stagnant bayous and the inevitable chorus of cotton pickers droning their plantation melody. Instead, there were sand, cinders, the conventional wooden camp buildings and a scattering of the pine timber which had occupied the ground before the camp was built.

A hike half-way across camp brought the Company to a street which was assigned to it; and, as moving had long since ceased to be a novelty, the pyramidal tents were soon placed on their wooden frames, baggage and equipment disposed of and the motor vehicles unloaded and parked behind the tents. This was on the eve of Thanksgiving Day, and it was indeed a gloomy outlook that confronted Thirty-three, eight hundred miles from home, as it thought of its next day's dinner.

But the following day brought a wonderful surprise in the form of a real Thanksgiving dinner with all the conventional trimmings. The effect of this feast was electrical and all the old spirit of good will was revived. "Uncle Sammie" and "Pack All Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag" were sung as they had been in the most palmy days in Butler, and the end of its first Thanksgiving Day in the army found Thirty-three stuffed and satisfied.

A day or two later the powers at headquarters

decided to move the Company from its new home to another street which was next to the guard house and stockade of the camp. The stockade was a wire-enclosed promenade attached to the guard house, and for a while it served as a horrible example to the Company. But not for long.

Inasmuch as Thirty-three came to Camp Greene fully equipped with its own ambulances, it was accorded the dubious honor of furnishing ambulance service to the entire camp throughout the winter of 1917-1918. In Charlotte it was said to be the most severe winter on record, and the road conditions and other facilities of the camp were atrocious on account of the rigorous weather. Coupled with this was an extremely high rate of disease among men who in many cases never had undergone the experience of living in the open before, (the entire camp was housed in tents) and the difficulties under which the Company worked that winter were tremendous. Reduced sometimes to half strength through illness in its own ranks, it carried on completely and successfully the evacuation of sick from quarters to the Base Hospital in the camp, to the satisfaction of the authorities, who had nothing but praiseworthy comment to make on this phase of the Company's work.

January 20th 1918, saw the removal of Captain Lawrence as Commanding Officer of Thirty-three, when he received his commission as Major in the Medical Corps and was appointed Director of Ambulance Companies of the Fourth Division. He was succeeded by Lieutenant Patrick J. McGuire, the ranking officer of the Company at that time. Lieutenant McGuire was a good soldier, an efficient officer and a fine man; his name will be remembered with appreciation by all who knew him. Later,

after the Division had received overseas orders, Lieutenant McGuire, with Lieutenant Adams, preceded the Company overseas as observation officer, and Captain James L. Parkes, of the 28th Ambulance Company, succeeded Lieutenant McGuire as Commanding Officer. Captain Parkes was already known to the Company, and he quickly established a high place in the affections of the men; so that it was with genuine regret that they afterwards saw him return to his old Company before the journey overseas began.

Other officers who served with Thirty-three from time to time were Lieutenants Leon H. Cornwall, Charles W. Dunn, William Goldstein, Lawrence B. Hatch, Edgar H. Hughes, Charles E. Palmer, William P. Patterson, Forrest T. Summers and Captain William T. May, each of whom has his definite place in the recollections of us all.

A staunch friend of the Company was Major, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel, W. E. Wilmerding, Commanding Officer of the Fourth Sanitary Train during the entire period of its existence in the war, and now occupying the same post with the provisional organization of the Fourth Division at Camp Dodge, Iowa.

When the severe weather began to abate, and the rigid quarantine restrictions were lifted from Camp Greene, the members of the Company began to invade Charlotte, which fell a captive to the wiles of Thirty-three and remained so during all the time that the Company was quartered at the camp.

Many volumes might be written of the activities of the Company in this respect, but perhaps it will suffice to mention that on April 5th 1918, in the ballroom of the Hotel Selwyn, Thirty-three gave a dinner-dance which marked an epoch in the social

life of Charlotte; at least that is what the charming southern ladies led us to believe. The affair was a complete success and it firmly established the Company in the affections of the Charlotte people. But it is to be hoped that nobody ever will divulge the precise nature of the language which accompanied the making and arrangement of the decorations and hangings with which the ballroom was adorned on that evening. Thirty-three was adorable; it was artistic; it was anxious to be good; but Thirty-three had been ten months in the army, which is detrimental to the constant practice of the finer forms of speech, and particularly when it was perspiring over the manufacture of the dogwood candlesticks for the dinner tables, it was shocking.

The parishioners of St. Martin's Church in Charlotte, and their Rector, were wonderfully hospitable in their treatment of the Company, and many pleasant evenings were passed in their society during the winter and spring.

May 4th 1918, marked a very important date in the Company history. At the Suburban Club of Charlotte the Company was given a *Thé Dantsant* and on the same day the Company magazine, "*La Trine Rumor*", was born. Under the langorous influence of the soft southern spring, and the witchery of the delightful southern beauties, Thirty-three reached the pinnacle of its social success that evening in Charlotte. The couples were disposed with charming ingenuousness about the house and verandahs, and the chaperones were nodding approbation of sundry advantageous looking "matches"; and all the while the kind gods were smiling on their fickle child, Thirty-three, and preparing to extricate it from this latest and giddiest social whirl.

On the afternoon of May 13th, the Company en-

trained with other units of the Fourth Division for the first leg of its journey overseas. In the rain and mud of the freight yards at the camp Thirty-three held its last reception, and the southern damsels mingled their tears with the raindrops as the train pulled out on its way northward. The entire journey was marked by wild cheering, waving, shouting, the blowing of factory and locomotive whistles and all other manner of noises that could show the departing troops that the people were with them on this, possibly their last journey.

And so, with the full realization of their tremendous venture just beginning to dawn upon them, after the months and months of work and fun at the various camps, Thirty-three was actually on its way to war.

THE GOOD SHIP "HORORATA"



On the evening of May 14th 1918, Thirty-three was in barracks at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, where preparations were going forward busily for early embarkation. Friends and relations came thronging to the camp, and the Hostess House near our barracks became the anteroom of the Company in its last moments "at home". The atmosphere, of course, was gloomy; but all about, in our own Company as in all others, was apparent a fine spirit of bravery and self-control, as Mother, Father, Sister, Brother, Wife or Friend came to say the last good-bye, and to sit for an hour or two on the grass under the trees at the Hostess House, saying little but feeling greatly the pangs of impending separation.

On May 18th, just four days after our arrival at Camp Merritt, the Company entrained for Jersey

City, crossed by ferry to the Bush Terminal at Brooklyn and boarded the SS. "Hororata", which was a British vessel built for the Australian beef and troop service in the early days of the war, and now given over to the American Transport Service. The troop deck had a capacity of approximately two thousand men, and those who accompanied Thirty-three on it were part of the 77th Field Artillery, Ambulance Company No. 28, both of the Fourth Division, and a few casualties from the 28th and 82nd Divisions.

When quarters were assigned on the troop deck, it was found that they comprised a table, clamped to the deck and running beamwise, provided with benches and seating about fourteen men, with hooks for hammocks at night immediately over the table; thus the fourteen men were accommodated, day and night, in a surprisingly small space, if you omit the room which they were allowed to occupy on the main and boat decks during the day. Mess was procured at a galley on the after deck, our situation being aft, and served in large pans and pails, from which it was divided into the messkits at the table. In two or three days of rather rough weather which occurred on the trip, the "chow-dog's" mission was a precarious one, as the pitfalls and back-slidings were numerous and unexpected between galley and mess table. But everybody entered into the spirit of the thing and there was little trouble or grumbling.

On the afternoon of the following day, the 19th of May, the Hororata dropped down New York Bay and out to sea, with all of the soldiers on board below decks with the portholes closed until Sandy Hook was a vague line on the western horizon and the last delicate pink glow of sunset merged into the

sea. It was a sober, quiet lot of men who came on deck at this time and gazed wistfully off to westward with God-knows-what in the mind of each as he thought of the immediate future.

After evening mess hammocks were slung and to the soft gurgle of water on the hull, after the noises within the ship had quieted down, and the rhythmic swinging of the hammocks to the easy roll of the steamer, the broken sleep of our first night at sea came to all on board.

The next day found the Hororata surrounded by a convoy containing fifteen other ships, with which it was to proceed, running through the Gulf Stream with its balmy atmosphere and cheery blue waters. In the afternoon one of the ships turned and disappeared, having put back to port for repairs, it was said. As the afternoon was quite warm, all hands were ordered to strip and come on deck, where they were treated to a bath from the ship's fire hose.

The following days were spent in reading, resting, physical inspection and setting-up exercises, until on the fourth day a storm was encountered which gave us some rough sailing for two or three days. The weather was just bad enough to give an idea of what might be expected if a real gale were blowing, and everyone voted that the sample was realistic enough.

On May 28th, in the afternoon, great excitement was occasioned by the firing of one of the guns on the Hororata; rumor flew about the sighting of a submarine; but it never was either confirmed or denied and no submarine was seen by any of the men. So the voyage proceeded peacefully until, on the morning of May 30th 1918, we rose to find ourselves entering the Irish Sea and we were soon running, under a beautiful, clear sky and on a perfectly calm

sea, between the rugged coasts of Scotland and Ireland. Shortly after noon the entire convoy, which had picked up as escort a large fleet of sub-chasers and destroyers, with two dirigibles hovering over all, began to zig-zag in a hurried manner and presently the quick-firers on one of the destroyers at the extreme right of the formation began to work. Soon all the guns in that vicinity were booming and the stern gun of the Hororata roared louder than the rest. Everybody swarmed up to the most advantageous viewpoint attainable and cheered madly as his own boat fired, until, at the point where the firing first broke out, an immense explosion was observed and a column of flame and smoke and water rose into the air to a great height. The excitement died down, the convoy continued on its way and it was reported later that a submarine had been sunk.

At ten-thirty that evening the ship was safe in the Mersey and the following morning found it tied up to the docks at Liverpool. Two nights and a day were spent on board ship here, except for a short time when all the troops went out for a hike through the town, where every man was impressed with the awful situation in England. The streets were stripped of their men, and only a few old men, boys, women and little children gazed with terrible, calm eyes on the troops as they marched through the city.

On June 1st the Company entrained at Liverpool and was whirled down through the midst of peaceful, quiet, orderly England to the huge camp at Winchester, supposedly for a rest. Here, too, was evidence of the desperate situation of the Allies. The camp was almost empty, only a few Canadians and about a battalion of conscript artillery and a few other troops being there. It seemed as if every

available man had been sent to the front, and that the Americans, hurriedly mobilized and trained as they had been, were very much in demand at this dark hour.

After remaining at Winchester for two days, the Company entrained and was taken down to Southampton, where almost the entire day of June 3rd was spent in idling on the docks and chatting with the British who were going across the channel to resume their place on the line. Most of them were tired and almost hopeless, and the despairing way in which they told us that the Hun could not be stopped was quite alarming. But, fortunately, there was a pitifully small sprinkling among the British here of the Old Contemptibles, those heroes who had stopped the mad rush of the Germans at Mons in 1914; and they, being the typical Tommie Atkins, were not quite so talkative but much more inspiring than their more pessimistic brothers.

At dusk the Company was marched off the pier and jammed into the SS. "Antrim", a fast channel steamer, with a perfectly bewildering number of other troops, considering the size of the boat. Just before dark, the Antrim steamed down the harbor and out of sight of land. In the chilly night, with hardly room to stand, the men huddled together and dozed as they stood, while a few of the more fortunate ones, having found a place to creep away and lie down, slept through it all. No danger was apparent during the night, and dawn found the ship safely docked behind the breakwater at LeHavre, where we had our first sight of France and the French.

After disembarking, the Company was hiked to another rest camp which, like all other similar camps, was situated on the highest possible hill, at

the most inaccessible distance from the city. When tents had been assigned, and they were those tiny conical tents, in which one wonders how the British army manages to keep under cover, the Company was marched several kilometers to a place where gas masks were fitted and distributed; the long hike, after the voyage and the unaccustomed British rations, which are rather scanty compared with our own, completely tired the men and they went early to sleep that evening.

After two days' rest at LeHavre, Thirty-three was introduced to that famous friend of the A. E. F., the "Forty-Hommes-Eight-Chevaux" freight car, in which the journey for "somewhere in France" was begun. In order that the trip might not be monotonous, each car was amply provided with bully beef, hardtack and canned tomatoes.

It may be noted from the preceding chapters in the history of Thirty-three, that the Company up to this time had experienced little of the real atmosphere of war. At the various camps and cantonments, it had been in more or less close touch with home and friends; it had had all the diversions available in large towns nearby; and the period of its activities in the United States had been in the nature of a splendid vacation or sight-seeing trip.

But there were two underlying facts in connection with Thirty-three which made it, in action, second to no organization in the A. E. F.; first, the extremely high calibre of the enlisted personnel, which fitted them alike for the duties of ambulance driver, first aid work in the dressing stations and litter-bearing in the front lines and beyond; second, and equally important, the thorough and rigorous training and life in the open for practically a year which had developed the physique of the men to a

point where mere exposure or hardship had little effect on their health or morale. The combination of these two facts, or qualities, though the Company was unaware of it at the time, was to be its salvation in many a trying hour in the months to come.

And so, with superb confidence; but with monumental ignorance of the tremendous drama in which it was at last to take its little part, Thirty-three clattered south-eastward through beautiful, war-ridden, indomitable France, to the Department of the Haute Marne, where, on June 8th, in the late afternoon, along with Ambulance Company No. 28, which was destined to be as it had been for some time past Thirty-three's steadfast travelling companion, it detrained at the little station of Vitrey.

FAYS-BILLOT



THE road maps designate it as Fays-Billot and the majority of the natives do likewise; a few people call it Fayl-Billot, but in either case it is the same quaint, quiet country village that received Thirty-three on that beautiful Sunday morning of June 9th 1918. But—

In the darkness of the preceding night, on which the march from the railway began, someone had blundered; and dawn, followed by sunrise and full day, found an irritable and almost rebellious soldiery, covered with fine white dust, squatting by the roadside, almost within pistol-shot of the town, calling down the vengeance of the gods most dear to army vernacular upon the several varieties of double dashed absolutely blanked imbeciles who had piloted the column on its benighted journey from the railway station, eight miles away. As no officer was

present to volunteer for the sacrifice, the gods were not appeased; and, when at last an Assembly was called for the formal entrance to the town, a gale of audible mirth and vitriolic comment swept along the line. Loud speculation was indulged in as to how the officers had spent the evening, and a wag near the end of the column requested, in a well-known voice, that "Uncle Sammie" be sung.

But shortly after noon billeting was fairly started, and at nightfall everybody was quite at home in the spare rooms and lofts of the peasants' houses and barns. The first night in rest billets, after a superficial examination of the class of entertainment afforded by several cafes in town, passed off without noteworthy incident or accident.

In the three weeks that followed, work was resumed, with particular emphasis on the use of gas masks. Several excursions were made to a nearby forest where, under the direction of a representative of the French government, we learned something of how the wood supply is conserved by these resourceful people. Such was the particularity of the process of cutting and gathering wood that it seemed that not an atom was wasted, even the twigs and leaves being bundled and saved. Hiking and a sort of general training were resumed, and the process of acclimatization was speedy, as money was ample (pay-day occurred here for the first time in France) and the wines of the country potent and plentiful. Under the influence of the advantageous locale, French progressed wonderfully well. The hospitality of the natives was without reserve, and the men were entirely won by the charm and kindness of the people.

Basket-weaving is an active industry in Fays-Billot, and the men were first entertained by and

later initiated into the mysteries of the crude business of cutting, bunching, stripping and preparing the osier withes. In off time, as we roved afield, the surrounding country with its many farms furnished much diversion and not a little sustenance as the possibilities of pleasantly supplementing our meagre army rations with eggs, milk, cheese and real butter, became apparent.

The village was composed of old stone houses flanking crooked, hilly streets radiating from the public square or market place, which served as parade ground. An agricultural school, then given over to the training of crippled soldiers, was one of the most pretentious buildings in the village. On a hill in front of our mess hall was an ancient-looking church, imposing in its beautiful setting in the midst of old trees. Here many of the men were attracted on Sundays, when the inhabitants turned out in full force and the additional congregation of soldiers quite filled the church. The beadle with his uniform and staff stalked grandly through the aisles, the curé was heroic in his constant appeal to the people, after their four years of agony, for fortitude; always for fortitude and patience, and the little girls with their white silk bags shyly took the offertory among the soldiers. It was an inspiring influence to men who shortly were to go up to the lines.

As to the recreations of the Company, what can be said that has not been said already? Transplant Haroun-al-Raschid or any of the characters of the Arabian Nights into a French wineshop; clothe Bacchus and his votaries in O. D. and turn them loose upon an unsuspecting countryside; imagine Omar Khayyam as a buck private, bathing in the flowing bowl and singing his way through the army;

do all this and you will have a nebulous conception of Thirty-three as others saw it, in neighborhoods remote from the front.

But do not think the less of your boy because he was with that Company. On the other hand, thank the gods that he has had a liberal two years' course in the University of Life, whose students are Men and whose Faculty the experience of the raw, red days, the hideous nights and the world upside-down which afflicted France during those years. And do not blame France; for your boy knows, as you never will know, the unquenchable fire which is her spirit, and the personification of hospitality and grace which is her people. Picture to yourself glorious France, holding back the Hun with one weary hand, while she extended the other to give the strong grip of friendship and appreciation to your boy. They were strangers; she did not understand his methods nor he hers. But France, with characteristic unselfishness, opened her heart to him and gave him all that was hers. She is not to blame if he, with the lack of discernment which is an attribute of his youth, occasionally took advantage of a situation which was unfair to them both.

On June 24th 1918, in the early evening, Thirty-three, with Ambulance Co. No. 28, was marched to Charmoy, the nearest railway station, and entrained once more for what was rumored to be a position near the latest Hun push for Paris. During the night the men fraternized with the occupants of a French troop-train which was in a huge railroad yard where our train was stalled for a couple of hours. This first sight of French troops, moving as they were from one part of the line to another, was quite the reverse of those disheartening impressions which had been acquired in England. The

men were vivacious and seemingly less worried than the British conscripts; but the lean, brown faces were deeply lined and the cheery, dark eyes had a tired look in the back of them which made us feel again that the Americans were arriving in the nick of time, if not just a little too late.

The second morning after entrainment found us in the railroad yards at Noisy-le-Sec, a suburb of Paris, where we had breakfast, a wash and a distant view of Eiffel Tower. The journey was resumed until, after passing through the city of Meaux, the Company detrained at Lizy-sur-Ourcq, then the nearest station to the apex of the push toward Paris. The atmosphere was somber as Thirty-three stood looking up the railroad tracks and listening to a faint rumbling sound which came from that direction.

IN ACTION AT BELLEAU WOOD



FROM Lizy, a half day's march, almost all on the upgrade, brought the Company within sight of its new home. It seemed that a chronic state of blundering had attacked the organization; for with the hike practically over and the billeting area almost in view, a truck train hove in sight which had been detailed to haul the men and their packs from the railway.

The interminable twilight found the men pitching pup tents at the back of a beautiful old chateau outside the tiny village of Pierre Levee. The chateau itself was in excellent repair, and there was some furniture left in it which gave an idea of the former grandeur of the place. The building consisted of the facade and two wings partly flanking a large courtyard in front, with flower beds and

walks all rank with untrimmed grass. To the left of the court were the stables, and the farm buildings and barns were opposite them on the right of the yard, which was fenced in from the road by a high, ornamental iron railing. The farm was enclosed in a high wall of field stone. At the back of the chateau was a large terrace, overlooking an old moat and a sunken garden, where a huge iron urn, empty, rose from the long tangle of tall weeds like a monument of desolation. The entire area immediately surrounding the chateau was a large park or propagated forest of gigantic old trees laid out in orderly rows, with alleys or walks in every direction which gave, from the chateau, charming vistas of woodland scenery, with the promising gold of the harvest nearly ready in the grain fields farther out on the farm. Under the shelter of these wonderful trees, for the first time in company with all other seven companies of the Fourth Sanitary Train, the Company bivouaced like the old soldiers that they now were, and waited with interest for the next move. It was not long in coming.

On July 1st 1918, at an Assembly in the chateau grounds, a call was issued for fifteen volunteers to go up to assist the Marine Brigade of the Second Division in and near Belleau Wood. A similar detail was called from Ambulance Company No. 28, making a total of thirty men who presumably would act as litter bearers. On account of the large number of volunteers, the detail had to be chosen by the Commanding Officer; and the fortunate ones were soon on their way to the front. For three days no definite word was received from this detail.

During the time spent at the chateau, which was in a direct line between the front and Paris, and right on the route taken by the air raiders who went

over to bomb far behind the lines every night, Thirty-three obtained its first experience in this respect. After nightfall a loud, moaning buzz announced the coming of the Boche, and the men all turned out, but kept under cover of the trees, to watch. As the plane came nearer, the brilliant beams of many searchlights hidden in the neighborhood began groping like long, thin fingers in the sky. Presently, a beam hesitated and an anti-aircraft gun fired; in a second or two, high up over the converging beams of the searchlights, appeared a tiny flash which was followed by an explosion as the overhead shrapnel or high explosive shell burst. Then, as the other guns got into action, that portion of the sky became alive with little winking flashes, like clouds of fireflies, as the batteries threw their sky barrage in an effort to hit the Hun, or to keep him from approaching too near. But as Meaux and Paris were his objectives, the Boche seldom came down within range; and presently the searchlights disappeared one by one, and the guns ceased to shoot, leaving the intense stillness broken only by the dull rumble of the guns at the front a few miles away. The following account of what was happening, meanwhile, to the volunteer detail with the Marines, is based on the account rendered by one of the men who was a litter bearer with that detail and later with practically every front line detail which was sent out from Thirty-three.

A long truck ride brought the detail to Bezu-le-Guery. It was their first experience at living in a town under shellfire, for early next morning the Germans threw several big projectiles into the village; one of the shells killing three Frenchmen and one Marine. Part of the detail was sent to Field Hospital No. 1 of the Second Division, while the

rest were engaged in digging graves, and carrying and burying many dead, both French and American, that were about.

At six o'clock that evening, July 2nd, a call came for six of Thirty-three's detail to go up into the front lines with the 5th and 6th Marines at Belleau Wood. They arrived at a front line dressing station at dusk. The Marine officer in charge, apparently expecting experienced men from his own Division, gave a sympathetic glance at the green hands who reported to him, and made the more or less encouraging remark that it was only about one time in a thousand that a shell made a direct hit on a man; he charitably neglected to mention that most of the casualties are not from direct hits, but from shell splinters or shrapnel. Some men from Ambulance Company No. 28 were also in this place, it apparently being their destiny to be "brigaded" with Thirty-three everywhere. The whole detail was now split up and sent to advance dressing stations, where they had no sooner settled in their dugouts than they were sent out to carry in wounded. The dressing stations were holes dug in the ground and covered over with branches of trees, dirt, stones and pieces of old uniforms. It was here that John A. Dean, of Thirty-three, while carrying in a wounded Marine on a litter, was lost. He and Carl Nixdorff were carrying in the litter over rough, broken ground through the woods (it was night), when a shell exploded alongside the litter, killing the patient and mortally wounding Dean. Dazed at the miraculousness of his own escape, practically lost in the shell-swept woods, but true to his training, Nixdorff dressed the wounds of his dying and dead comrades and then went for help to bring them in. When help finally arrived, it was too late and Jack Dean had

made the ultimate sacrifice; he had died in the effort to save another man's life, which is the finest and noblest death that man could desire. Good soldier, staunch comrade, brave man, he was buried where he fell at Belleau Wood, that ground which will be ever identified with that which is bravest and best of the true manhood of the United States of America.

Some of our men acted as runners, and their lot in this action was an unenviable one. The woods were ghastly at night, and white gauze streamers were attached to trees and bushes in order to mark the almost impassable paths in the darkness. In the daytime, when a fire was permissible, gasoline was poured over dirt and ignited; this made a good fire over which beans, bacon and coffee were cooked. On the night of July 4th, the 5th and 6th Marines, and with them Thirty-three's detail, were relieved, coming out between the American and enemy barrages. The five remaining men of the detail rejoined the rest at Bezu-le-Guerny, where they remained until July 6th. The balance of the detail had been tending gas patients at Field Hospital No. 1 during the time when the six men were with the Marines.

A grotesque bit of the humor of war was observed by one of our men as the detail was leaving Belleau Wood with the Marines. When the Brigade was coming out, a Marine found a battered silk hat, which he promptly picked up and put on his head; then, using his rifle as a walking stick, he gave his buddies an exhibition of how he would swagger down Fifth Avenue when he reached home. It was a characteristic touch of the careless gaiety which is sometimes observed at the front. Later, when his regiment went again into the trenches, he was killed.

On July 6th, as truck passengers, the detail rode

back to the Company at Pierre Levee, where little could be extracted in the way of comment on what they had seen from these, our own veterans of Belleau Wood.

On July 2nd, all excess baggage had been collected and stored at Meaux, and the men were confined to the packs which they carried. This looked like more action; but, for the next few days, the men lolled about the woods or played baseball, until on the evening of July 6th, a truck convoy picked up all eight companies of the Sanitary Train, for distribution in the reserve area of the line from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry. Thirty-three moved by devious and torturous ways to Acy-en-Multien, where it arrived at three in the morning and encamped in the grounds of a chateau outside the town. These grounds were used jointly by a French evacuation hospital and Field Hospital 33 of our Division; during the days that followed, it was a very busy place, and the little cemetery near the Company kitchen grew larger and larger with the addition of French, American and German dead from the hospitals. The Germans were buried a little apart from the Allied dead; for although the wounded Huns were cared for to the utmost limit of available appliances and skill, and the dead carefully buried, there seemed to be a hesitancy, unspoken but apparent, to give them the same ground as our own.

THE AISNE-MARNE OFFENSIVE



S the moment of action for the entire Company approached, the question most discussed was "When are we going to get our ambulances?" Like all things in the army, we had but to wait for the answer. On July

7th, Thirty-three and each of the other two motor drawn companies of the train sent a detail of thirty men to the railway station at Lizy-sur-Ourcq to entrain for St. Nazaire, where the ambulances awaited them. The men carried their packs and the conventional supply of bully beef, salmon and loaves of bread. The same afternoon they detrained at Paris and marched through the city to another railway station where they entrained again. On the morning of the 11th they arrived at St. Nazaire, where they were immediately put to work to assemble ambulances, Thirty-three drawing an assignment of fourteen three-quarter ton G. M. C. cars. On the afternoon of July 12th the convoy was taken outside the park, lined up for an early start next morning and—the men allowed to go out on pass into the city for the evening. Ten o'clock was the hour set for their return to camp; but the attractions of St. Nazaire were too much for them and, on returning after ten o'clock, eight fell into the hands of the 10th Cavalry, who were policing the place. They were thrown into jail for the night. Next morning, instead of their beloved steering wheels and gear shift handles, the eight truants were wielding brooms, shovels and wheelbarrows, under the supervision of an armed guard who was most solicitous of their welfare. However, at 1.30 P. M., the Lieutenant in charge of Thirty-three's detail obtained the custody of his men, and the convoy went merrily on its way back to Acy, where it arrived on July 17th. At 4 P. M. on the same day, eight of the cars were ordered to proceed to the front, to be followed shortly by the other six.

On the following morning, the opening of the Aisne-Marne counter-offensive, all of the ambulances were in action, and the wounded were pouring

into the hospitals at Acy in a constant stream. During the entire period of action, the cars were maintained in running order constantly, by the substitution of one set of drivers and orderlies for another after each driver and orderly had done twenty-four hours' work at one stretch. This continued without intermission until August 12th, when the Division came out of action.

On the night of July 17th forty men from the Company were sent as litter bearers to Noroy and Thury, where the Seventh Brigade, composed of our 39th and 47th Infantry, was in action with the French. Some of the men established dressing stations, one being in a huge cave; others made long distance carries of wounded, utilizing two-wheeled carts for the transportation of severely wounded. It was here that a ludicrous incident occurred which was anything but funny to the men who participated in it. A lull in the arrival of wounded and the burning of a town which was holding up the advance gave some of the bearers a chance to snatch a little sleep. It was a chilly night, with moonlight, so it seemed wise to make use of some of the unoccupied German dugouts in an old orchard. On approaching one, the man nearest it suddenly retreated, as he had seen a flash of light down in the dugout, and all that he had been taught of the clever traps which the Hun leaves behind him had instantly recurred to his mind. Several of the men, whose truly American curiosity had been aroused, began to stalk the dugout or its inmates in a most systematic manner. When they arrived at the entrance, nobody came out and nothing happened. It was then discovered that a mirror, left in the dugout by the Germans, had been so placed that the moonlight was reflected in it and that was the light which the first man had

seen. Next morning, as the advance progressed, our men had a good view of their own infantry, brigaded with the French, actually in action, going over the top.

As the offensive continued the work increased; for, with the advancement of our own lines, the length of the trip back to the American and French evacuation hospitals became greater, and it seemed that the influx of patients was too great to permit the suspension of work at the hospitals for an interval long enough to allow them to move. Consequently it was not an uncommon thing for an ambulance, laden with seriously wounded, to leave the dressing station or triage, in the evening and not return from its trip until the next morning, the hospitals being located in the immediate vicinity of the Marne River, from Chateau-Thierry almost half way to Paris. It was thus the good fortune of our drivers to be able to see all of the fighting front of this historic battlefield, as well as all the rear areas. Here again, the wonderful fortitude of the French was apparent in the manner in which, in villages located an incredibly short distance behind the actual battle front, the peasants pursued their daily work as if war were the farthest thing in the world from their comprehension.

As the apex of the so-called Chateau-Thierry salient was eradicated, the general direction of the attack, from northeast, became north, and it was necessary for the ambulance companies to make a series of rapid moves in order to keep up with the advance. On July 22nd, Thirty-three moved from Acy-en-Multein to Courchamps, which had been within the German lines, and which gave the Company its first collective experience in the devastated area. The town was a little to the left and in front of Belleau

Wood, which was visited by all the men during the next few days. Courchamps was located on a hillock, overlooking a broad, shallow valley covered with wheatfields. In the midst of the field was a little wooded hill which had been a very strong local German position, as indicated by the trenches and dugouts surrounding it. On the far side of the wheatfields, toward the lines, was more woodland. The 8th Brigade Infantry of the Fourth Division had gone over this ground in the face of a German light battery which still stood in the open ground, among the wheat, its guns jammed at the breech, one gunner, dead, leaning against the wheel of his piece, peering over the sights, just as he had stood watching the death that was approaching him. Another man, while retreating, had been wounded and had sat down on the ground to apply a first aid dressing to his foot, when a shell bursting nearby had practically cut off his head. Strewn about were other dead, both German and American, and in a large square hole nearby was a German trench-mortar, hidden by its camouflage. In the wheatfields little beaten paths showed where the infantry had advanced to the attack in the face of a murderous artillery, machine-gun and rifle fire. Courchamps itself had suffered considerable damage from heavy shellfire, but there were still many houses standing. From Courchamps a detail of first aid men was sent to the neighboring town of Monthiers, where they lived in an old house partly destroyed by shell fire and established a dressing station which was ready for action immediately.

On July 25th the Company moved from Courchamps to Bussiares, where the 28th Field Hospital, of our Division, was located. A large number of gas patients were evacuated to the rear from this point.

On July 31st, another move was made, from Bussiares to Bezu-St. Germain, which was across the Chateau-Thierry-Soissons highway. The following day the Company moved to Epieds, near which point the 4th Artillery Brigade first saw service when the 16th Field Artillery went into action, on the run, firing pointblank at the Germans who were now in full retreat. This town was at a point where several main roads converged, and the traffic of motors, men, guns and animals, going in all directions, was enormous.

From Epieds a detail was sent into the lines to act as litter bearers. They were told to report to the 58th Infantry dressing station. After reporting at one of the front line stations, four of the men were sent out into No-Man's-Land in broad daylight to look for a dead Major who, as was later ascertained, had some informative papers on his person which would have been of value to the enemy. For five hours, through gas and shellfire, these men searched up and down the open field. The body of the Major was finally found; in the act of leading his battalion to the attack, he had fallen, with his whistle still firmly between his teeth. The body was put into a blanket and the four exhausted men, lifting it with difficulty by the corners, succeeded in bringing it back safely under the very eye of the watchful Germans. The detail was likewise occupied in loading ambulances and dressing wounded while at this station, without sleep and in the constant presence of gas which the Germans used at this place.

BEYOND THE VESLE RIVER



FROM Epieds, on August 3rd, the Company moved to Villers-sur-Fère, which was a little town located on a commanding hill overlooking the surrounding Forêt-de-Fère and the City of Fère-en-Tardenois. The town of Villers sur Fère had been the scene of great activity during which the Forty-second, or Rainbow, Division, assisted by the Fourth Division's Seventh Brigade, had done some very fierce fighting, particularly a short distance to the right of the town. The Company was quartered in an old farm, in the orchard of which had been a picket line where the shell fire had done great execution among the horses, which were lying about all over the place. The damage from shell fire here had been great, but there were still many buildings intact. A little parish church in the town had been hit several times, but the chancel was unharmed, although the vestry had been entered and the furnishings, including the sacramental robes and draperies, had been thrown about the floor but not taken away. As the season was summer and the vicinity thick with dead horses and men, the flies were numerous and troublesome.

On the night of August 4th, thirty-five men of the Company were sent to join the 58th Infantry at Mt. St. Martin. Some of the men spent the night at Chery-Chartreuve, sleeping in the ditches along the main road. This road was alive with troops, ambulances, trucks and guns passing up and down all night. In the morning the detail, which was then intact, was led out over open fields by the Lieutenant in charge, in full view of the Germans. A dressing station was to be established which,

through some error, the detail was proceeding to do in a town which was still fully occupied by the Germans, and the entire thirty-five, with their officer, were soon out beyond their own outposts and consequently in great danger, it being daylight. The Germans, evidently mistaking the movement of this small body for some sort of feint to an attack, turned a terrible fire of artillery on our men, who lay in shellholes as the projectiles shrieked and the shrapnel hissed about them. It was one of those tense moments when a man's life seems extremely insignificant. The detail now proceeded to do the only thing that was possible. Crouching in holes when a shell landed near, then springing up and darting in a crouched position until the warning shriek of the next shell made them fall flat or dive into the nearest hole, they worked their way back to Mt. St. Martin. While not a man of the detail had been even wounded, the retreat of the little band had drawn a heavy fire on the infantry and artillery in and about Mt. St. Martin. The detail, though lacking its officer, established a dressing station in the shadow of a stone wall, and some of the men went out under the constant fire to bring in wounded; others, wearing gas masks, carried the wounded back through the fast crumbling town to the dressing station of the 58th Infantry. That night, as the town of Mt. St. Martin was a heap of ruins and drenched with gas, the men, still lacking their officer, found their way back to the Company by twos and threes, still marvelling at their miraculous escape. The officer also had retraced his way and had reached the Company in safety.

Meanwhile, in the shell-torn town of Chery-Chartreuve, another dressing station had been established by Thirty-three, where the men were kept

constantly on the alert by the shelling of the town and the constant arrival of wounded.

On August 4th, the Company moved from Villers-sur-Fère to Mareuil-en-Dole, passing en route through the ruined city of Fère-en-Tardenois, which was very much dilapidated but not entirely destroyed by heavy shellfire. Mareuil was located just off the main road near an important crossroads which was subject to the constant attention of the German long range artillery. The town was just under the noses of a number of 155 mm. rifles which were located on a hillside nearby and which added to the excitement and noise. A triage was established in a building in the center of the town, where the large courtyard in front and the yard and street in the rear were constantly jammed with ambulances bringing in wounded from the front or picking them up for transportation to the rear, horribly mangled men whose dressings had to be adjusted before their being sent farther to the rear, a large number of dead placed in long rows on litters at the back of the triage awaiting burial and the tired, muddy men on duty in the place. The Company kitchen was directly opposite the triage and the exigencies of the emergency kept cooks and kitchen police on duty all the time with a devotion and dogged persistence which won for them the respect of all who paused to note this phase of their thankless task of feeding an army in action.

On August 8th a detail of twelve men was sent to St. Thibaut to act as litter bearers for the 47th Infantry, the bulk of whose medical men were killed or wounded. This was all front line work, at the River Vesle. While our detail was there the first line infantry received orders to fall back to the second line. This is a phase of the historic battle

of the Vesle which was hardly mentioned in the newspapers at the time. In this, the first retrograde movement in which it had taken part, Thirty-three's contingent proved itself again and again. They saved and carried back the wounded under fire from the dominating heights across the river, listening all the while to the piteous cry of the men who seemed to realize instinctively that they might be left behind and whose constant cry of "First Aid! First Aid!" will follow the litter bearers long after this war has become ancient history. How different it was from the frivolous moments on the training grounds at Allentown where the litter bearers, on the make-believe No-Man's-Land back home, had gone through the trenches whistling and calling, "Here wounded!"

It was on this detail that the men met that hero, Major Webster, who was Regimental Surgeon of the 47th. Of his courage, kindness and ability more will be said in another place.

After messing for two days with the front line infantry, this detail was relieved by eight other men of the Company who entered the front line along an old country road which was protected fairly well in some places by a high embankment on each side; in other places the machine guns of the Boche were very troublesome. The men lived in fox holes scooped out of the embankments by the roadside. That night some of them were sent out beyond the front line to look for wounded. The Germans had an immense searchlight playing from their side and sweeping up and down No-Man's-Land. It was a ghastly and fantastic sight to see the men groping about in utter helplessness to evade its terrible play. Early in the morning one of the detail went over the top with a patrol which was sent out to locate

enemy machine gun nests. On the morning of August 12th, when the Fourth Division was relieved by the Seventy-seventh, the Thirty-three detail was the last to go and they returned to the rear through a pounding barrage which was intended to harry the withdrawal of the gallant Fourth as it came out after having been, in whole or part, in action for forty-two days. But there were fortunately very few casualties as a result of this bombardment.

While at St. Thibaut one of the members of Thirty-three figured in an incident which was particularly interesting to those who saw it. This man, who was on front line detail work in every action in which the Division participated, was sent out to find a location for a dressing station. While proceeding cautiously he came on the entrance to a deep cave. Hearing voices, he approached the cave and found concealed there ninety French people, nearly all civilians, who had been prisoners. They were starved old men, haggard women and emaciated children who were huddled in the place, after having been told by the Germans that the Americans were coming to kill them. One of the old men had a note from a German officer to the Americans. In it the Hun officer stated that the occupants of the cave had been prisoners and servants, and requested that they be treated well. To the amazement of the poor prisoners they were taken from the cave, loaded on trucks and moved back to Mareuil, where Thirty-three fed them full on bread and coffee.

Two men of the Company were also at Chery-Chartreuve, at relay stations, one with the 4th Engineers and one with the 58th Infantry.

While the litter bearers were so valiantly upholding the reputation of the Company on the line, the ambulance drivers and aides were doing staunch

service in carrying out, with the sole assistance of two ambulances from the 42nd Division, all the evacuation from this part of the line to the rear. It required every ounce of brain and nerve to keep their cars running and themselves alert in the intricate maze of main road traffic; and it is recorded that in this, as well as in all other actions in which they took part, there was not a single mishap which was due to carelessness or ignorance of road conditions, locations, stations, hospitals and organizations with which our men had to do.

At Mareuil, where Company headquarters was located, conditions were bad. Practically everybody was affected with dysentery, presumably on account of a scourge of flies due to the dead and the filth in which the men were compelled to live. It was therefore with great joy that, on August 12th, the Company moved to the Chateau de la Forêt de Fère and made camp among the dugouts in the woods.

The ambulances were relieved on the 13th and during that night and the following day everybody rested in pup tents under the trees.

On the evening of the 14th the Company, as well as the Division, began to move out of this sector. An anxious few moments were spent squatting on the ground in the moonlight while a Boche plane hovered nearby and dropped flares and bombs into the woods. But there was no immediate danger to our men.


After hiking all night, and leaving many exhausted stragglers on the road to catch up as best they might, the Company reached the woods outside Courboin on the morning of the 15th. Resuming the hike on the 16th the Company arrived at the Chateau of Montmirail at 4.00 P. M. and pitched

pup tents under the shade of its venerable trees.

At 3.00 A. M. on August 18th the Company entrained at Montmirail and arrived at Anelot, its destination, at 8.00 P. M. the same date. A short truck ride brought us to Prez-sous-LaFauche, where billeting was completed about midnight.

Thus Thirty-three came down out of action into a period of well-earned rest, with a record of which the most fastidious soul in the Company might well be proud. In one period of eight days, working night and day, approximately two thousand seven hundred patients were evacuated by the Company, and there were many more during the drive for which no figures are available. We had maintained details and dressing stations in the immediate front lines and had come through many tight places unscathed. We had lost but one man and yet we had taken part in what is considered by those who know to have been some of the worst fighting of the war. And Thirty-three was beginning to be known throughout the Fourth Division as an organization which could be depended upon anywhere.

REST BILLETS

URING the trip down to Prez-sous-LaFauche one of our ambulances, which went overland, had an amusing experience in the city of St. Dizier. The convoy had stopped for supper in the city and had then gone on; the ambulance in question dropped out and stopped just outside St. Dizier. After parking, the men accompanying this car met several of the Ambulance Section Headquarters men, all former members of Thirty-three, who were also camped in the neighborhood, and the entire party

went back to St. Dizier on foot to explore among the wineshops. While thus engaged, they observed that a fire had broken out in the town and, being members of Thirty-three, of course they stepped into the spotlight when a little hand-pumping fire engine was dragged down the street to the scene of the blaze. While the populace stood about crying "Vive les Americains! Vive les Etats Unis!", our men took charge of the tiny fire apparatus and although the building was practically destroyed they helped to keep the fire from spreading to other houses. Long afterwards, when the Company was back on the fighting line, a communication was received through military channels, complimenting the men in behalf of the French military and civil authorities at St. Dizier on their splendid behavior in putting out the fire. A curious phase of the whole incident is the fact that diligent inquiry failed to disclose the participants in the affair, with the exception of one man whose name was mentioned in the communication.

The constant use of our motors in the recent action had made a general overhaul of most of the cars an absolute necessity. Therefore, the time at Prez-sous-LaFauche was a busy one for the mechanical staff, who toiled through the long hot days in feverish haste to repair the wastage and damage of the late grind. The Company itself was drilled and inspected and refitted until at the end of about a week it began to look like the old, dapper Thirty-three again.

In the peace and quiet of this rest area, however, there was a dolorous note; the wail of the angry Mess Sergeant, whose susceptibilities were grievously wounded at the constant arrival of canned meats, tomatoes, dehydrated potatoes and French

Army bread which was all too reminiscent of paving stones to be very much appreciated when the men were doing light work. After the plentiful supply of fresh beef which had been common while in action, this radical change in diet called for serious inroads on the local supply of fowls, rabbits, fresh bread, cheese and the inevitable wines. So, complaining at the scant rations by day, and feasting on such of the fat of the land as was available by night, we passed the short stay in Prez-sous-LaFauche agreeably enough.

While the ambulances were being repaired, enough of them had to be kept in condition to evacuate the sick from all organizations of the Fourth Division to our own field hospitals which were located in a nearby village. This work necessitated frequent trips to all the surrounding towns and gave the men a further opportunity to view the entire neighborhood.

On a commanding eminence, about a mile from Prez-sous-LaFauche, is situated all that is left of the ancient castle of LaFauche. It was a favorite pastime of the men while located in this area to start after supper and walk leisurely over to the site of the castle where, after an almost perpendicular climb up the steep hillside, an hour or two would be spent in exploring what was left of the citadel. The keep was practically intact, as was part of the castle wall; a subterranean passage was visible and could be traversed; but the greater part of the structure had tumbled down and now lies in promiscuous heaps of masonry all over the hilltop. But the view from the place was magnificent; to westward an immense sweep of the valley of the Marne, with its scattered villages, level fields and broad, tree-lined roads; while to the east and south-

east, in the remote distance, was the faint outline of the Jura foothills. Here, in the long, lazy twilight, it was peaceful indeed; until a homing aeroplane, slowly returning from the lines, reminded us that our business was war, and that we should soon be about our business once again.

ST. MIHIEL



N September 1st the Company was transported by French Army trucks to a wood near the village of Vavincourt, a short distance northwest of Bar-le-Duc. On a cold, drizzling night, it was really the morning of the 2nd, the men were told to turn out in the streets of Naives. They did so, only to find that nobody seemed to know where to go. Consequently the men, in the absence of orders to the contrary, began to drift away by twos, threes and squads until finally, at about two in the morning, the streets were deserted and the men housed in every barn, shed and room that could hold them.

At about eight o'clock in the morning an officer, appearing from nowhere in particular, came down the road and found the men crawling sleepily from their retreats of the night before. Putting himself at the head of the bedraggled procession, and picking up other truants at every step, he marched up the road a couple of kilometers and the entry into the woods was made in broad daylight, in defiance of the order of absolute secrecy which precluded troop movements except at night. But the standing luck of Thirty-three still stood, and nothing ever was heard of this escapade.

Pup tents were pitched in the woods and all the company kitchens of the Sanitary Train were established at the edge of the timber nearest the road.

Re-equipment was still going on, and during the next few days the companies were completely fitted out with everything that they needed. It was while located in this place that Thirty-three received an article of equipment which caused much merriment. One night a horse-drawn water cart, minus the horse, was brought to the Company kitchen. A detail was assigned to care for the cart which, when the next move was made, in the absence of the horse which never came, had to be lashed on behind one of the motor trucks and thus trailed ingloriously into action.

A single-track railway line ran just outside the woods and a train on this line went down every evening to Bar-le-Duc. It became known as the Fourth Sanitary Train as every evening a great many of the men waited outside the woods, caught the train, spent the night in the city and returned again on an early train in time for Reveille.

On the night of September 7th the Company moved from the woods outside Vavincourt to the town of Sommedieue, which was just behind the position allotted to the Fourth Division on the extreme left flank of the St. Mihiel salient. This town was well within range of heavy shellfire, and during the stay here there was constant activity in the form of troops passing up and down, aerial battles and raids and some shellfire.

On September 11th the Company established dressing stations at Sommedieue, Dieue and Genicourt; and its ambulances were assigned to cover all the advance area of our Division in this sector. But as the Fourth Division was in a pivotal position, and as its advance was scheduled to be for a short distance only, for the purpose of making and maintaining contact of its flanks when the salient was

closed, there was little to do as the casualties were extraordinarily slight. It is well known that in this offensive the Americans suffered very little in proportion to the losses in terrain and prisoners which the Germans sustained.

One day, while the Company was quartered here, a spectacular air battle was witnessed in which a Hun aviator, caught behind our lines, made a tremendous fight against overwhelming odds before he was finally brought down. He had been indulging in the pastime so popular with aviators, of exploding artillery observation balloons. Six or seven Allied planes discovered him and forced him down from a great height. While one of their number, an American, chased the Hun at low altitude, the others hovered over the two in order to keep the German down. Time after time he tried to elude the American by swooping downward and then rising rapidly; but he could not run the gauntlet of those above. The American, meanwhile, was sticking close to the German's rudder and finally, to an accompaniment of rapid spurts of machine gun fire, the American rose above and behind the Hun and drove him down, out of control. Those who saw the plane after its fall said that the German aviator had been wounded several times and that he was dead when they reached the machine.

While in this vicinity, many members of Thirty-three were able to visit the city and the citadel of Verdun. In its lofty position overlooking the valley of the Meuse, the city stands a grim monument to the heroic legions of France who opposed their bodies as a rampart against the fiercest onslaughts of the Hun in 1916. Standing on the battlements of the city, and looking out over the desolate valley, it was with a mind and heart full of the

most profound emotion and admiration that one visualized that awful struggle and thanked the gods that his own country at last was in a position to take part in the war, even though that part be somewhat in the nature of an anti-climax.

Shortly before leaving Sommedieue, the Company witnessed a proof that the Boche, nominally beaten, withdrawing and cruel to the last, was not deficient in courage. A German plane came over the town one evening and, shutting off his motor, swooped low and, following the line of the main road through the town, sprayed every street with his machine gun fire. He rose again and disappeared into the sunset sky. Luckily, nobody was injured. But it was one of those feats which stand out overwhelmingly from the standpoint of daring, to the credit of even a German.

On September 19th the Company marched from Sommedieue to the woods northeast of Lemmes, arriving at midnight. On the 21st another move was made, by ambulance and truck, to Sivry-la-Perche.

THE MEUSE-ARGONNE



IVRY-LA-PERCHE was a little town hidden under the shoulder of a steep hill on the road up into the Argonne sector. The French Town Major said that the village had not been shelled for about two years, although it was within easy range of German batteries to the north and also those across the Meuse to the eastward. The town could be approached without danger of observation by a deviation from the main road over the valley of Nixeville and through an immense ammunition dump north of that place, thence over a narrow valley road into Sivry. But

the characteristic perverseness of Thirty-three took it too far north on the main road and into Sivry over a high hill in plain sight of the German balloons to the east. At sunset the Ambulance Section ration truck, also strayed too far to the north, came over the same hill while the Germans took pot shots as it loomed against the sky; but it arrived safely in the village. That night Sivry was treated to a little shellfire and thereafter, at intervals, the Germans turned their attention toward the town or the cross-roads just outside; but without damage to the Company.

On the night of September 25th the artillery preparation for the Argonne offensive began. The tremendous rumble of the mighty thunder of three thousand guns shook the ground; the sky was alight with flashes which would have paled the northern lights; the roads were packed with men and guns, ammunition and supplies, all moving forward to feed the mouth of Hell which gaped and belched desolation and death a few short miles away.

On September 24th a dressing station had been established by us at Bêthelainville, where the artillery was, and two days later it was moved to a partly destroyed house in the village of Esnes.

On September 28th a detail of eight men was sent to the front to transport medical supplies by hand, owing to the difficulties of the terrain; this detail reported back to the Company on October 1st.

On the night of September 29th the Company marched from Sivry-la-Perche to Cuisy, which had been inside the German defenses but a few hours before. Owing to great congestion on the roads, due to the damage which had been done by the immense concentration of artillery fire, it took the Company

about thirty hours to make this trip which ordinarily would have been about a half day's march.

It was just before the move to Cuisy that the Director of Ambulance Companies, Major Lawrence, was taken ill and had to be evacuated to the hospital at Souilly. A day or two after his evacuation he was removed farther to the rear and thus ended his active connection with Thirty-three, which was now under the immediate command of Captain Harry H. Wilson; Captain A. J. McCarey succeeding Major Lawrence as Director of Ambulance Companies. It is remembered to his everlasting credit that in this, the greatest American offensive, Captain McCarey assigned Thirty-three's ambulances to the post of honor in looking after front line work in connection with the advance of the Fourth Division. The Company was assisted occasionally by cars of the other two motorized companies of the train, the 19th and 21st Ambulance Companies, while its old friend, Ambulance Company No. 28, was actively engaged in front line litter bearing and other details on account of the absence of its animal drawn transportation. The Field Hospitals, corresponding in numerical designation with the four ambulance companies, were also moved to Cuisy. It was therefore the task of Thirty-three to pick up the wounded at the advance dressing stations, evacuate them to the field hospitals and return to the lines. The 19th and 21st Companies then transported the wounded back to Souilly, which was an evacuation hospital center located at a railhead some twelve or fifteen miles to the rear of Cuisy.

On the route to Cuisy, after leaving Bethelainville, the Company marched out over a stretch of country which in the matter of desolation and destruction eclipsed anything that had been seen up to that

time. From Bethelainville across the open country to Montzéville, where the Allied front line had been, the damage was ordinary. But on leaving the latter place and proceeding down into the low ground outside the village of Esnes it was seen that our barrage, as well as the continuous fighting of the past four years, had been terrific. All that remained of Esnes was the remnant of its chateau, all but pounded to pieces and standing alone among the brick piles and rubbish of the town. Alongside the road, on the eastern approach to the town, where a little wooden bridge crossed an arm of the Forges Brook, the scarred stumps of old trees protruded from the mud like broken teeth in a shattered jaw. Leaving Esnes the road ascended again, skirted the western slope of Hill 304 and was fairly out on the terrible No-Man's-Land of the furious battles of Verdun. The appearance of the country was indescribable; as in all the vast area which is visible from here, there was not a square yard which had not received its shellhole; the ground had been turned and turned again by the constant bombardment, and it looked indeed like the graveyard of the world. Passing through Haucourt and Malancourt, both mere heaps of brick and powdered mortar, the road came out on the crest of Hill 308 in full view of Montfaucon, which had been the stumbling block of the 79th Division and which had been captured only after having been outflanked by the Fourth Division's Seventh Brigade. Dropping down into the valley, the Company located at Cuisy and camped on the slopes northwest of the town on the morning of September 30th.

Cuisy was a very warm place that afternoon, and the kitchen crew were badly hampered in their work by the constant arrival of large calibre shells by

which the German artillery raked the valley with great skill and precision. The valley was crowded with troops and horses and it seemed as though every shell that landed took its toll.

Thirty-three suffered another casualty here which sobered the Company for many days afterwards. Sergeant Henry C. Stevens was crouching in a hole on the hillside with other members of the Company, when a big shell came over and exploded close to the hole where they lay. A fragment of the shell hit Stevens in the chest, mortally wounding him. He lived only for a short time and was buried near where he fell. One of the youngest members of the original Company, he was universally liked and admired on account of his being an ideal representative of the true young manhood of America. Young, clean, strong, well disciplined both as to his personal habits and his military duties, he was all that we should like to have been ourselves. His death was swift, unexpected and seemingly uncalled for. But the memory of his life is an inspiration to those who knew him best.

On October 1st the Boche resumed his shelling of the valley and as the hospital tents were being hit and some of the patients wounded again, an order was given to withdraw to Béthincourt, four miles southeast of Cuisy. The companies were divided into four-man litter squads and each squad took a patient for the carry to the new location. It was difficult work, but it was accomplished and the service re-established the same day at Béthincourt, in the shadow of Le Mort Homme.

But Béthincourt also was unsafe for the hospitals, as the Hun insisted on shelling a crossroads at that place, so the companies, on October 4th, hiked farther to the rear and camped on a hill at Fromeréville.

Meanwhile, in the front lines, the litter bearers were busy as before. From Cuisy, a detail went to Septsarges, where a dressing station was established in the only practicable building in the town. Another detail went into the Bois de Septsarges and afterwards farther forward to work with the advance infantry dressing stations. Both details worked under constant shellfire and in the presence of gas, at litter bearing, ambulance loading and dressing wounds; and an additional detail, at the foot of a hill at Septsarges, pushed ambulances over a difficult part of the road. These, and other details on duty with the line troops, worked their way forward with the line in the face of the stiffest resistance which was encountered in this engagement, as the position of the Fourth Division was in the center of the push.

One of the men with the advance detail worked in personal contact with Major Webster of the 47th Infantry. In the estimation of the men who were with him, Major Webster represented all that a medical officer should be. Fearless, kind, considerate, but withal a strict adherent to the necessities of military discipline, he spared neither himself nor his men when the question of caring for wounded was to be considered. He had obtained a German wagon and a pair of mules and it was his custom to drive out, alone, or accompanied by the Thirty-three man who has been mentioned, in search of wounded lying in the woods. Loading the wounded on the wagon, they would drive back to the dressing station, care for the patients and return to the woods for other casualties. During the latter part of the Argonne offensive, Major Webster was leading a detail of men over a heavily shelled piece of ground, when a shell fell almost directly on the detail. The

Major was instantly killed with two of the detail, and several of the other men were wounded. His loss was keenly felt, not only in his own regiment, but also among the many men who had known him through service with the 47th as litter bearers.

While the Company was moving backward and forward, and the bearers working at the front, the ambulance drivers and aides were having a very difficult time in keeping up their work under the most trying conditions that they had yet experienced. After the artillery preparation at the opening of the attack, a portion of the only road leading into that sector in a direct line had been absolutely wiped out where it crossed the swamp which is the basin of the Forges Brook. For about three miles the Engineers had to build a new road across the swamp, utilizing everything that came to hand. Brick, stone and beams from ruined houses composed the roadbed, while crushed stone was placed in thousands of sandbags at the rear and each vehicle that went up the road carried its two or more sandbags of stone, placed on the running boards to be taken off and dumped into holes on the new road. This process of building a road with an army moving over it was very difficult, and the traffic was so slow that it sometimes took a truck or ambulance forty-eight hours or longer to make a round trip from Septsarges to the rear and back again, although the distance was only about fifteen miles.

The incessant rains and cold weather during October were responsible for considerable minor illness in the Company, as well as among all other troops in the neighborhood. It was practically impossible to keep dry or warm, and the lot of the men in the trenches was a miserable one. The infantry and artillery, and of course the medical and other troops

attached to them, ate and slept, lived and were killed in mud; and the chilly fall winds swept the hills and desolate valleys of the Meuse country continually.

Due doubtless to exposure and hardship, William Garvin and Horace B. McPherson, both of Thirty-three, were taken sick with heavy colds which developed, after their evacuation from the lines to hospitals in the rear, into pneumonia or influenza. On account of their being separated from the Company, little could be learned of their progress as nobody could leave the outfit while it was at the front, and consequently it was not until after some time had elapsed that it was learned that Garvin had died on October 26th, and McPherson on November 28th, 1918. Both men had been known and appreciated for their true worth among all of their fellows. In a less spectacular fashion than those of their comrades who had been killed in action, but as a result of the endless, wearing grind that was the lot of us all in those days, they paid the full price of their patriotism; doing their work well until they were unable to do more and then going cheerfully to their inconspicuous death, uncomplaining and unafraid. Apart from the rest as they were, they must have known at the last how the knowledge of their sacrifice touched their fellows, and how the remembrance of that sacrifice would be a source of deep pride and satisfaction to those who knew them and worked with them.

As the country in this sector was hilly, the ambulances came in for their share of hairbreadth escapes. The hilltops and slopes facing the lines were under constant observation; and, contrary to the popular belief in the decadence of the Boche artillery, some very accurate shooting was done. On a

hill rising southward from Gercourt to Béthincourt, Hill 199, direct hits on vehicles traversing this road were not uncommon, and it was here, on October 5th 1918, that a member of Thirty-three won his citation for the Distinguished Service Cross. Edward D. Haskew was driving back with a load of wounded, when a shell burst on the road near his ambulance and spattered the car with shrapnel. Sergeant Cole, of the 28th Ambulance Company, who was riding the step, was instantly killed; Haskew, the driver, was wounded by shrapnel in a dozen places on the legs and body, and his aide, William C. Christensen, was seriously wounded in the foot. In spite of the pain and great loss of blood, Haskew remained behind his wheel and brought his ambulance successfully to a protected place where both he and his patients could be attended. A general officer had witnessed the incident and his approval of the citation was obtained.

Another member of the Company had a miraculous escape from serious injury or death when, while he was unloading his ambulance at a Field Hospital, a shell landed nearby and demolished a French ambulance. A piece of the shrapnel whizzed past this man, clipping the cuffs of both his gauntlets; another small piece of shrapnel lodged in the calf of one of his legs, but he remained on duty.

During this time the Company maintained all of its ambulances in running order, excepting the one driven by Haskew, which was temporarily out of commission.

On October 13th the Company moved back to Béthincourt, where it remained until October 18th, when it marched back to Sivry-la-Perche.

On October 23rd, after twenty-eight consecutive days of action, the Fourth Division was relieved, and

Thirty-three moved by truck to a camp outside the town of Vignot, near the City of Commercy. During the drive the twelve cars of the Company had cared for one thousand and twelve sitting and four hundred and twenty-four litter patients, besides other cases which did not get into the records.

Although nominally out of action, the Company really was represented on the front up to the time the Armistice was signed, because of the fact that the Fourth Artillery Brigade stayed in the Argonne, while the Infantry was moved into the reserve in preparation for an attack on Metz which was scheduled but not made, as the cessation of hostilities came too quickly.

Thus Thirty-three had participated in every important action of the A. E. F., from the first day of July until the 11th of November, doing its little part in the big show with characteristic thoroughness.

PEACE



WHILE the Company was located at Vignot, the leave area system was instituted and about half the Company was treated to a trip to Le Mont Dore or Grenoble at the expense of the Government. Here the men were quartered and fed at the finest hotels and the Y. M. C. A. entertained them at both places in a manner which was calculated to please the most exacting of the soldiers. It was a decided reaction to be transported suddenly from the war torn area about Verdun to the peace and beauty of south central France with its picturesque scenery and buildings intact.

It was while some of these men were absent that the Armistice was signed, and the festivities were

exciting, to say the least. The French people were in a delirium of joy at the cessation of hostilities; they lay in wait for the Americans and carried them down the streets, or pursued them through the towns and showered them with those flattering little attentions which left very little doubt in the minds of our men as to "who won the war."

After complete re-equipment at Vignot and Ville-Issey, where the Company moved on November 2nd, the march into Germany was begun on November 20th; on that night the Company bivouaced at Bouconville; on the 21st the march was resumed and stops made for night encampment as follows:

November 21st, St. Benoit; November 22nd, Puxieux; at this place a glimpse was afforded of the complicated organization which had been in vogue behind the German lines in this, the old St. Mihiel salient. It was an important headquarters town with a maze of communication wires, a complete ordnance repair shop, a supply depot for signal materials and warehouses, stables, kitchens and billets. Souvenirs were everywhere and the Company, being among the first to traverse the territory, reaped its fair share. On November 23rd, Moineville; on November 24th the Company hiked out of France and made the night halt at Ueckingen, in Lorraine. Here Thanksgiving dinner, consisting of bully beef, tomatoes and bread, was eaten with sufficient gratitude by all concerned. On December 2nd the hike was resumed, with halts as follows:

December 2nd, Kattenhofen, Lorraine; December 3rd, across a corner of Luxembourg to Sinz, Germany; December 4th, Irsch; December 5th, Hintern; December 6th, Riol; December 7th, Lieser on the Moselle River, where a stop was made for a couple of days. On December 9th the march began

again, carrying the Company through the city of Bernkastel and up over the mountains to Hinzerath; the next night was spent in Sohren. From this point heavy rains set in and the travelling was disagreeable until the end of the hike. On December 14th the Company moved to Treis, on the Moselle, and the next day brought it to its destination at Lutzerath, in the Eifel section of the Moselle River country, eight miles from a railroad and high up among the hills bordering the Moselle valley. During the entire march, the evacuation of the Division's sick was maintained, and it was with an agreeable sense of being off duty that the Company settled down in Lutzerath for an indefinite stay.

When the German Army had cleared the Coblenz bridgehead, the Second Battalion, Thirty-ninth Infantry, Fourth Division, was picked from the entire Army for the distinguished honor of being the first American outfit to reach the Rhine. Thirty-three's ambulance No. U. S. 73690 accompanied this battalion and took part in the dramatic entrance of the Thirty-ninth into the Rhineland stronghold.

THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION



MUCH has been said and much will be written concerning the estimation of the German people by the American men who were fortunate enough to be designated for service in the Army of Occupation. In the period of sharp mental and physical reaction immediately succeeding the signing of the Armistice, it is possible that the men themselves were in a peculiarly receptive state and that there was good ground for the Germans to work on if it was, as has been said, their policy to adopt a conciliatory manner toward the American Army. Of course it must

also be remembered that our men saw nothing of industrial Germany, but only a very small section of farming country, where the real pinch of the hardships of war had been lightly felt.

The people of Lutzerath were sturdy farming folk, devoted to their simple family and village life and to the cultivation of the soil. When the food levies were made by the German Government during the war, it seems that they had always succeeded in holding back enough of their produce to insure them against starvation. Consequently, the evidence of a starved, emaciated populace was lacking. The natives did contend that their defeat was not due to the force of arms, but to the fact that the food situation was so critical that the army could not be maintained at the front.

The Company was billeted out in spare rooms and lofts of the peasants, and the order was that fraternizing was strictly tabooed. Just what was meant by fraternizing is not yet clear to most of the men. They lived on intimate terms with the inhabitants and even made friends with some of the people of the village. Moselle wine differs a little from the vin ordinaire of France, and the language of the Rhineland had its difficulties; but it may be stated as a general rule that Thirty-three was Thirty-three whether in France or Germany, and that the common people are very much the same all over the world. So, for the purposes of the mere occupation of Lutzerath, the association of the soldiers with the civilians was on terms of almost absolute congeniality.

During the hike at Ueckingen, the Company had obtained an unofficial recruit in an unexpected manner. A youth was standing looking longingly at the mess line and one of the kitchen police invited him

to eat. He did so with a relish for corned willie that astounded the most hardened soldier of the lot. He managed to explain that he was a native of Luxembourg City, and that he had been interned in Lorraine when the war broke out. When urged to join the German army he had refused, on the ground that his country was neutral; he was therefore put in prison, from which he was released after the Armistice was signed. As he had no money he was drifting about the country when Thirty-three annexed him and took him up to Lutzerath. Here a collection was taken among the men and Joe Salvage, as he had been dubbed, clad in American O. D., was sent back to his own city; he was sorry to go, as he had wanted to stay with the Company and come to America.

Lutzerath was located about seven kilometers from Bad Bertrich, a famous mineral bath resort. On certain days, it was permissible for the men to go down and indulge in a bath—another incongruity of the war, which placed the average doughboy in the haunts of the most exclusive of travellers before the war.

The work consisted of just enough drilling and hiking to keep the men fit, and the necessary guard and detail duties were about the only responsibility that they had. A wirtschafft, presided over by one Ludwig Berg and his pretty daughter, Lena, was the most popular place in town, and it is feared that Herr Berg received almost the exclusive patronage of the soldiers among the tradesmen. House-parties also were much in vogue and at intervals each billet held forth in its favorite form of amusement until the hard-hearted officer of the day came around and commanded that lights be put out. Thus the winter passed in such feasting and revelry

as the town afforded, and the little German children were initiated into the mysteries of snow fights and other antics of the American troops.

On Christmas Eve there was a jovial gathering in the town hall for an entertainment, and Thirty-three, of course, furnished the bulk of the program. After the entertainment the men went silently back to their billets, where a peculiar German custom gave them a touch of Christmas at home. The Kris Kinder, three children in the guise of angels, go about from house to house with a lantern, and the Christmas carols are sung. It is not on record that the Kris Kinder of Lutzerath were even jested with by the "brutal Americans" on the evening of December 24th 1918, when they made their rounds.

A holdup in the mail for some days had deprived the men of news from home, and the outlook on Christmas morning was quite gloomy. But the afternoon brought a large assortment of letters and Christmas packages for our town, and the day which had begun so inauspiciously ended in good style, after a hearty dinner topped off with an impromptu entertainment, with the mail afterwards.

About midwinter, a post school was organized in each town in the occupied area where American troops were quartered. The Lutzerath school was considered by army authorities to be a model of its kind. The faculty, composed almost entirely of Thirty-three men, conducted classes in a wide variety of both elementary and advanced subjects; and the sight of each youthful instructor, clad in simple O. D. and surrounded by his tiny, eager group of pupils, was another insight into the remarkable versatility of the enlisted personnel of the Company.

The Christmas Eve entertainment had been so well received that later, when an order was issued

authorizing the formation of troops of players to tour the occupied territory, Thirty-three organized an entire program, including a "jazz" orchestra. This show was very nearly unique as the program, while containing the conventional stuff of which most soldier shows were composed, was so excellently balanced with material of a finer sort that it was decidedly successful during its entire run, during which it played to doughboy audiences in improvised theatres in the smallest villages, and to considerable gatherings including many high officers and war workers in the larger towns. The players travelled during the entire winter, over a large part of the Third Army area. Their transportation was a matter of uncertainty; ambulances one day, trucks the next and machine gun wagons another time. And as their schedule kept them on the road at all hours, irregular meals and frigid sleeping quarters made their tour anything but a pleasure excursion to the men who took part in this work. In this manner practically the entire Army of Occupation was made acquainted with the talents of Thirty-three, whose show was received with enthusiasm everywhere it went.

When spring turned the neighboring hilltops green, and everybody was looking forward with that despairing uncertainty to the time when we should be coming home, the Company was moved to Lantershofen, near the Ahr River, a short distance from the Rhine. The 42nd Division had gone home and the Fourth was designated to take over its area. This looked hopeless and it was with a sinking heart that the men went up to their new area, leaving the people of Lutzerath with honest regret at the termination of their five months' association.

But with the change of scene came new associations, and the Company was soon comfortably established at Lantershofen, which was only about a mile from Bad Neuenahr, another famous bath resort, on the outskirts of which is located the spring producing the well known Apollinaris Water.

Although the Apollinaris bottling factory was shut down, the spring house was open and the soldiers made prodigal use of the water. Trucks, wagons and motor cars were washed with "Apollinaris," an expensive luxury at home, but just water to the conquering army.

A slight relief from the general tension was felt when certain areas were set aside as athletic fields, and baseball diamonds were constructed. Teams were organized and rooters turned out to support their own men and forget for a few hours the gnawing question, "When are we going home?" A liberal allotment of passes to France, Belgium, the British Isles and Italy also helped in this respect, and the men took advantage of this opportunity to really see the countries through which they had passed.

In February, an opportunity was afforded such of the men as possessed the necessary qualifications, to attend universities in France and England; about fifteen men from Thirty-three took advantage of this and most of the men in question rejoined the Company at Brest on the way home.

During the winter the Company had sustained a loss when Captain Harry H. Wilson, its Commanding Officer, was sent back, sick, to a hospital; and from there was evacuated to the coast and home. The affectionate interest of Captain Wilson for every man in the Company had placed him very high in the estimation of the men, and it was with genuine regret that his departure was seen. Captain May-

nard G. Bensley succeeded Captain Wilson as Commanding Officer; he had occupied this post before during the illness of the Commanding Officer, and he was now the only one of the original four officers of the Company left. Later, upon the injury and discharge of Major A. J. McCarey, Director of Ambulance Companies, Captain Bensley became Director of Ambulance Companies and Lieutenant Lawrence B. Hatch Commanding Officer of Thirty-three. A short time afterwards, on the transfer of Lieutenant Hatch to another Company, Captain William T. May succeeded him and retained command until the disbanding of Thirty-three at Camp Dix.

As Thirty-three, from one cause or another, had sustained losses aggregating roughly fifty per cent of its original strength, it had received replacements from time to time to cover these losses. It is interesting to note that these men, coming into the Company, were quickly caught by the spirit of old Butler and that they soon acquired a pride of organization which was really remarkable. Each man was received into the ranks of Thirty-three for what he was and each man occupied a definite place in the Company which belonged to him and to nobody else. From the first replacements at Camp Greene, designated to fill the places of those who had joined other organizations, down to the last man who was assigned in Germany, the keen sense of appreciation of the esprit de corps of the Company seemed in them all. And the original personnel, as it dwindled down to half strength, seemed to be more thoroughly sensible of the true perspective than ever before.

As the A. E. F. became less numerous, due to the return home of the bulk of the troops overseas, the Fourth Division was assigned to more and still more

territory until, in the early summer, it was strung out in detachments of various sizes all the way from Bonn on the Rhine to Coblenz at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine, thence along the Moselle valley almost to Luxembourg City. Other detachments were located along the valley of the Ahr from Remagen back into Luxembourg, and some of the infantry went to occupy a railroad in Belgium. Therefore, as the Ambulance Companies were still responsible for the evacuation of the Division's sick, Thirty-three saw practically all the area in occupied territory, and there is little of interest in either the battle areas of the western front or the country on the German side of the lines that escaped their attention.

The summer of 1919 gave promise of being an extremely favorable one for the farmers of the Rhineland, and the condition of the crops was excellent. In the beautiful Rhine valley, grain fields and potatoes flourished wonderfully and the hillside vineyards, cultivated with such slow, difficult, painstaking care, entirely by hand, were a marvel to the American troops. The enterprising peasants took advantage of the sale of surplus animals by the Third Army and it was not uncommon, though certainly somewhat startling at first, to see a rough-looking American Army horse or mule, hooked side by side with the family ox or cow, peaceably doing his bit for the Vaterland.

When there seemed to be some doubt as to whether the German Government would sign the peace terms imposed by the Council at Versailles, the bustle of preparation for an advance across the Rhine was apparent everywhere. The Fourth Division, expecting to return home, had turned in all of its combat equipment, and this had to be issued

again to the troops. Artillery, machine gun carriages, wagon trains and truck and supply convoys rumbled through the little Rhine villages, and the people wore a troubled look as they saw this display of mobile power on the part of the Army of Occupation. But when it was known that the Government had signed, the warcloud dispersed as quickly as it had gathered and the men returned to billets, the horses to their pickets and the motors to their parks again.

After a false alarm early in June the orders which authorized the homecoming of the Fourth Division, including Ambulance Company No. 33, were received early in July and it was indeed a glorious 4th that was spent on German territory. A quantity of signal rockets, flares and other fireworks had been obtained by the various regiments and companies, and the natives must have believed that the Americans intended to blow up their towns. On the morning of the 4th there were ceremonies in all organizations; in the afternoon there were ball games; and the day wound up with an assortment of fireworks leaping skyward from the rooftops of all the neighboring towns and villages.

On July 14th the Company marched from Lantershofen to Bad Neuenahr, where it entrained in large American box cars for the journey to the coast. The trip was by way of Cologne, near which place a last glimpse of the Rhine was obtained; thence down through Liege, Namur, Charleroi, Mons, Valenciennes, Douai, Arras, Albert, Amiens, Neuchatel and other famous towns of the Flanders front, crossing the Somme en route and getting just a glimpse of Vimy Ridge. The devastation of this whole area was unspeakable and this last impression of the war will linger with the men as long as mem-

ory lasts. On July 17th billets were assigned in Camp Pontenezan, at Brest, and in the following days the men were deloused, re-equipped and entertained to their hearts' content.

On July 23rd 1919, the Company boarded the United States Transport "Minnesotan" and settled down to blissful contemplation of the joys of their journey home.

The voyage was uneventful. The weather was ideal, with sunny days and balmy, moonlit nights calculated to induce visions of the New Jersey coast as it must be in weather like that. On the morning of August 3rd land was sighted and the Minnesotan docked at Philadelphia that afternoon.

At the pier the Salvation Army took telegrams and sent them home free of charge. The Red Cross likewise was on hand and served coffee, cake and ice cream. The other welfare organizations literally swamped the men with candy, tobacco, cigarettes and matches, and there was a roar of satisfaction as the troop trains pulled out for Camp Dix, where they arrived that evening.

After searching inspections to insure that no disease, vermin or contraband existed among the men, the Company was discharged from the United States Army at about noon on August 6th 1919. Outside the gate where the men were released, Thirty-three, for the last time in O. D., fell on each other's neck and took a hurried but nevertheless fond farewell of its old associates. In a few minutes the last of the men had gone and the Company was only a memory of the past.

Thus ended the career of Ambulance Company Thirty-three, in many respects the most remarkable body of men ever assembled. Their work in the World War was done, and done in a manner deeply

satisfactory to them all. They were now dispersed, hurrying to their homes, to carry back to civilian life the memory of—what?

RETROSPECT



HE summing up of two years of such intense activity as was that of Thirty-three during its short life is a rather difficult matter. For the purposes of this history it is doubtful if such a resumé is desirable. But it is believed that the subject should not be abandoned without due mention of the deep appreciation which each man must feel toward all those who were interested in the Company and who did not have the good fortune to accompany it on its travels, but who nevertheless gave with utter unselfishness of their time, their money and their physical and moral support in every phase of the activity of Thirty-three.

In looking back over the past there are certain outstanding features which are indelible in the memories of most of the men; and there are also those thousand little individual reminiscences which cannot be set down here.

The recollection of the early days at Summit and Butler, when there was no ulterior motive in the mind of any of us, but only a purely patriotic ideal of service to our country, will be always the most pleasant and satisfactory part of our contemplation of the whole record.

The troublous times at Syracuse, Allentown and Charlotte, while fraught with much that is unpleasant to recall, were nevertheless full of other activities which were calculated to uphold and strengthen the morale of the men.

And the memory of our trip through the submarine-infested waters of the north Atlantic in the spring of 1918; of our glimpse of England; of the preparation for active participation in the war; of terrible days and hideous nights amid the sights and sounds of the actual battle front; of the tremendous reaction when it was all over; of the awful monotony of interminable months in the Army of Occupation; and of the unaccountable feeling of indifference on our return to do the ordinary things again; all this will live with us individually as long as our own lives shall last. And the wholesome camaraderie developed by all these experiences should make for a spirit of clean co-operation in anything that the Company collectively may undertake in its civilian life.

An incident lingers in the memory which constitutes the only recognition, official or otherwise, that has been accorded to the gallant old Fourth Division in compensation for its heroic service in the great war.

In the largest area assigned to any Division in the Army of Occupation, an irregularly shaped territory of some seven hundred square miles, the Fourth Division was scattered during the winter of 1918-1919. The date of March 18th 1919, had been set for a review and the presentation of about one hundred decorations to be awarded to the men of the Division for individual valor; it is believed that this is the smallest number of decorations awarded to an American combat division and it is on record that the Commander-in-Chief requested that the records of the Division be looked over in order to ascertain if there were other cases which, on account of the high standard set by the Division, might have been overlooked. But the Fourth stood pat and

did not mar its reputation for courageous modesty by recommending additional awards at that time.

On March 17th, the Division was assembled at the designated place, and it was necessary for some of the organizations to hike about fifty miles to the rendezvous. In spite of the fact that they had to camp for two nights in the snow-covered woods of the vicinity, the appearance of the men at the inspection was immaculate.

On a large plateau, eight hundred feet above the Moselle valley, on the morning of March 18th, the Division was assembled for the inspection. The infantry was massed in the center of the field, in front of a high reviewing platform which had been erected. The artillery, with complete equipment and personnel, was formed on the left, and the machine gun battalions and divisional trains on the right. The massed bands of the Division took up their position at the reviewing stand.

Shortly after noon the Commander-in-Chief arrived. The inspection proceeded rapidly and with enthusiastic comment from the General on the splendid appearance of the men, animals, transportation and armament of the Division. The General, followed by his escort, rode to the reviewing stand and took his position, on the ground, for the presentation of the decorations. The beautiful ceremony of the massing of the colors then followed and the medals and crosses were awarded. As the entire afternoon had been occupied by these proceedings, the hour of Retreat found the Division still in the open field. As the huge mass of twenty-eight thousand men stood at Attention, the combined bands played "The Star-Spangled Banner"; in the wild atmosphere of that upland plateau, the nature of the ceremony was almost religious.

The General and his staff then went to the reviewing platform, high above the field, and the entire formation broke into movement when the band struck up a military march. In column of battalions, headed by their staffs and with standards and colors unfurled, the regiments swung past the tall, soldierly figure standing a little apart on the platform. The wonderful rhythm and power of the marching troops was an inspiring sight; and the monotonous brown of the men's uniforms was relieved by vivid color as the fluttering standards went by and the last rays of the setting sun tinged the fixed bayonets with scarlet. In a little while it was finished; the troops had marched away over a neighboring hill, the beating of the drums was a mere

throb in the distance and nothing remained except the empty platform, standing alone above the trampled mud of the plateau.

This review, without other witnesses than the few German peasants who braved the biting winds of that March afternoon to stand and gaze, was the first, last and only parade of the "Forgotten Fourth". And yet the men themselves would not have it otherwise; for, to those who witnessed it, the very simplicity and modesty of the ceremony sets it apart and places it in keeping with the silent, hard-fighting, glorious record of the Fourth Division of the Regular Army; a record which acknowledges itself to be second to none.

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